

# PHOTOPLAY

SEPTEMBER

25 CENTS

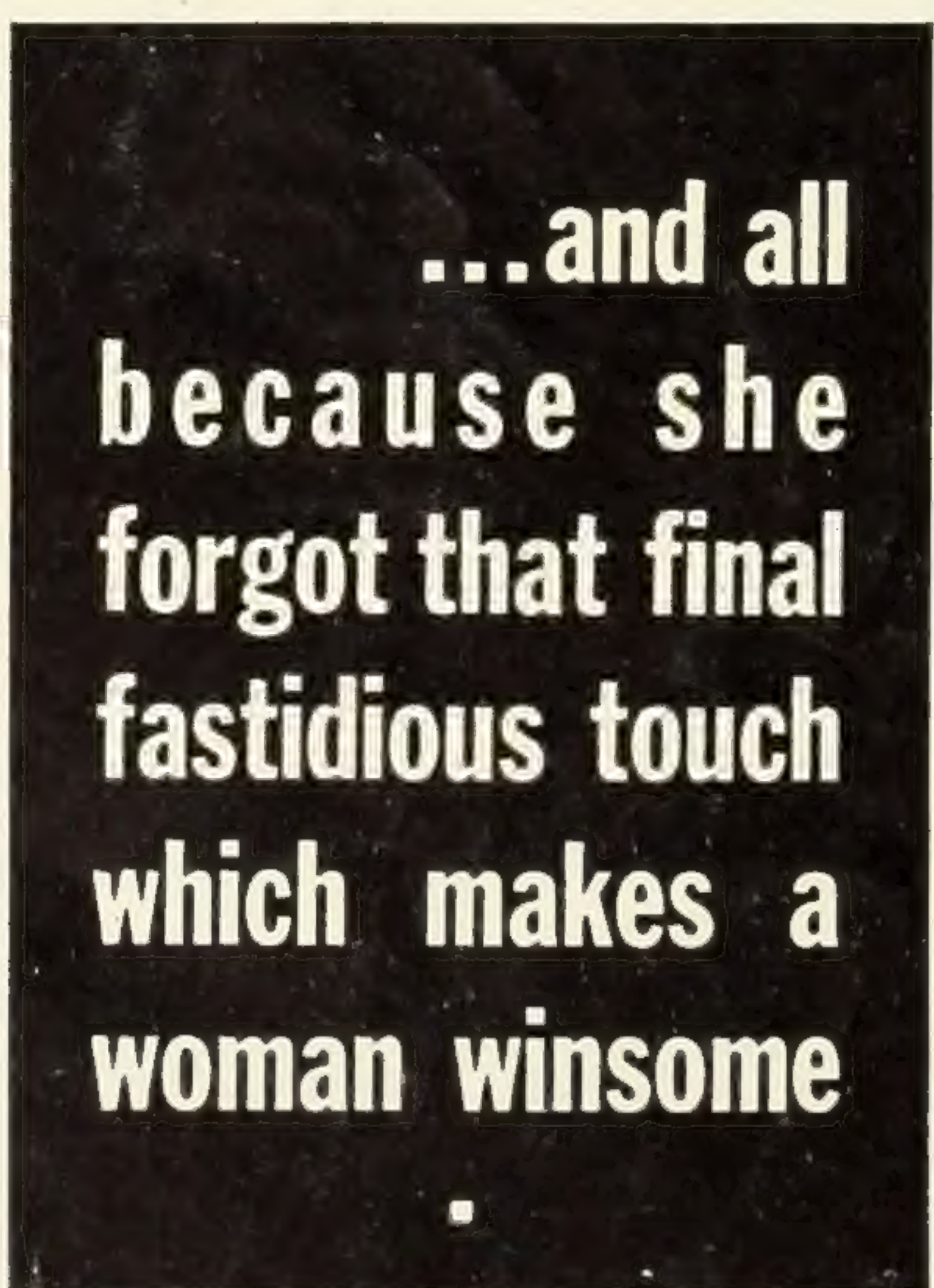
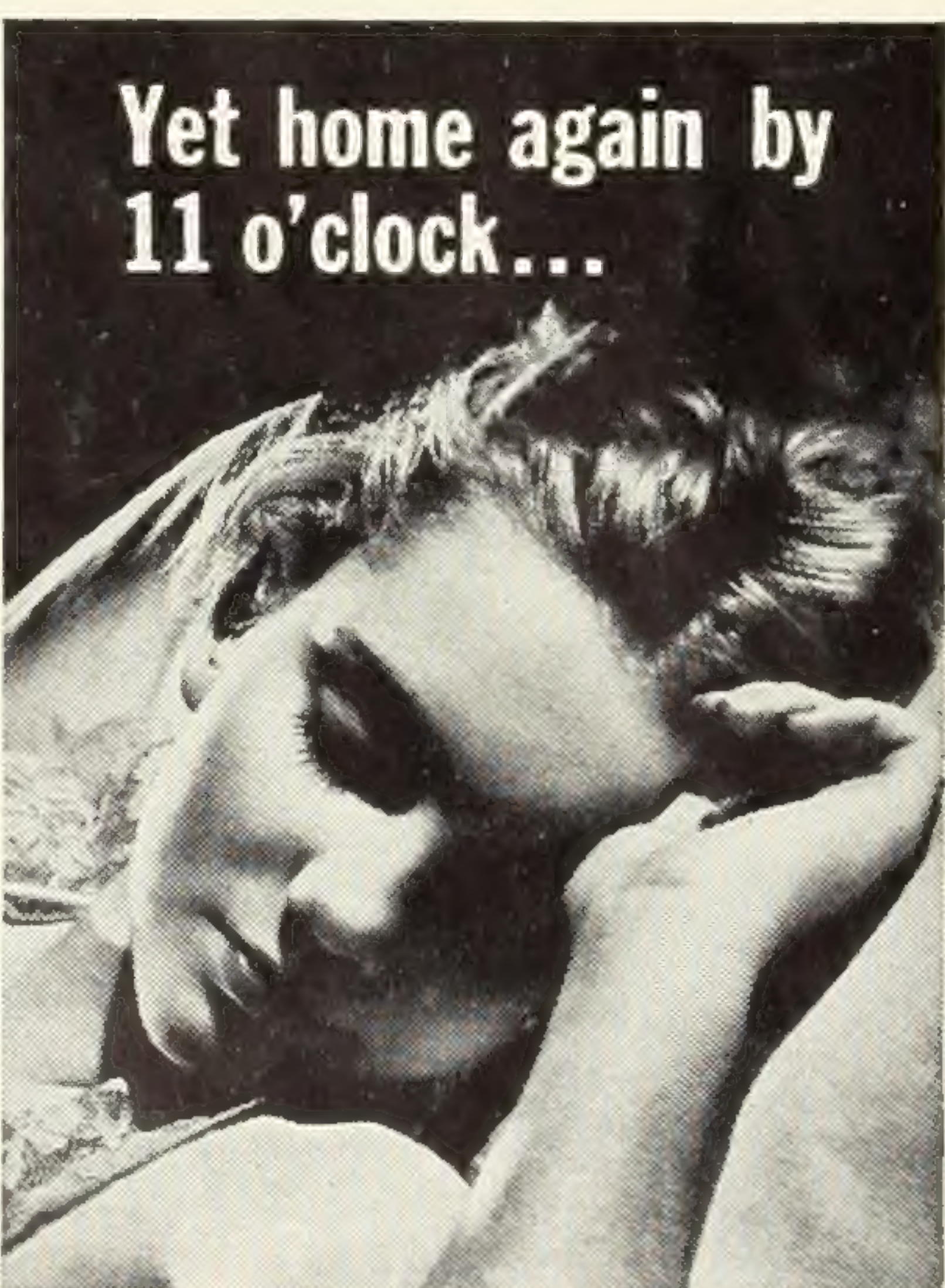
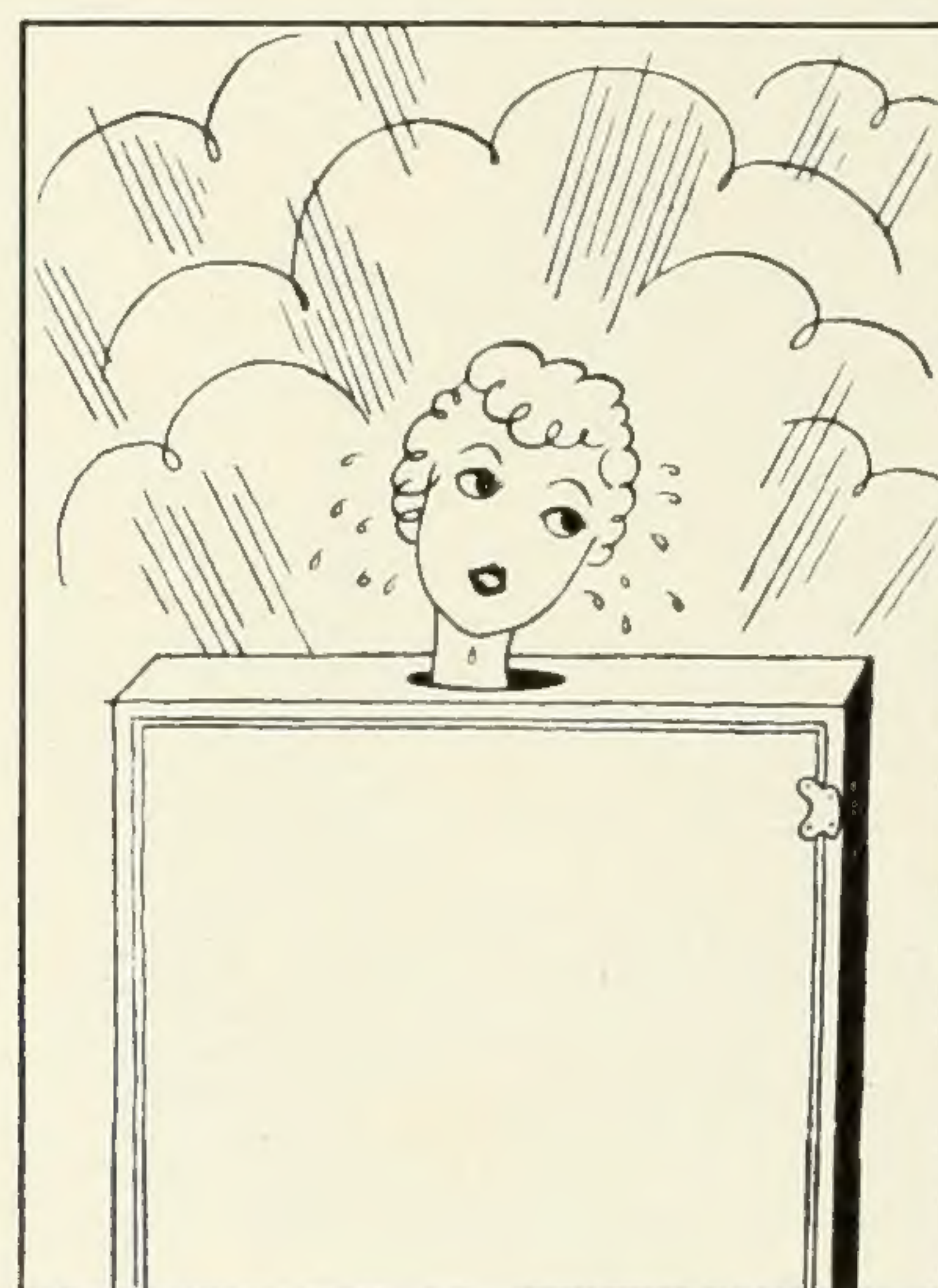
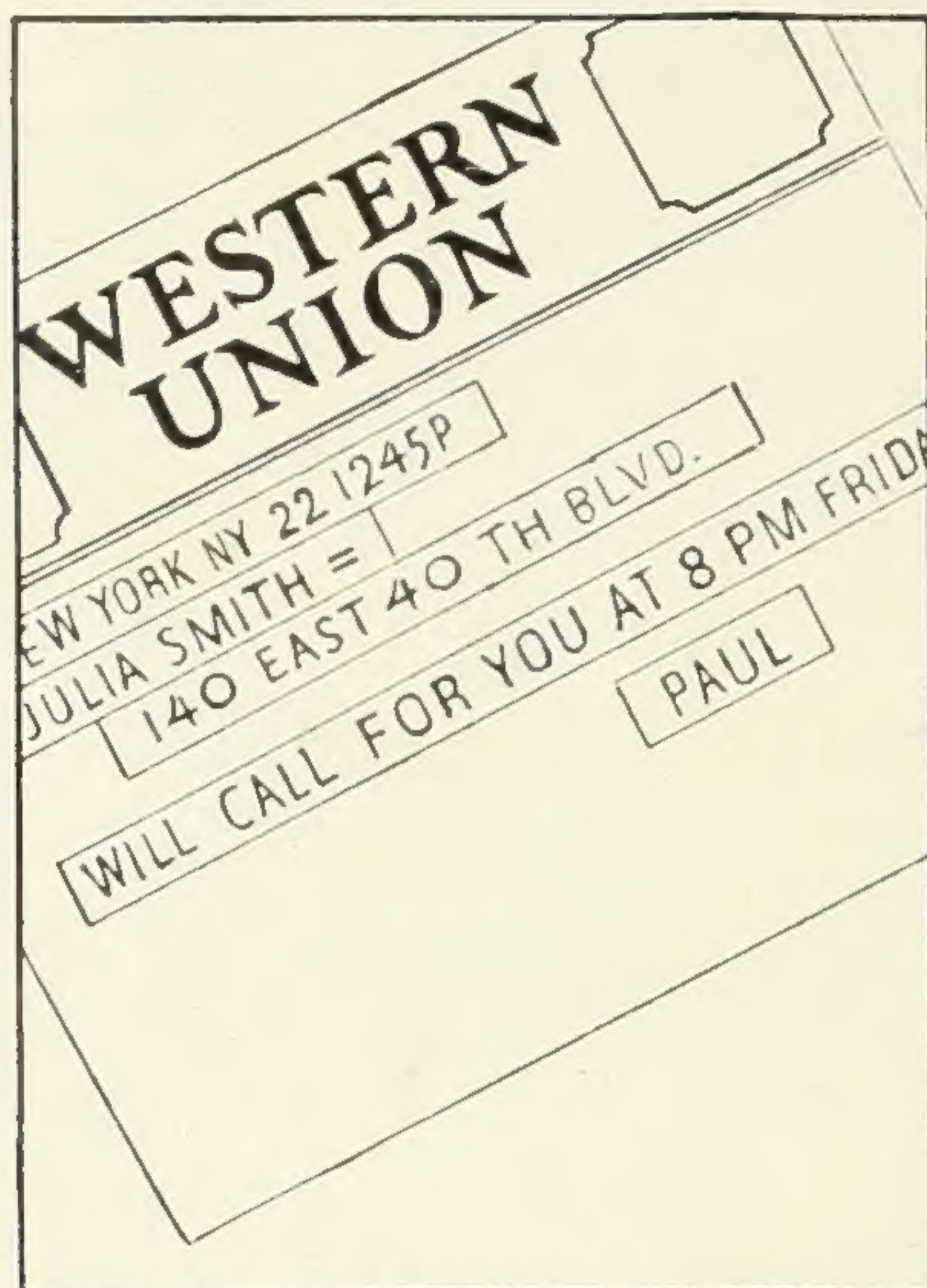


**ANN  
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TCHETCHET

**HEPBURN Killing Her Own CAREER**



# WOULDN'T YOU THINK SHE'D KNOW BETTER?



Yet home again by  
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Beginning in the October Issue

# FACE DOWN

The Greatest Hollywood  
Mystery-Thriller Ever Written

IN popular parlance "FACE DOWN" has everything—suspense—drama—mystery—thrills—motion picture background—a plot that will hold your absorbed attention and a degree of suspense that you have rarely seen in any novel.

The mysterious and highly secret visit of a world-famous movie actress to the office of a popular physician—her equally secret departure after a considerable stay—his bullet riddled body later discovered—her falling into the clutches of a wily, self-seeking, double crossing lawyer—the involvement in the case of Richard Brent, brilliant and fearless young detective and finally the astounding thing that took place that night in her palatial home, all happening in the first installment combine to start this smashing story at a breath-taking speed the momentum of which carries through installment after installment to the very end.

FACE DOWN stands squarely on its own feet as one of the greatest detective stories and certainly the greatest Hollywood novel that has yet found its way into print.

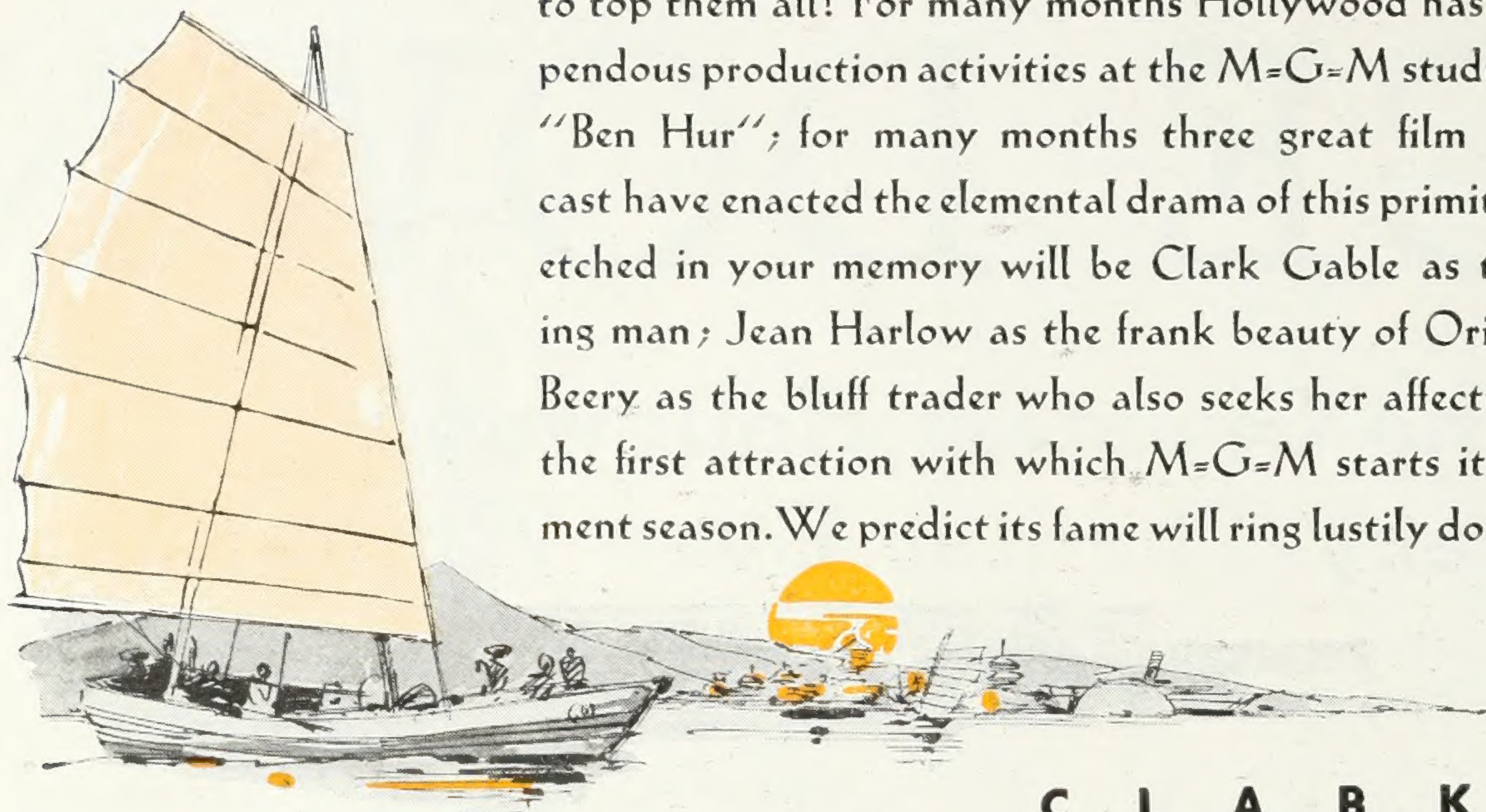
The opening installment of FACE DOWN combined with the many other interesting, informing and generally pleasing features comprising the October Photoplay make it a particularly outstanding issue. By all means do not miss it. On sale September 5th at all newsstands.

OCTOBER PHOTOPLAY ON SALE SEPTEMBER 5th

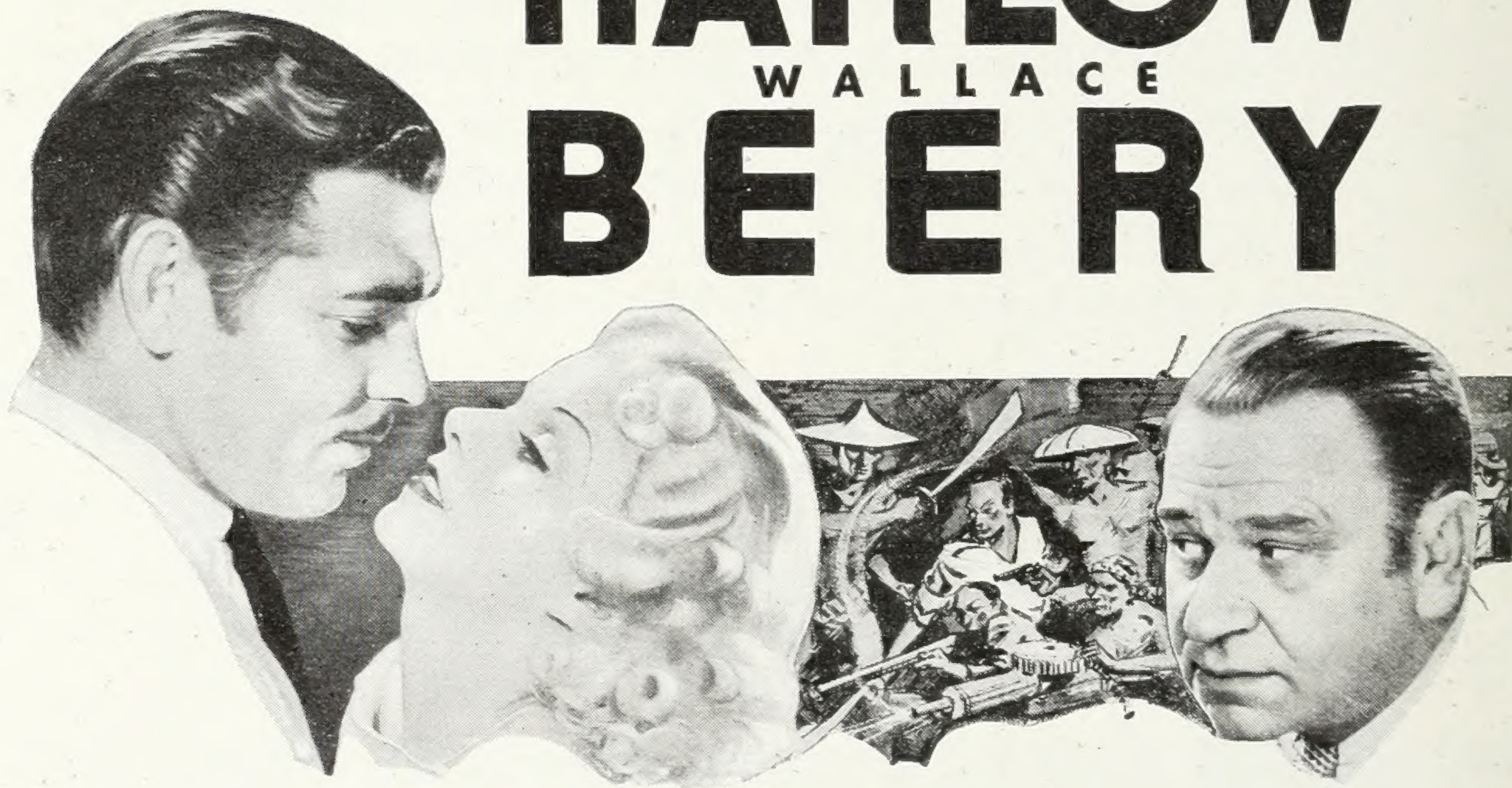


## A CHALLENGE TO ALL SCREEN HISTORY!

Think back to your greatest film thrill! Recall the mightiest moments of romance, action, soul=adventure of the screen! A picture has come to top them all! For many months Hollywood has marvelled at the stupendous production activities at the M=G=M studios, not equalled since "Ben Hur"; for many months three great film stars and a brilliant cast have enacted the elemental drama of this primitive love story. Deeply etched in your memory will be Clark Gable as the handsome seafaring man; Jean Harlow as the frank beauty of Oriental ports; Wallace Beery as the bluff trader who also seeks her affections. "China Seas" is the first attraction with which M=G=M starts its new Fall entertainment season. We predict its fame will ring lustily down the years to come!



C L A R K  
**GABLE**  
J E A N  
**HARLOW**  
W A L L A C E  
**BERRY**



# CHINA SEAS

with

Lewis STONE • Rosalind RUSSELL

Directed by Tay Garnett • Associate Producer: Albert Lewin

A METRO-GOLDWYN=



MAYER PICTURE





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FOR THE BEST PICTURE OF  
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1921  
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"  
1922  
"ROBIN HOOD"  
1923  
"THE COVERED WAGON"  
1924  
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"  
1925  
"THE BIG PARADE"  
1926  
"BEAU GESTE"  
1927  
"7th HEAVEN"  
1928  
"FOUR SONS"  
1929  
"DISRAELI"  
1930  
"ALL QUIET ON THE  
WESTERN FRONT"  
1931  
"CIMARRON"  
1932  
"SMILIN' THROUGH"  
1933  
"LITTLE WOMEN"

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# PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

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VOL. XLVIII NO. 4

SEPTEMBER, 1935

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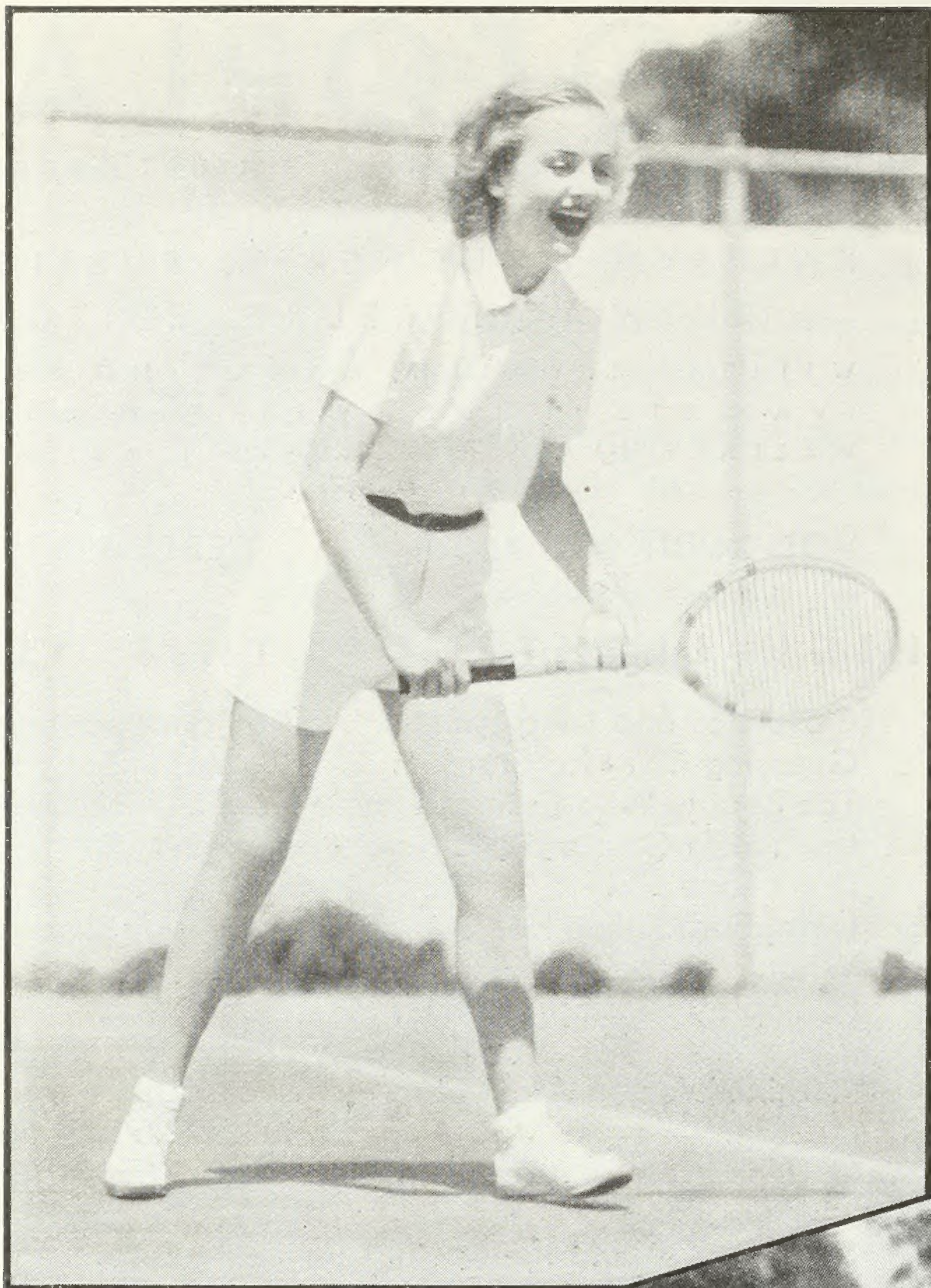
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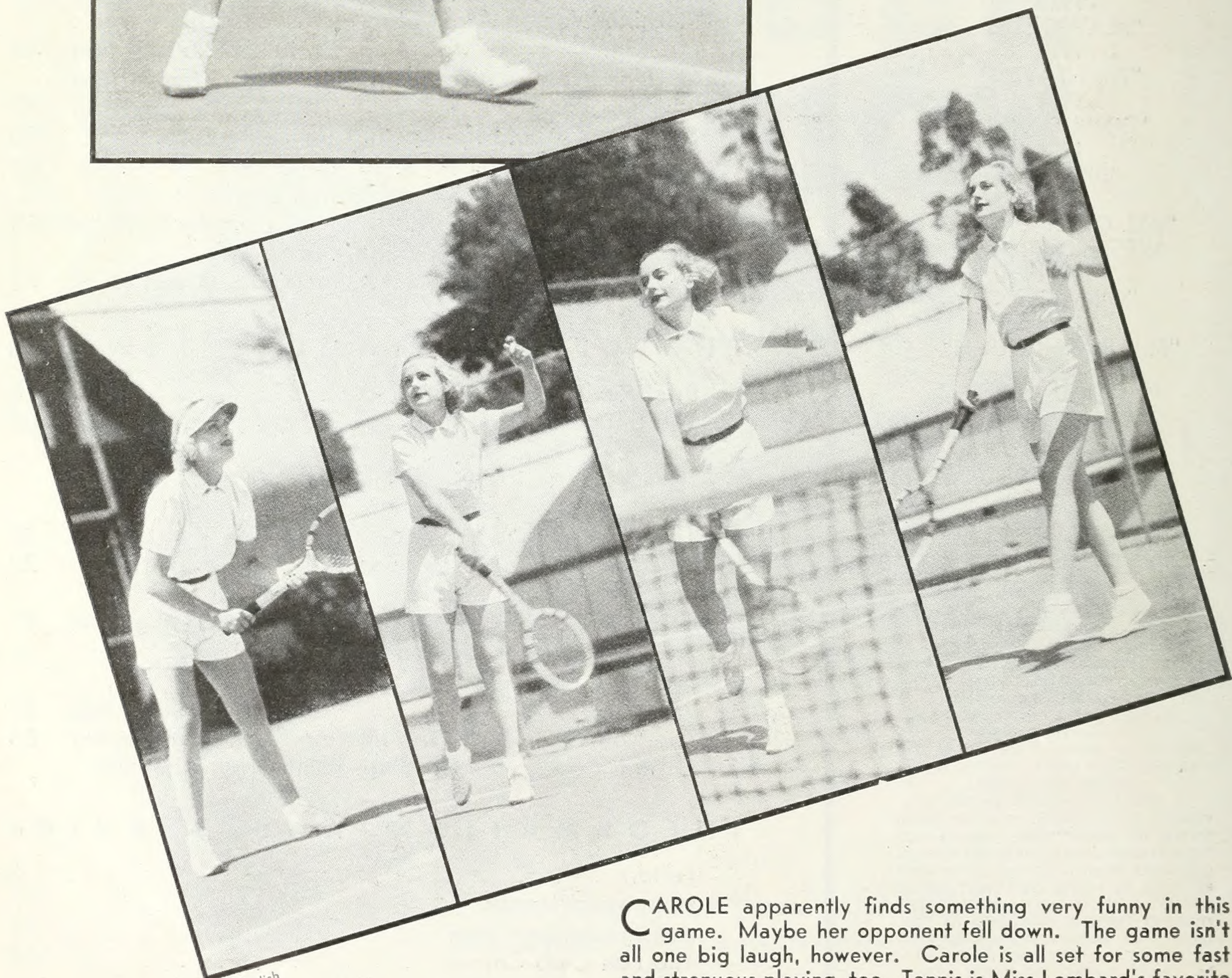
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## MISS LOMBARD PLAYS TENNIS



Don English

CAROLE apparently finds something very funny in this game. Maybe her opponent fell down. The game isn't all one big laugh, however. Carole is all set for some fast and strenuous playing, too. Tennis is Miss Lombard's favorite outdoor sport, and you see her here relaxing with a swift game after a day's work in her "Hands Across the Table"





**Elissa Landi is quite the outdoor-sports girl. She's here with a group of guests at her tennis party. From left to right: Hazel Hayes, Peter Lorre, the hostess, Phillip Reed, Jean Muir, Maureen O'Sullivan, Paul Cavanagh**

**I** WAS a little amused and very indignant after reading in your July edition a letter from Joe Giacoletti on "Naughty Marietta." I saw the picture when it first came to Cleveland, and have been in a trance ever since. Since then I have seen it four times, and the trance is an incurable but delightful malady.

DOROTHY FAYE PATTERSON, E. Cleveland, O.

**W**E'LL have to ask Mr. Giacoletti and his college chums not to be jealous without showing it, because that must have been their trouble when they booed such a pleasing personality and voice as Nelson Eddy's. I have seen "Naughty Marietta" five times and I'm still floating on air. In fact, I have even been inspired to write poetry about him.

DORIS MAY, Bloomfield, New Jersey

**I**T has been my good fortune to have heard Nelson Eddy in grand opera as well as in "Naughty Marietta," so in reply to Joe Giacoletti, Indiana University, if college students are incapable of recognizing Mr. Eddy for the great artist he is, it is something for them to worry about, not Mr. Eddy.

RHEA E. MCCANN, Pacific Grove, Calif.

**I**N answer to Giacoletti's letter in the July PHOTOPLAY, I say the Indiana University must either be without a sense of music or it must be striving to attract attention by appearing different. In our city, "Naughty Marietta" had to be held over by popular demand. Nelson Eddy has certainly taken this country by storm, and rightly so. He has a great talent and a personality not often equalled.

COLLEEN LUNSFORD, Tampa, Florida

## Letters

**The movie-going public determines the trend of the screen. Letters have influence**



**Joan Bennett takes her charming daughter, Diana Fox, frequently to the polo matches. They fascinate Diana. Incidentally, Diana is over her camera-shyness**

**D**OES the same thing affect all university students that affects Joe Giacoletti, who wrote a "boo" letter in PHOTOPLAY's July issue? Imagine daring to call Nelson Eddy a "belling baritone"! Well, if that's all that is wrong, go ahead and "beller," Mr. Eddy! We love it.

NANCY S., Kansas City, Missouri

**S**O Joe Giacoletti and the Indiana University students don't like Nelson Eddy? What's the matter, boys? Are the girl friends falling too hard for him? Or don't you know a splendid voice when you hear one?

RUTH KING, Cranford, New Jersey

**T**ELL Joe Giacoletti that the fair sex thinks Nelson Eddy is swell. We girls all have fallen for him.

LONA DASPIT, Houma, Louisiana

**M**Y thanks to PHOTOPLAY for a real story on Nelson Eddy. (By Frederick L. Collins, July issue—Ed.) And no use in my trying to tell you what I think of "Naughty Marietta." Can't find the words.

MARY WILSON, Indianapolis, Ind.

**W**E will now call the meeting to order and offer up a little prayer for the Hopedale minister who wants to "redeem" Clark Gable. Last, but not least, keep our Gable as natural, sincere and fine as he now is.

I. HOFFMAN, Buffalo, New York

**A**WORD about the people who write in to criticize. It seems to me they have failed

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 7 ]



# BRIEF REVIEWS

## OF CURRENT PICTURES

CONSULT THIS PICTURE  
SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE  
YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS NAMED AS ONE OF THE BEST UPON ITS MONTH OF REVIEW

**AFTER OFFICE HOURS**—M-G-M.—Smart lines and clever situations, with Constance Bennett as the would-be reporter in satin trains and furbelows, and Clark Gable her hard-boiled managing editor. (Apr.)

**AGE OF INDISCRETION**—M-G-M.—The old divorce question all over again, with David Jack Holt stealing the picture as the child victim. Paul Lukas, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, May Robson. (Aug.)

**ALL THE KING'S HORSES**—Paramount.—An entertaining but familiar story of the king and the commoner who look alike and change places. Carl Brisson is charming, and Mary Ellis, in her screen debut, delightful. (May)

**ALIAS MARY DOW**—Universal.—A clean and amusing little picture with Sally Eilers at her best as a tough babe suddenly dropped into the midst of riches when she impersonates a kidnapped daughter. Ray Milland. (Aug.)

**ARIZONIAN, THE**—RKO-Radio.—A perfectly swell Western, with all the trimmings and Richard Dix a real villain-scaring he-man. Margot Grahame is lovely as the leading lady. Preston Foster, Louis Calhern. (Aug.)

**BABY FACE HARRINGTON**—M-G-M.—An amusing enough little picture with Charles Butterworth as the timid soul mistaken for a big-shot gangster. Una Merkel, Nat Pendleton, Donald Meek. (June)

**BAND PLAYS ON, THE**—M-G-M.—Essentially the old rah-rah collegiate stuff, with the touchdown on the last gun. Good performances by Robert Young, Stu Erwin and Betty Furness. (March)

**BEST MAN WINS, THE**—Columbia.—An interesting film with Jack Holt, Edmund Lowe and Florence Rice for romance, underseas adventures for excitement and Bela Lugosi as a menace. (March)

**BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL**—M-G-M.—Ann Harding as you like her best, in a bright, sophisticated film. Robert Montgomery, Una Merkel, Eddie Horton, Edward Arnold and Charles Richman make it a grand cast. (March)

★ **BLACK FURY**—First National.—A saga of the coal mines presenting with intense realism and power the elemental problems of the miners. Paul Muni gives a memorable performance, and Karen Morley lends excellent support. (June)

**BLACK SHEEP**—Fox.—A cleverly concocted story, with Edmund Lowe in top form as a shipboard card-sharp who tries to save his son, Tom Brown, from the foils of lady thief Adrienne Ames and loses his own heart to Claire Trevor. Nice direction by Allan Dwan. (Aug.)

**BORDERTOWN**—Warners.—Outstanding performances by Bette Davis and Paul Muni make this one worthwhile. The story is of the bitter disillusionment of a young attorney who loses his first case, then falls prey to the schemings of a jealous woman. Not altogether pleasant, but gripping. (Apr.)

**BREWSTER'S MILLIONS**—United Artists.—Jack Buchanan and Lili Damita in a fairly entertaining musical comedy version of the familiar story of a young man who must spend millions in order to inherit a still greater fortune. (July)

★ **BREAK OF HEARTS**—RKO-Radio.—Performances of sterling merit by Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer place this on the "Don't miss it" list in spite of a rather thin modern-Cinderella love story. Excellent support by John Beal, Jean Hersholt and others. (Aug.)

**BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE**—Universal.—Boris Karloff rises from the flames again to seek a mate and one is created for him. Lots of chills, and a new high in fantastic horror. Good cast. (July)

★ **CALL OF THE WILD**—20th Century-United Artists.—A vigorous, red-blooded screen version of Jack London's novel that you are sure to enjoy. Clark Gable, Loretta Young, Jack Oakie, Reginald Owen, and the great dog, Buck. (July)

**CAPTAIN HURRICANE**—RKO-Radio.—A dull story with a grand cast. Too bad they didn't find a better vehicle for stage star James Barton's screen debut. Helen Westley, Henry Travers, Gene Lockhart. (May)

**CAR 99**—Paramount.—An entertaining and exciting picture which Junior will want to see twice, with Sir Guy Standing good as the master mind of a bank robbing gang, protecting himself by masquerading as a professor. (May)

★ **CARDINAL RICHELIEU**—20th Century-United Artists.—A beautiful historical drama with George Arliss at his best as the great Cardinal of France. Maureen O'Sullivan, Edward Arnold. (June)

**CARNIVAL**—Columbia.—The experiences—some funny, many sad—of an anxious father whose motherless baby is constantly in danger of being snatched from him by the Children's Welfare Association. Lee Tracy, Sally Eilers, Jimmy Durante. (Apr.)

**CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE, THE**—First National.—A mystery handled in the casual manner movie audiences love, with Warren William as the amateur sleuth and Margaret Lindsay the bride whose curiosity is aroused. Murder thrills. Good (July)

**CASINO MURDER CASE, THE**—M-G-M.—Paul Lukas is the *Philo Vance* who steps in and solves the mystery, with Alison Skipworth, charming Rosalind Russell, Ted Healy and Louise Fazenda lending good support. (May)

**CHARLIE CHAN IN PARIS**—Fox.—Warner Oland at his best as *Chan*, with Mary Brian and Thomas Beck carrying the love interest. (March)

**CHASING YESTERDAY**—RKO-Radio.—Anatole France's "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" loses importance in the screen telling. Good performances by Anne Shirley, O. P. Heggie, Helen Westley and Elizabeth Patterson. But the film story is pallid. (June)

**CHINATOWN SQUAD**—Universal.—Speedy direction and a competent cast make good entertainment of this mystery wherein Lyle Talbot, who drives a sightseeing bus through Chinatown, solves two murders and wins Valerie Hobson. (Aug.)

**CLIVE OF INDIA**—20th Century-United Artists.—A stirring and impressive story of a young man who almost single-handed, conquered India for Britain. Ronald Colman is excellent as *Clive*. Loretta Young gives a fine performance in the rôle of his wife. (March)

**COLLEGE SCANDAL**—Paramount.—A clever double murder mystery played against a breezy college backdrop makes this a great evening for amateur sleuths. Arline Judge, Kent Taylor, Wendy Barrie, Edward Nugent, Mary Nash. (Aug.)

**COUNTY CHAIRMAN, THE**—Fox.—Will Rogers as a lovable but astute rural politician is at his best. Good cast includes Evelyn Venable, Louise Dresser, Kent Taylor. Entertainment for the family (March)

**COWBOY MILLIONAIRE, THE**—Fox.—A Western for sophisticates, and an hilarious comedy. George O'Brien and Edgar Kennedy tops as "local color" on a dude ranch. Evalyn Bostock, Maude Allan. (July)

★ **DARING YOUNG MAN, THE**—Fox.—Refreshingly different material and clever dialogue distinguish this picture about two young people (Jimmy Dunn and Mae Clarke) who are good reporters on rival papers and constantly getting themselves into mad situations trying to outwit each other on hot tips. (July)

**DAVID COPPERFIELD**—M-G-M.—An incomparable photoplay, and one that will live with you for years. Freddie Bartholomew as the child, David, W. C. Fields as *Micawber*, Madge Evans as *Agnes* are only a few of a long, superb cast. It's a brilliant adaption of Dickens' famous novel. (March)

**DEATH FLIES EAST**—Columbia.—A rather dull and illogical picture with Conrad Nagel and Florence Rice rising above screen-story difficulties and Oscar Apfel, Raymond Walburn and Irene Franklin struggling for laughs with un-funny material. (June)

**DEVIL IS A WOMAN, THE**—Paramount.—Marlene Dietrich in a series of static and exquisite views. The story lacks motivation and Von Sternberg's direction has drained all animation from the cast. Cesar Romero, Edward Everett Horton, Lionel Atwill. (May)

**DINKY**—Warners.—The youngsters will enjoy Jackie Cooper as the boy who is sent to an orphanage when his mother (Mary Astor) goes to prison falsely accused. Roger Pryor, Henry Armetta. (July)

**DOG OF FLANDERS, A**—RKO-Radio.—Fine performances by young Frankie Thomas and O. P. Heggie make this Ouida classic really live on the screen. It's a film children will love and parents will enjoy. (May)

★ **DOUBTING THOMAS**—Fox.—One of the best Will Rogers' pictures. This time Will's wife (Billie Burke) gets the acting bug, and Will turns crooner to cure her. Alison Skipworth, Sterling Holloway. (July)

**EIGHT BELLS**—Columbia.—A fairly entertaining boat trip with Ralph Bellamy, a demoted sea captain, saving the day in a maritime crisis. Ann Sothorn is the romantic prize. (July)

**ENCHANTED APRIL**—RKO-Radio.—Ann Harding in a quiet little story of the enchantment wrought by Italy in the spring. Frank Morgan, Ralph Forbes, Katharine Alexander, Jane Baxter. (March)

★ **ESCAPE ME NEVER**—British & Dominions-United Artists.—A magnificent screen version of the stage success, with Elisabeth Bergner giving one of the finest performances ever recorded, as the waif who is "adopted" by a young madcap musical genius. Excellent support by Hugh Sinclair and Griffith Jones. (Aug.)

**EVERGREEN**—Gaumont-British.—You'll love Jessie Matthews, darling of the London stage, and she has a chance to do some grand singing and dancing in this merry little story. (March)

**FEDERAL AGENT**—Select Pictures.—Age-old crook stuff with Bill Boyd as a government man trying to outwit dangers. Don Alvarado and his two lady friends. (March)

**FLAME WITHIN, THE**—M-G-M.—A triangle romance, with psychiatrist Ann Harding being forced to choose between a dipsomaniac patient she has cured, Louis Hayward, and sober, industrious Herbert Marshall. Outstanding performance by Maureen O'Sullivan as a neurotic heiress. (Aug.)

**FOLIES BERGÈRE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Disregard the story and give yourself up to Maurice Chevalier's charm, the music, singing and dancing. Ann Sothorn and Merle Oberon good. (Apr.)

**FORSAKING ALL OTHERS**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and Charles Butterworth at their best in a simple story that leaves you dizzy with laughter and braced like a champagne cocktail. (March)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 13 ]





**Here's catching the deep-dyed villain in an off moment. Bela Lugosi, at the left, hardly looks the despicable rascal and horror-stirring individual he is on the screen. Actually he is one of the quietest and most retiring persons you could ever find. He's passing banter with Binnie Barnes and Jean Hersholt**

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5 ]

to realize the immense stride forward the films have made in the past two years. I have just seen "Les Miserables." A few years ago the very people who criticize would have turned thumbs down on that picture to go see Clara Bow in something flaming. Today, a serious audience sat through it enthralled. Thousands who have never dreamed of reading Victor Hugo's masterpiece are attending the theater precisely to see that picture.

A few years ago, what young person knew anything about Robert Browning and his pathetic and beautiful wife, Elizabeth Barrett. "The House of Rothschild," "Clive of India," and "Cardinal Richelieu" were history in the making. "All Quiet on the Western Front" was the greatest preachment against war the films have ever shown. Grace Moore and Jan Kiepura have brought grand opera down to the level of the common folk, and more of them are attending opera than ever.

Everyone has his foibles and faults, the motion picture industry is no exception, but the good it has done, the reforms it has accomplished, the happiness it has brought to millions—well, its virtues far exceed its faults.

EILEEN R. ADLER, Los Angeles, Calif.

**BELIEVE** "Private Worlds" the best picture to come out of Hollywood in many a month. Its sincerity and thoughtfulness won me, and, I think, every person should see it. I have been unemployed for a long time and was very downcast, but after seeing "Private Worlds" I was given new hope, largely from the sound ideas it had on life. The performance of every player is something to cheer about.

J. HOSSITT, St. Louis, Missouri

**A** PICTURE like "Private Worlds" is a tribute to intelligent movie-goers. The fine quality of acting by each one of the cast makes this picture the satisfying whole that it is.

M. H. S., Lincoln, Nebraska



**Hmm-mm! Get that very, very, very heavy look the alluring Marlene Dietrich gives the he-man of he-men, Clark Gable! And look what he does, grins it off! Clifton Webb ignores it all**



**Charlie Ray has about decided that he'll do no more pictures, in fact Charlie has gone so far in his decision as to set himself up in a tidy florist shop**

**WISH** to say Gene Raymond is a real gentleman. Just recently he made a very lonely person a very happy one, with no thought of publicity or gain, which proves how he really deserves the respect and love of his fans. It was this way: I wrote to Mr. Raymond, without thought of a reply, to tell him that he reminded me of someone I had lost, someone I loved dearly—my pretty little sister. To my surprise I received a signed photograph of Mr. Raymond. It is little actions like that that make the world a happier place.

MRS. VERA YEATTS, Christchurch, New Zealand

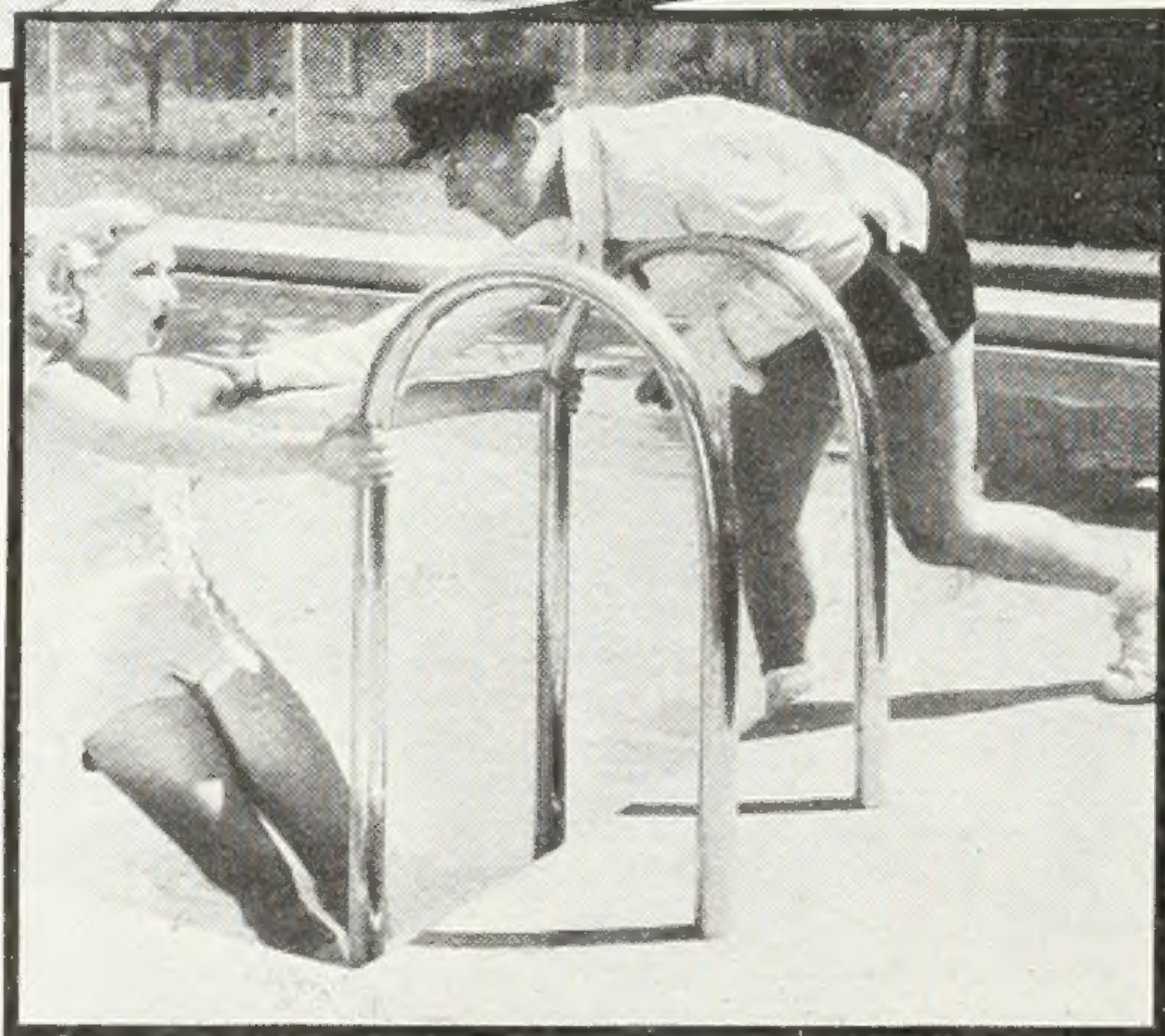
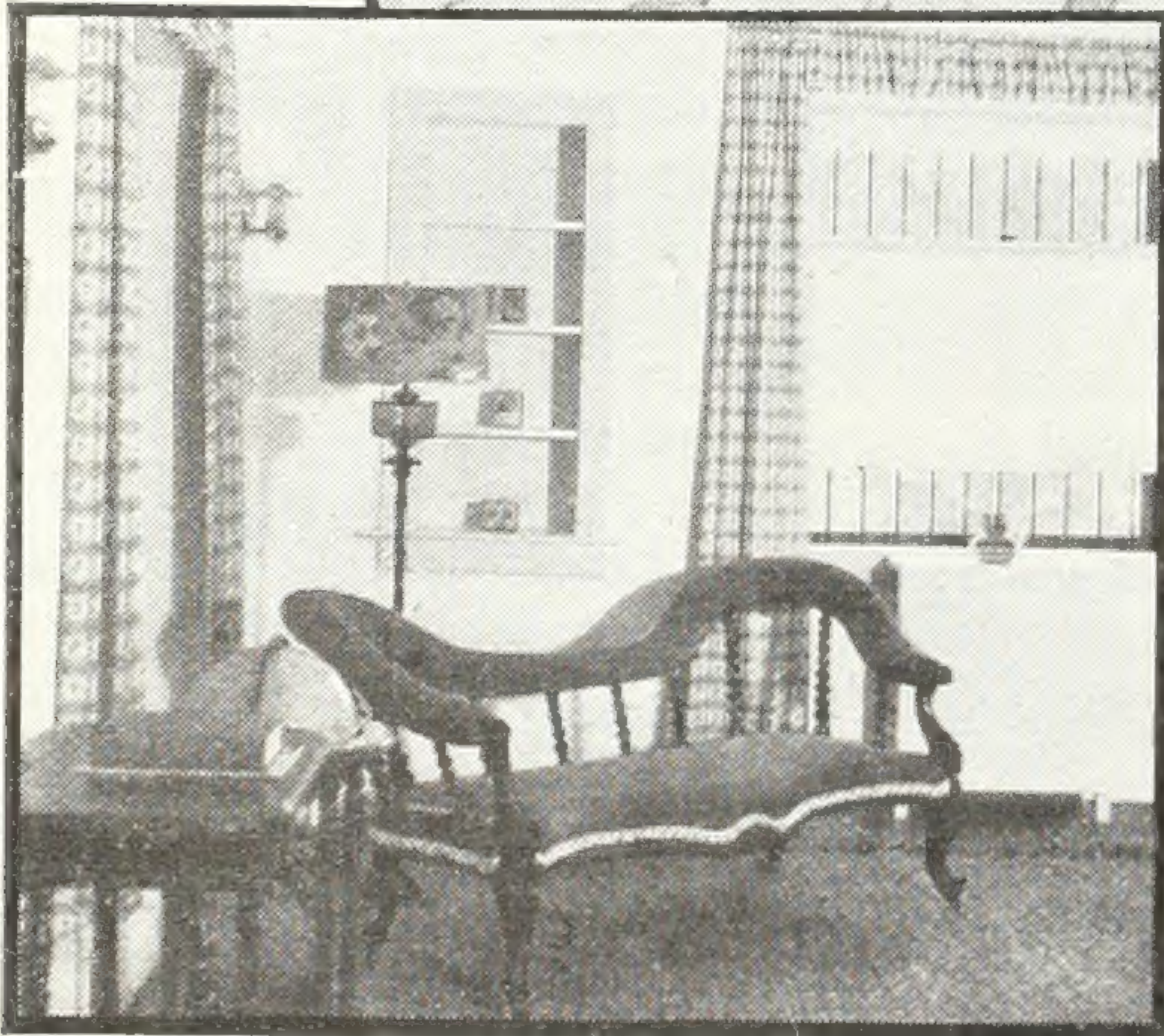
**SO** many heedless picture fans are loud in their disparagement of their evening's entertainment, blaming the actors, director, producer, even the local theater management, when they themselves are largely to blame. They are like people who go into a restaurant, consult the menu and then ask the waiter if there is anything better than ordinary that day. They will attend a theater without

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12 ]



# DOWN on the RANCH

When Gary Evan Crosby begins to cry, the whole family cooperates. The Crosbys vacationed at the ranch house before Bing had to start work in "Two for Tonight," now filming



Simplicity is the keynote for the interiors of the house. The white walls, handwoven rugs and draperies, well-chosen antiques, make it a most beautiful and livable home

Time out for play! Papa Bing and Mama Dixie Lee desert the children for a while and enjoy a swim in the pool built on the estate. It looks like Dixie is in for a good ducking!

The combination of the modern and the old-fashioned lend particular charm and interest to these rooms. Incidentally, the adobe exterior walls of the house are three feet thick



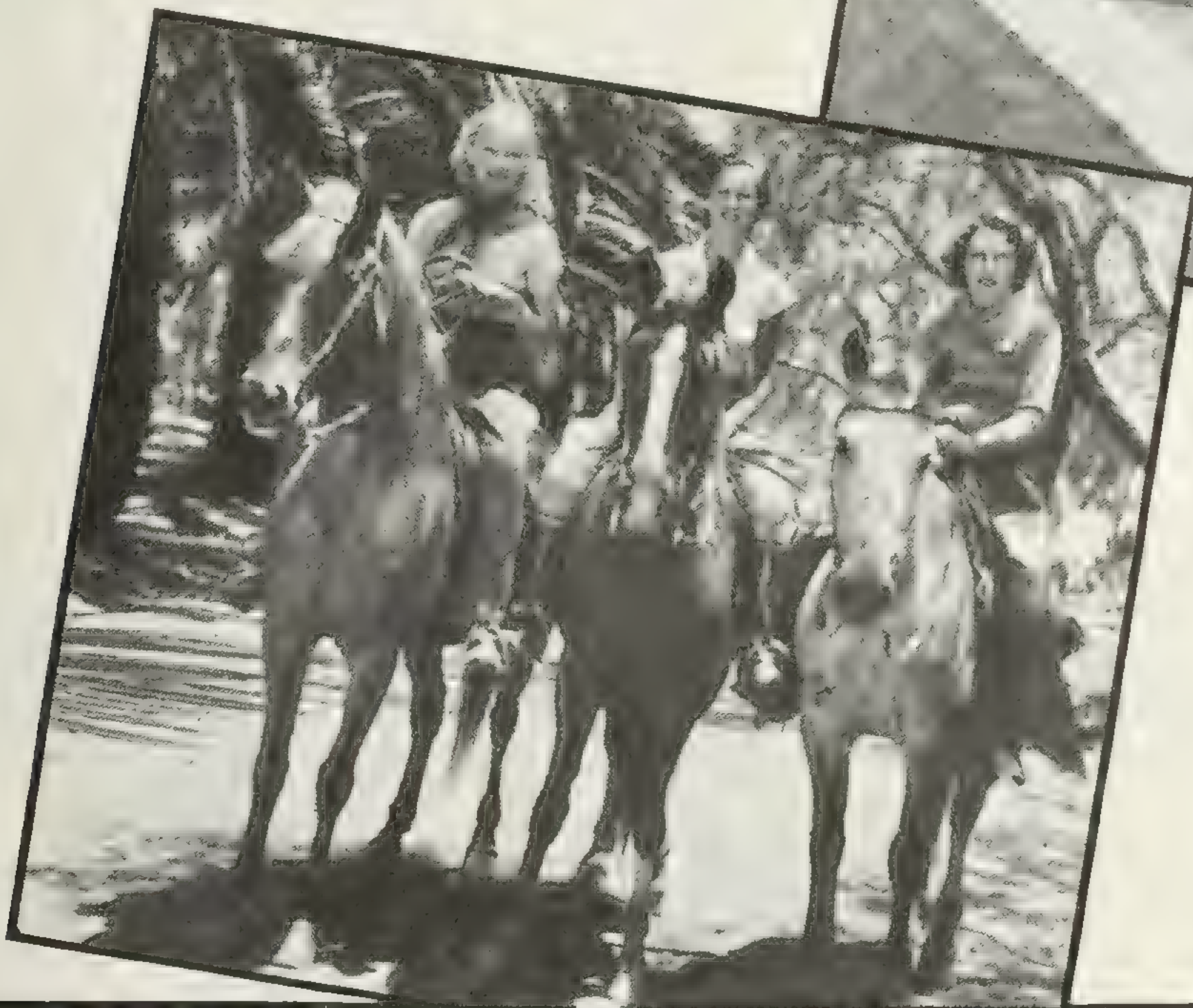
# with BING CROSBY



The Crosby estate at Rancho Santa Fe—Bing modernized two old adobe houses on the place, then built a new wing of the same material, making one of the most charming homes in all California. It stands in a setting of sixty-five acres



A long shot of the lovely swimming pool, with Bing decorating the diving board. Beyond the pool are the pergola and several tennis courts



They're off for a ride, along the shady paths of the estate. Left to right are Mrs. Bing Crosby, Kitty Sexton, and Mrs. Larry Crosby



An old-fashioned corner in the house, with a square piano, lace curtains, and an oil lamp (wired, of course!) This is where Bing does his crooning down on the farm. Who wouldn't!



Monarch of all he surveys! Bing looks the place over, and forgets all about the trials and tribulations of movie making. The ranch is just a few miles from San Diego



After a swift game of tennis, Mr. Crosby will invite you up on the shaded porch for a long, cool drink. Every detail of the home is designed for ideal comfort and happy living



# Preview

from the latest hits of

**"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley! SHE DANCES AGAIN... SHE SINGS 2 SONGS in this excitingly different story!**

"SURPRISE!" SHIRLEY SEEMS TO SHOUT GLEEFULLY. For what a joy package of surprises this picture will be!

"Curly Top" is completely different in story and background from all the other Temple triumphs. This time, Shirley plays the mischievous, lovable ringleader of a group of little girls, longing for happiness and a home. Once again, she dances—she sings—in that winsome way which captured the heart of the whole world.

And . . . SURPRISE! . . . Rochelle Hudson, as Shirley's faithful sister, sings for the first time on the screen, revealing a rich, beautiful voice in a song that will be the hit of the year. Her song duets with John Boles—their wealthy and secret benefactor—lead to a love duet that ends in perfect harmony!

"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley . . . and that means tops in entertainment *for the whole family!*



"All my life, I've had a hunger in my heart . . . a hunger to love and be loved."

You'll cheer these 5 HIT SONGS  
by RAY HENDERSON  
America's Number 1 Songsmith!

"When I Grow Up"  
"Animal Crackers In My Soup"  
"The Simple Things In Life"  
"It's All So New To Me"  
"Curly Top"

## Shirley TEMPLE IN 'CURLY TOP'

with

**JOHN BOLES  
ROCHELLE HUDSON  
JANE DARWELL**

Produced by Winfield Sheehan  
Directed by Irving Cummings

"Spunky—if you don't stop sneezing, you're going to catch p-monia. You really ought to have a hot lemonade."





# Flashes

your favorite stars!

*by Jerry Halliday*

JANET GAYNOR  
AND  
HENRY FONDA  
IN  
**The FARMER  
TAKES a WIFE**

Charles Bickford     Roger Imhof  
Slim Summerville     Jane Withers  
Andy Devine     Margaret Hamilton

Produced by Whitfield Shedd

Directed by Victor Fleming

Screen Play by Edwin Burke

From Max Gordon's Stage Play     Authors

Frank B. Elser and Marc Connelly     Based on

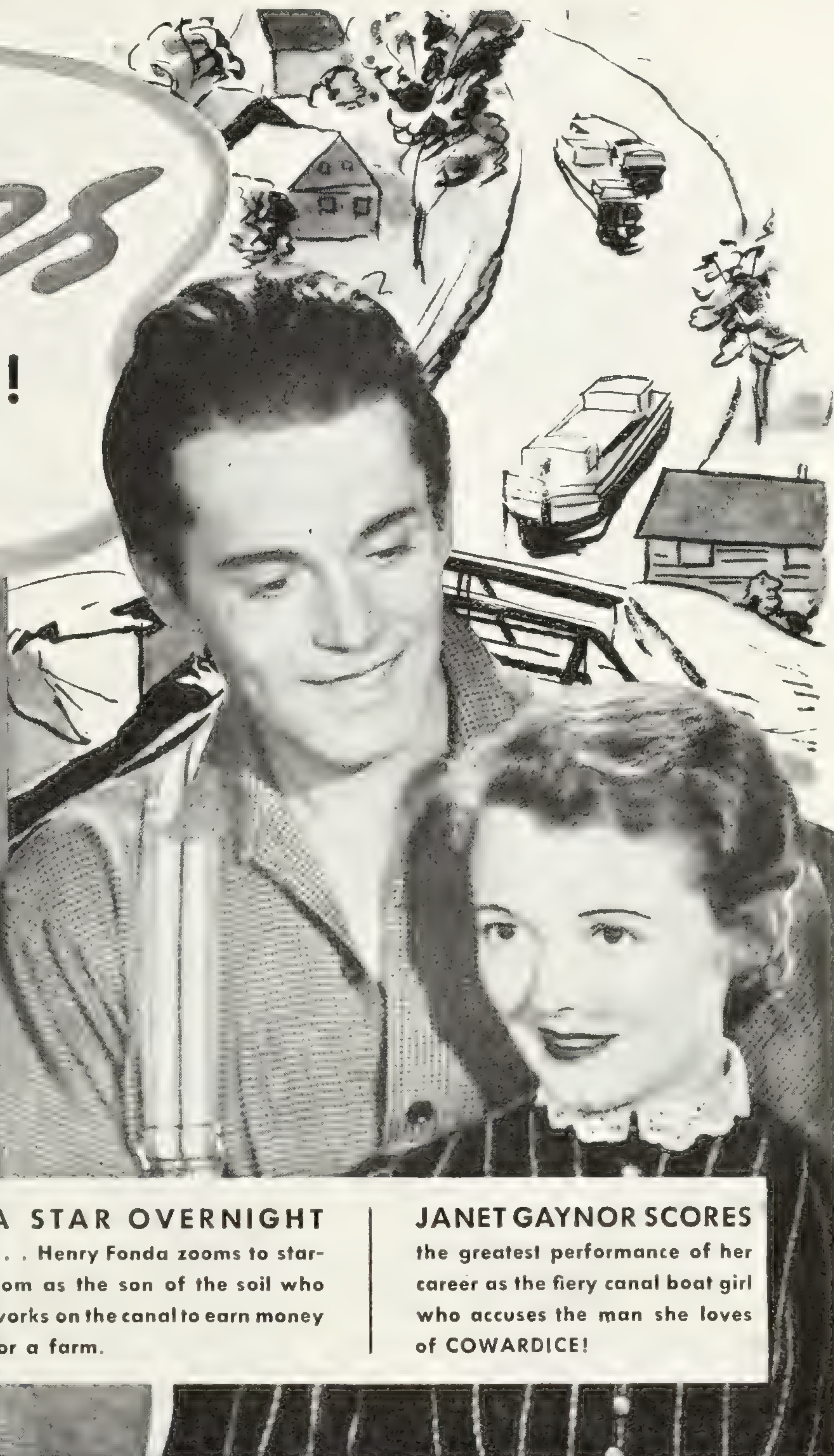
the novel "Rome Hall" by Walter D. Edmonds

## A STAR OVERNIGHT

... Henry Fonda zooms to stardom as the son of the soil who works on the canal to earn money for a farm.

## JANET GAYNOR SCORES

the greatest performance of her career as the fiery canal boat girl who accuses the man she loves of COWARDICE!



## YOU... who loved "State Fair"... HAVE ANOTHER TREAT COMING!

Set in a dramatic, colorful era of American life now shown for the first time . . . when the speed of the railroad doomed the picturesque waterways . . . this story is a refreshingly new, vital, heart-warming tale of simple folk on the great Erie Canal, when it was one of the world's wonders, the gateway through which civilization took its Westward march . . . when its lazy waters rang with the shouts of swaggering boatmen, bullying their women, brawling with their rivals.

Through it all threads the romance of a kissable little miss who hides her sentimental yearnings behind a fiery temper . . . while a dreamy lad, homesick for the soil, contends for her affection with the mighty-fisted bully of the waterways.

Ask your theatre manager when he plans to play it!



# Letters

**On these pages letters from all over the world discuss films and stars. And when the movie-goer speaks, Hollywood listens**

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7 ]

having the very faintest idea of what the program is—and kick if it doesn't suit their taste. Pick your entertainment as you would your food. Consult some good picture magazine. [We recommend, and highly, too, PHOTOPLAY.—Ed.]

MRS. M. M. SANBORN, Portland, Maine

WHAT is the justification for this sudden turn-about from smug denouncing of the movies into hearty approbation? Well, just take a look at the mighty and imposing list of recent winners: "The Informer," "Black Fury," "The Band Concert," and "Private Worlds,"—especially "Private Worlds," the movie of the past decade, and truly a work of

art if in the cinema there ever was one. The movies are coming into their own and are quite able to weather all adverse criticism for the gropings and many mistakes of the past.

LOUIS E. PALFFY, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE effect of the movies on the young people in this town is amazing. After they have seen a sexy picture, they discuss it for a while and then completely forget its existence. Whereas, having seen a fine picture, they will refer to it time and time again as being one of the high-spots of the months, for example, "Laddie." They adored Virginia Weidler as *Little Sister*. Also, why not more pictures dealing with amusing incidents and less with the gruesome scenes of "true life"?

CAROL L. WHITTEMORE, West Roxbury, Mass.



Not part of Hollywood's foreign invasion—Boris Karloff, Katherine DeMille and Thurston Hall are taking a promenade on the Columbia lot in the costumes they wear for rôles in "The Black Room Mystery"



Jean Parker was dashing out to play when the camera stopped her. Jean's play suit has a short blouse to permit an extra strip of sun tan

TO write a fan letter on the subject of Will Rogers doubtless is like writing to residents of the dustbowl of Colorado and asking, "Did you like the last rain?" Any praise of Mr. Rogers is so obvious, so universally accepted that it might deservedly awake that over-worked phrase, "So what?" So give us an occasional glimpse of the Gilberts and the Gables to palpitate our susceptible hearts, but steadily, continually and as often as possible let us gaze upon the big, natural, open-hearted man from the great open spaces, and we will fill the theaters from the orchestra to the balcony and dream our dreams and sigh our sighs over this typical, whimsical, romantic American man.

LEILAH HEATH, El Paso, Texas

FOR a time in "Doubting Thomas," Will Rogers has the appearance of a heavy hitter on a baseball team who fans three straight times, not even nicking a foul strike. But when Will pulls that take-off on Bing Crosby as a big-time crooner, he knocks a home-run with the bases full, and we hilariously forget the slump in his screen batting average earlier in the play.

LESLIE E. DUNKIN, Wolcott, Indiana

"GO Into Your Dance" proved but one thing, Al Jolson is still the greatest song-and-dance star in the world.

FULTON KING, Weyers Cave, Virginia



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6 ]

★ **FOUR HOURS TO KILL**—Paramount.—Tense and compelling screen entertainment with Richard Barthelmess, in the finest character opportunity of his career, as the doomed killer handcuffed to a guard in a theater lobby for four hours. Skilful support by Roscoe Karns, Helen Mack, Joe Morrison, Gertrude Michael and others. (June)

**FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE**—Select-RKO Release.—The American classic suffers from the censor's scissors on the screen, but you'll enjoy seeing Helen Morgan as the notorious *Frankie*, Chester Morris as the great lover, and the late Lilyan Tashman as *Nellie Bly*. (Aug.)

★ **G MEN**—First National.—Government heroes at work. Lots of shooting and excellent acting. Fast-moving and packs a wallop. Jimmy Cagney at his best. Ann Dvorak, Margaret Lindsay, Bob Armstrong. Not for the kiddies. (July)

**GEORGE WHITE'S 1935 SCANDALS**—Fox.—A clean Scandals. Jimmy Dunn and Alice Faye are the small-time team who let success go to their heads. Ned Sparks gets most of the laughs. And Eleanor Powell is a tap dancer so good you can hardly believe it! (June)

**GHOST WALKS, THE**—Invincible.—A theatrical group rehearses a melodrama in a haunted house, and when a real maniac slips in, things happen. A unique story, with John Miljan, Richard Carle, June Collyer. (Apr.)

**GILDED LILY, THE**—Paramount.—Good entertainment, but not as much punch as you have a right to expect from a movie with Claudette Colbert in the lead and Wesley Ruggles directing. (March)

**GINGER**—Fox.—Jane Withers, as a little slum girl who humanizes a Park Avenue family, is your reason for seeing this one. Good cast includes O. P. Heggie, Walter King, and Jackie Searl. (Aug.)

**GIRL FROM 10th AVENUE, THE**—First National.—The old story of a drunken millionaire marrying a poor little shop girl. Bette Davis is good as the girl who tries to win her husband's love while braving his snobbish friends. Just so-so entertainment. Colin Clive, Alison Skipworth, Ian Hunter. (Aug.)

**GLASS KEY, THE**—Paramount.—A murder mystery with George Raft, as the loyal *Man Friday* of political boss Edward Arnold, solving things in a suave but exciting manner. Capable cast also includes Claire Dodd, Ray Milland, and others. (Aug.)

★ **GO INTO YOUR DANCE**—First National.—A grand evening for those who like singing and dancing with a plausible story sandwiched in. Al Jolson better than ever; Ruby Keeler good as always; Glenda Farrell in top support. (June)

**GOIN' TO TOWN**—Paramount.—Mae West, pursuing the man instead of being pursued, in a fast-moving, wise-cracking film, that will keep you laughing. (May)

**GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935**—First National.—Good tunes, talented cast make this one enjoyable entertainment for those who like big, splashy musicals. Dick Powell, Gloria Stuart, Alice Brady, Adolphe Menjou, Glenda Farrell, and others. (July)

**GOOD FAIRY, THE**—Universal.—Margaret Sullivan, in the title rôle, and Herbert Marshall head the cast of this screen adaptation of the stage hit. The scenes are played in high comedy throughout. But comedy (March)

**GRAND OLD GIRL**—RKO-Radio.—That grand old trumper, May Robson, gives a superfine performance as a veteran high school principal who bucks the town's politicians for the welfare of her pupils. Mary Carlisle and Alan Hale highlight a good supporting cast. (March)

**GREAT GOD GOLD**—Monogram.—The story promises to be an exciting exposé on the receivership racket, but it becomes stupid. Martha Sleeper does as well by her part as possible. Regis Toomey gets nowhere. (May)

**GREAT HOTEL MURDER, THE**—Fox.—Old reliable sure-fire Edmund Lowe-Victor McLaglen stuff, with Vic as a dumb house detective and Eddie the guest who writes mystery stories, both trying to discover who poisoned the victim. Mary Carlisle, C. Henry Gordon. (May)

**GRIDIRON FLASH**—RKO-Radio.—A college football story about a paroled convict (Eddie Quillan) who finally wins the game and Betty Furness, too. Glenn Tryon, Lucien Littlefield. (March)

**HEADLINE WOMAN, THE**—Mascot.—A well-paced, entertaining newspaper yarn with Roger Pryor, Heather Angel, Jack LaRue, old-timer Ford Sterling, and others handling well the amusing dialogue and neat situations. (Aug.)

**HEALER, THE**—Monogram.—A somewhat labored and obvious film, with Ralph Bellamy as the healer who works miracles with crippled children, Judith Allen, the villainess who tries to lure him to the big city, and Karen Morley, the heroine, who comes to the rescue. (Aug.)

**HELLDORADO**—Fox.—A hollow story in a mining town setting which fails to give Richard Arlen the kind of part he deserves. (March)

**HERE IS MY HEART**—Paramount.—You'll applaud this one. For between laughs Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle sing those haunting tunes, and the story is good (March)



Close pals and co-workers are little Cora Sue Collins and Freddie Bartholomew. They are together in M-G-M's "Anna Karenina"

**HOLD 'EM YALE**—Paramount.—A weak but pleasant little picture about four thugs who inherit a lady. Patricia Ellis is the lady. Cesar Romero, Larry Crabbe, Andy Devine, William Frawley, George E. Stone. (June)

**HONGKONG NIGHTS**—Futter Prod.—A highly implausible story about a Chinese gun-runner and an American Secret Service man. Production and photography superb, dialogue and story poor. Tom Keene, Wera Engels, Warren Hymer. (May)

**HOORAY FOR LOVE**—RKO-Radio.—A fuzzy carbon-copy of the original "42nd Street" formula for musicals. Ann Sothorn and Gene Raymond carry the luke-warm love story. Bill Robinson and "Fats" Waller top the talent in a Harlem song and dance. (Aug.)

**HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE**—Monogram.—Norman Foster is the schoolmaster in the screen version of this old-time favorite, with Charlotte

Henry as the girl he loves. Fred Kohler, Jr., Wallace Reid, Jr., Dorothy Libaire. (June)

**I'LL LOVE YOU ALWAYS**—Columbia.—An uninspired production, with Nancy Carroll and George Murphy unable to overcome the disadvantages of mediocre material and direction. (July)

★ **IN CALIENTE**—First National.—Musical comedy in a Mexican setting, with Dolores Del Rio, Eddie Horton, Pat O'Brien, Glenda Farrell. Lots of laughs, good dancing. A bright evening's entertainment. (Aug.)

★ **THE INFORMER**—RKO-Radio.—Motion picture drama at its best. Victor McLaglen gives an unforgettable performance as the slow-witted Irish giant who betrays his pal to the British for a twenty pound reward. Margot Grahame, Heather Angel, Preston Foster, Wallace Ford, Una O'Connor top excellent support. Don't miss this one. (July)

★ **IRON DUKE, THE**—Gaumont British.—An interesting picture with George Arliss as *Wellington*, and the Duke's triumphs told in a careful thoughtful, if not brilliant manner. (Apr.)

**IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK**—Universal.—You'll be amused by press-agent Hugh O'Connell's tricks to get movie star Gertrude Michael into the limelight, and the interference of a taxi driver, Lyle Talbot and his sweetie, Heather Angel. Lots of laughs. (May)

**IT'S A SMALL WORLD**—Fox.—Gay dialogue in a wisp of a story, with Spencer Tracy and Wendy Barrie. Lots of laughs. (June)

**I'VE BEEN AROUND**—Universal.—A good cast wasted on a trite story and amazingly stagey dialogue. (March)

**JACK AHOY**—Gaumont British.—If you can laugh at old jokes, this isn't bad. However, England's comedian, Jack Hulbert, deserves better treatment. (Apr.)

**JEALOUSY**—Columbia.—Watch George Murphy if you go to see this picture about a prize fighter who is inordinately jealous of his pretty wife. Nancy Carroll, Donald Cook, Arthur Hohl. (March)

**KENTUCKY BLUESTREAK**—Talisman.—Some interesting photography of a horse race, done with a small camera. is the highlight in this one. Eddie Nugent, Junior Coghlan, Patricia Scott. (July)

**KLIQU**—Bennett Pictures.—A fresh and charming travelogue type picture drama, with the primitive tribesmen of Indio-China the main actors. It's the film result of the Marquis de la Falaise's latest jungle journey. You'll enjoy it. Gorgeous scenery in Technicolor. (Aug.)

**LADDIE**—RKO-Radio.—Old fashioned, homey, but a grand picture is this love story of *Laddie* (John Beal) and *Pamela* (Gloria Stuart) whose romance is bitterly opposed by her father (Donald Crisp). Excellent direction by George Stevens. (May)

**LADIES LOVE DANGER**—Fox.—A murder mystery with lots of fun sandwiched between the thrills. Gilbert Roland, Mona Barrie, Adrienne Ames (July)

★ **LES MISERABLES**—20th Century-United Artists.—A close-knit and powerful screen recount of the Victor Hugo classic. Fredric March and Charles Laughton give memorable performances. (May)

**LET 'EM HAVE IT**—Reliance-United Artists.—All the thrills of the old gangster pictures, but your sympathy is with the heroic G-men sleuths. Richard Arlen, Harvey Stephens, Eric Linden for bravery, Virginia Bruce and Alice Brady for sentiment and comedy. (Aug.)

**LET'S LIVE TONIGHT**—Columbia.—A wobbly story gives Tullio Carminati and Lilian Harvey an opportunity to be romantic in a gauzy, waltzy manner. Film lacks emotional warmth, but cast, including Hugh Williams, Janet Beecher, Tala Birell, is good. (May)

**LIFE BEGINS AT 40**—Fox.—You'll enjoy this film with Will Rogers in the human, sympathetic rôle of a small town editor, Richard Cromwell and Rochelle Hudson for romance; and Slim Summerville and Sterling Holloway to keep you laughing when Will isn't on the screen. (May)

**LIFE RETURNS**—Universal.—The miraculous operation that Dr. Robert E. Cornish performs on a dog, restoring his life after death was pronounced, would make a worthwhile short subject. But the long introduction is boring. (Apr.)

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13 ]

**LITTLE COLONEL, THE**—Fox.—Shirley Temple cuter than ever as the famous story book character. Lionel Barrymore is the testy old grandfather. Evelyn Venable and John Lodge the child's parents. Tap dancer Bill Robinson nearly steals the picture. (May)

**LITTLE MEN**—Mascot.—A nice homey little film made from Louisa M. Alcott's book, with Erin O'Brien-Moore as *Aunt Jo*, Ralph Morgan as *Professor Bhaer*, and Frankie Darro the boy *Dan*. (March)

**LITTLE MINISTER, THE**—RKO-Radio.—A beautiful screen adaptation of Barrie's famous romance, with Katharine Hepburn as *Babbie* and John Beal in the title rôle. Beryl Mercer, Alan Hale, Andy Clyde, Donald Crisp, top support. (March)

★ **LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER**—Paramount.—Brittle dialogue, swift direction, pictorial grandeur, and intelligent production make this picture one you must see. Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Richard Cromwell, Sir Guy Standing, head an excellent cast. (March)

**LIVING ON VELVET**—Warners.—Every woman loves to get her hands on a terribly attractive man and reform him. And when Kay Francis is the reformer, what man has a chance? George Brent didn't. Warren William, Helen Lowell help a lot. Smart dialogue, well done picture. (May)

**LOTTERY LOVER**—Fox.—Bright in some spots, unfortunately dull in others, this film story with Lew Ayres, Nick Foran and Peggy Fears. (March)

**LOVE IN BLOOM**—Paramount.—Catchy songs admirably sung by Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby, you know) and Joe Morrison, plus the mad antics of George Burns and Gracie Allen, make this bright, light entertainment. (May)

**LOVES OF A DICTATOR**—GB.—An historical drama, well cast and beautifully presented, telling the romantic story of *Struensee* (Clive Brook) who was taken into the Court of Denmark as dictator and fell in love with the bride-queen (Madeleine Carroll). (June)

**MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH, THE**—G. B.—A neat and exciting little melodrama that keeps you hanging on your chair every minute of the way. Nova Pilbeam (of "Little Friend" fame), Edna Best, Leslie Banks and Peter Lorre. (May)

**MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD, THE**—Universal.—As fine and important a picture as has ever been made, with Claude Rains in a superb performance as the pacifist who was betrayed by an unscrupulous publisher. Joan Bennett, Lionel Atwill. (March)

**MARINES ARE COMING, THE**—Mascot.—A breezy mixture of comedy and romance with William Haines as a Marine Corps lieutenant and Armida pursuing him. Esther Ralston, Conrad Nagel, Edgar Kennedy. (March)

**MARK OF THE VAMPIRE**—M-G-M.—A confused and incoherent mystery which has as its only virtue some fine acting by Lionel Barrymore. (June)

**MARY JANE'S PA**—First National.—Just average. Over-sentimental entertainment, with Guy Kibbee as *Pa* who deserts his family but is eventually led back, by a little child, to rescue wife Aline MacMahon. (July)

**McFADDEN'S FLATS**—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs and maybe a snuffle in this story of the girl (Betty Furness) who goes away to school and comes back high-hatting her family and neighbors. Walter C. Kelly is grand as the hod-carrier king, Dick Cromwell is the sweetheart. (May)

**MEN OF TOMORROW**—London Films.—Film version of Anthony Gibb's novel, "The Young Apollo," with Merle Oberon and Robert Donat. But in spite of cast and story advantages, this is a jerky, incoherent picture. (July)

**MILLION DOLLAR BABY**—Monogram.—Little Jimmy Fay is cute as the youngster whose parents dress him in skirts and a wig and put him under contract to a movie studio as a second Shirley Temple. (March)

**MISSISSIPPI**—Paramount.—Plenty of music, lavish sets, a romantic story and picturesque southern atmosphere make this pleasant entertainment with Bing Crosby, W. C. Fields, Joan Bennett and Gail Patrick. (Apr.)

**MISTER DYNAMITE**—Universal.—Eddie Lowe rides to glory in this Dashiell Hammett yarn as the slick detective who is interested in justice principally because it pays him fat fees. A beautifully paced story that keeps you baffled and makes you laugh. Jean Dixon, Esther Ralston, Victor Varconi. (June)

**MURDER IN THE FLEET**—M-G-M.—An unbelievable yarn aboard one of Uncle Sam's battleships, with Robert Taylor, Jean Parker, Una Merkel and others wasted. Ted Healy, master comedian, and Nat Pendleton lend the only bright spots. (Aug.)

**MURDER ON A HONEYMOON**—RKO-Radio.—An amusing and intriguing mystery, with Edna May Oliver as the intrepid female amateur detective and Jimmy Gleason the slow witted inspector. Good entertainment. (Apr.)

**MUTINY AHEAD**—Majestic.—Just an average picture, a hybrid sea-and-crook drama with Neil Hamilton's regeneration as the main story thread, and Kathleen Burke and Leon Ames in fair support. (May)

**MY HEART IS CALLING**—Gaumont British.—If you like singing—lots of it—you will find this musical film a treat. Jan Kiepura, famous European tenor, has a grand voice. But why didn't they let Marta Eggerth sing more? Sonnie Hale good. (Apr.)

**MYSTERY MAN, THE**—Monogram.—Pretty meaty, and a good picture idea. But you have to like newspaper atmosphere with hard-drinking reporters who can always solve the mystery. Maxine Doyle and Robert Armstrong. (May)

**MYSTERY WOMAN, THE**—Fox.—Fairly interesting combination of romance and mystery concerning two spies, Gilbert Roland and John Halliday both in love with Mona Barrie. (March)

**NAUGHTY MARIETTA**—M-G-M.—A thundering big melodious adventure picture, with lots of romance and a story-book plot. You've never heard singing lovelier than Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy give you in this Victor Herbert musical. (Apr.)

**NIGHT IS YOUNG, THE**—M-G-M.—A small-scale "Merry Widow," with Ramon Novarro and Evelyn Laye singing agreeably and Charles Butterworth, Una Merkel and Eddie Horton for fun. (March)

**NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS**—Universal.—A whimsical and fantastic film about a scientist who discovered a formula for turning statues into men and men into statues. (March)

**NIT WITS, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Wheeler and Woolsey mixed up in a murder case, at their funniest. Rowdy, hilarious, without a dull moment. Good supporting cast includes Betty Grable, Evelyn Brent, Hale Hamilton, Fred Keating and others. (Aug.)

★ **NO MORE LADIES**—M-G-M.—A perfect darb of a flossy comedy, with Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone the wise-cracking, sophisticated triangle. Charlie Ruggles, Edna May Oliver, Arthur Treacher, Reginald Denny, and the rest of the brilliant cast, cooperate to give you a laugh a minute. (Aug.)

**NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN, A**—Universal.—Top entertainment, and full of suspense, is this story of a murderer (Charles Bickford) who lets suspicion fall upon a woman (Helen Vinson) until he is trapped by Attorney Onslow Stevens. (Apr.)

**NUT FARM, THE**—Monogram.—What happens when hicks arrive in the movie-city and outslick the Hollywood slicker. Funny at times. Wallace Ford, Betty Alden, Florence Roberts, Oscar Apfel. (Apr.)

★ **OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA**—First National.—This fine, sincere story of an idealist's unwavering faith in his job will remain long in your memory. Pat O'Brien is the American oil company's employee in China, Josephine Hutchinson his wife. Arthur Byron, Jean Muir. Excellent cast. A-1 direction. (July)

**ONE, FRIGHTENED NIGHT**—Mascot.—Creepy music, banging doors and all the usual fol-de-rol of mysteries. Charley Grapewin's acting is the only attraction. (July)

**ONE MORE SPRING**—Fox.—A too-sweet screen adaptation of Robert Nathan's novel about three depression victims (Warner Baxter, Janet Gaynor and Walter King) who live happily together in a tool barn in Central Park. (May)

**ONE NEW YORK NIGHT**—M-G-M.—A fast, entertaining mystery-comedy-drama, played in a breezy, highly enjoyable manner by Franchot Tone, Una Merkel, Conrad Nagel and Steffi Duna. (June)

★ **OUR LITTLE GIRL**—Fox.—Made to order for Shirley Temple fans with Shirley cuter than ever, and talented enough to carry the trite story. Joel McCrea and Rosemary Ames are the parents, Lyle Talbot the other man. A human, pleasant picture—and it's all Shirley's. (Aug.)

**PARIS IN SPRING**—Paramount.—Tuneful and colorful, this presents the lovely voice of Mary Ellis and the Latin fretfulness of Tullio Carminati, in a series of lovers quarrels and mix-ups, which are finally ironed out by grandmother Jessie Ralph. Good supporting cast. (Aug.)

**PARTY WIRE**—Columbia.—Lots of healthy laughs in this little picture about the havoc small-town gossips stir up by listening in on party lines. Jean Arthur, Victor Jory, Charley Grapewin head a well chosen cast. (July)

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## Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment Make this your reference list

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*Best Dressed*

## WOMAN of the MONTH

Late Summer mood. White accents on sheer black in fluted ruff and cotton gloves—starkly simple daytime costume of Gladys Swarthout, opera star, leaving the Vendome



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14 ]

**PEOPLE'S ENEMY, THE**—RKO-Radio.—An out-dated melodrama with Preston Foster as the gangster sent up for income tax evasion and Melvyn Douglas, the attorney, whom he suspects of double-crossing. (July)

**PEOPLE WILL TALK**—Paramount.—One of the most charming of the Charlie Ruggles-Mary Boland comedies. Leila Hyams, Dean Jagger. It's deft, human comedy for the whole family. (June)

**PHANTOM FIEND, THE**—Twickenham.—A real horror thriller based on England's famous "Jack the Ripper" crimes. Ivor Novello and Elizabeth Allan. Not for the children. (July)

**PRINCESS CHARMING**—Gaumont-British.—Another version of the old story of the princess in distress. Only the lovely presence of Evelyn Laye and handsome Henry Wilcoxon make this pleasant enough entertainment. (March)

**PRINCESS O'HARA**—Universal.—Nice entertainment, with Jean Parker as the girl who becomes a hack driver after her father is killed, and Chester Morris the racketeer boy-friend. (June)

**PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN, THE**—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks is good as the gay Lothario, who is finally forced to give up balcony climbing and settle down in the country with his patient wife. Benita Hume, Binnie Barnes, Merle Oberon. (March)

★ **PRIVATE WORLDS**—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A triumph in adult entertainment, this film radiates skill and understanding. Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer give superb performances as two psychiatrists in a hospital for mental cases who suddenly discover their own lives tangled and warped. Excellent performances, too, by Joan Bennett and Joel McCrea. (June)

★ **PUBLIC HERO No. 1**—M-G-M.—Another G-men picture with a well knit story, lots of grand humor and plenty happening. Chester Morris and Jean Arthur are excellent in the leads. Joseph Calleia, Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone and Paul Kelly top A-1 support. (Aug.)

**RECKLESS**—M-G-M.—The clever talents of Jean Harlow, William Powell and Franchot Tone, pooled for the story of a show girl who marries a millionaire and comes to grief when his suicide leaves her with a ruined reputation and a baby to take care of. (June)

**RED HOT TIRES**—First National.—If you care for automobile racing, with crack-ups, there's plenty of it. Lyle Talbot is the racing driver, Mary Astor, Frankie Darro, Roscoe Karns. (Apr.)

**RIGHT TO LIVE, THE**—Warners.—Colin Clive, Josephine Hutchinson and George Brent capably present Somerset Maugham's drama of a crippled husband whose wife falls in love with his brother. A-1 direction by William Keighley. (May)

**ROBERTA**—RKO-Radio.—A film treat you shouldn't miss, with Fred Astaire really coming into his own as a top-notch entertainer. An excellent cast, including Ginger Rogers, Irene Dunne, Randy Scott, combined with gorgeous gowns, excellent direction and grand settings, make this one of the most delightful experiences you've ever had in a theater. (May)

**RUGGLES OF RED GAP**—Paramount.—Mary Boland, Charlie Ruggles, SaZu Pitts and Charles Laughton in a humorous, adventurous story about an English valet who comes to America, to Red Gap, and poses as a British Colonel. You'll enjoy it. (March)

**RUMBA**—Paramount.—You'll like the native rumba dancers, and George Raft and Carole Lombard do some smooth stepping. But the story is obvious. (Apr.)

★ **SCARLET PIMPERNEL, THE**—United Artists.—Leslie Howard at his best as a courageous young Englishman posing as a fop in order to rescue French noblemen from the guillotine. Merle Oberon lovely as his wife. A swift, colorful adventure film. (Apr.)

★ **THE SCOUNDREL**—Hecht - MacArthur - Paramount.—Noel Coward in the cold rôle of a heartless, philandering publisher gives one of the greatest performances ever recorded in this magnificently executed character study. Julie Haydon, Hope Williams, Alexander Woolcott, Stanley Ridges, Martha Sleeper. (July)

**SECRET BRIDE, THE**—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck, Warren William, Grant Mitchell, Glenda Farrell and Arthur Byron are lost in the wordy maze of this film's plot. (March)

**SHADOW OF DOUBT**—M-G-M.—A bow to Constance Collier, a grand old actress who gives a lift to this involved murder mystery. Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Bruce, Isabel Jewell, Regis Toomey, Arthur Byron, Betty Furness and others lend good support. (Apr.)

**SING SING NIGHTS**—Monogram.—An interesting and well-sustained screen puzzle centering about three people who confess singly to the murder of munitions smuggler Conway Tearle. (March)

**SPRING TONIC**—Fox.—Spotty entertainment, with Claire Trevor running away from Lew Ayres on their wedding eve, and getting mixed up with animal trainers and bootleggers in the persons of Walter King, Tala Birell, ZaSu Pitts and others. Good cast is whipped by unconvincing situations. (July)

★ **STAR OF MIDNIGHT**—RKO-Radio.—William Powell and Ginger Rogers banter throughout this sparkling, guaranteed-to-baffle mystery. Irresistible wit eases the tension of the drama; winning performances by all concerned. (June)

**STOLEN HARMONY**—Paramount.—George Raft and Ben Bernie (with the boys) pool their talents happily to make this a thoroughly enjoyable film. Breezy dialogue, catchy songs, snappy dances. Watch for newcomer Lloyd Nolan. Grace Bradley, Goodee Montgomery, Charles Arnt. (June)

**STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART**—Universal.—Baby Jane Quigley, Roger Pryor and Mary Astor in a trite and obvious story concerning a young politician who discovers love means more to him than being mayor. (May)

**STRANGERS ALL**—RKO-Radio.—A pip of a simple little family picture. May Robson is the mother who has four children, all as different as the seasons. Preston Foster, James Bush, William Bakewell, Florence McKinney. Bakewell's performance is aces high. (June)

**SWELL-HEAD**—Columbia.—Okay for baseball fans. But aside from the diamond stuff, this is pretty hackneyed. Wallace Ford, Barbara Kent, and old-timers Sammy Cohen, the late Mike Donlin and Bryant Washburn. (July)

**SWEET ADELINE**—Warners.—Nice musical entertainment with sweet melodies, lovely lyrics by Jerome Kern, and charming Irene Dunne. Phil Regan and Hugh Herbert are excellent. (March)

**SWEET MUSIC**—Warners.—Disregard the story and enjoy Rudy Vallee, debunked, and Ann Dvorak who is sensationally good at dancing, singing and acting. Helen Morgan, Alice White, Ned Sparks. (May)

**SWEEPSTAKE ANNIE**—Liberty.—A poor little girl wins a fortune in a sweepstakes and finds plenty of people to help her spend it! Quite an entertaining little drama, in spite of a few limps. (March)

**SYMPHONY OF LIVING**—Invincible.—Certain emotional power and good music relieve the tedium and pathos of this story of a thwarted genius who finds triumph in the glories of his prodigy. Al Shean, Charles Judels, Lester Lee, Evelyn Brent, John Darrow. (May)

**\$10 RAISE**—Fox.—The saga of the routine clerk who can't get married without a ten dollar raise is a delightful story in the capable hands of Edward Everett Horton. Karen Morley is his romance; Alan Dinehart the villain. (June)

**TIMES SQUARE LADY**—M-G-M.—Virginia Bruce moves another notch toward stardom as the Iowa girl who goes to Broadway to manage some shady enterprises she's inherited. Newcomer Robert Taylor and Pinky Tomlin are grand! (May)

**TRANSIENT LADY**—Universal.—A murder and a lynching for excitement, Gene Raymond for romance, June Clayworth and Henry Hull for acting, but this story lacks the necessary direction to make it the really powerful stuff it might have been. (May)

**TRAVELING SALESLADY**—First National.—A light, airy little comedy at which you can just relax and look and laugh. Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Hugh Herbert, William Gargan and Ruth Donnelly. (June)

**UNDER PRESSURE**—Fox.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe as sand hogs engaged in the dangerous business of cutting a tunnel under the East River. Exciting entertainment. (Apr.)

**UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON**—Fox.—A fast romantic comedy with Warner Baxter in Gaucho garb searching for a stolen race horse and finding lovely Ketti Gallian instead. Jack LaRue, John Miljan, Rita Cansino, Armida. (Aug.)

**UNFINISHED SYMPHONY, THE**—Gaumont-British.—The musical score alone—Franz Schubert's compositions played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—puts this on the must list for music lovers. The film story of the musician's life is interesting too. (March)

**UNWELCOME STRANGER, THE**—Columbia.—Little Jackie Searl is the crippled child around a race-track on whom Jack Holt blames a streak of bad racing luck. Just so-so entertainment, but Jackie, Holt, and Mona Barrie are good. (July)

★ **VAGABOND LADY**—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—A spirited, delightfully mad, and most enjoyable comedy with Robert Young really coming into his own as the captivating scape-grace son of a too, too dignified family. Evelyn Venable is the romantic prize. Good performances, too, by Reginald Denny Frank Craven. (June)

**VANESSA—HER LOVE STORY**—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes is excellent as Walpole's lovely heroine, but the film as a whole leaves something to be desired. Good portrayals by May Robson and Otto Kruger. Robert Montgomery is inadequate as Benjie. (May)

**VILLAGE TALE**—RKO-Radio.—A somewhat sordid drama of rural hates, jealousies and thwarted loves, with Randolph Scott, Robert Barrat, Kay Johnson, and a good supporting cast. (July)

**WEDDING NIGHT, THE**—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.—A tragic story, beautifully told, with a powerful love theme concerning a Polish farm girl and sensitive young novelist. Anna Sten and Gary Cooper superb in the leads. Excellent support. (Apr.)

**WEREWOLF OF LONDON, THE**—Universal.—If you like blood-curdling excitement, chills and creeps, you'll enjoy shivering to this shocker with Henry Hull as the werewolf who becomes bestial when the moon is full. Warner Oland, Valerie Hobson, Spring Byington. Leave the children at home. (July)

**WEST POINT OF THE AIR**—M-G-M.—A father-son story, with Wallace Beery as an old Army sergeant and Robert Young his son who returns from West Point, his father's superior officer. In addition to an appealing story, there are some of the most thrilling flight sequences you've ever seen. Maureen O'Sullivan is romantic prize. (May)

**WHILE THE PATIENT SLEPT**—First National.—Just another murder mystery, thin in spots. Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee are in top form; Allen Jenkins, Robert Barrat, Lyle Talbot and Patricia Ellis hold up support. But the story sags. (June)

★ **WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING, THE**—Columbia.—Edward G. Robinson, as two other men, gives his finest performance in a brilliant picture. Excellent support by Jean Arthur. (Apr.)

**WINGS IN THE DARK**—Paramount.—An aviation story with a heart. Grand performances by Myrna Loy as a stunt flyer, and Gary Grant, her blind aviator lover. (Apr.)

**WINNING TICKET, THE**—M-G-M.—Comedy capers cut by Ted Healy, Leo Carrillo and Louise Fazenda over the disappearance of a winning sweepstakes ticket. (Apr.)

**WOMAN IN RED, THE**—First National.—Sparkling dialogue freshens up this old story of the poor girl married into society. Good performances by Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Raymond and Genevieve Tobin. (May)

**WOMEN MUST DRESS**—Monogram.—A nice little domestic drama by Dorothy Reid, widow of the still-beloved Wally. Interestingly handled; Minna Gombell's performance is outstanding. (Apr.)





Richee

*Picking*

Even the severest critic tossed orchids to Julie Haydon for her fine work opposite Noel Coward in "The Scoundrel." It won the lovely actress a long-term contract with Paramount. No picture assigned yet





*Mischief*

Whoever is on the receiving end of that mischievous look, we envy him! Maureen O'Sullivan was caught by the camera on the "Anna Karenina" set

Tommy Evans





# Youth

Vivacious and charming is Janet Gaynor as the impetuous young lass who runs a canal boat in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." The farmer, Henry Fonda





Richee

*Irresistible*

Favorite of the ladies, admired by all the men, Gary Cooper stays at the top as one of filmdom's most popular stars. You'll see him next in the romantic title rôle of the classic love tragedy "Peter Ibbetson"



# PHOTOPLAY

## CLOSE-UPS

## AND LONG-SHOTS



B Y K A T H R Y N D O U G H E R T Y

**A**FTER more than fifty years on stage and screen, Tully Marshall is to retire. If you're a youngster that may mean but little to you. If you have watched pictures grow from "infancy" to their present sturdy mankind, that bit of news will signify a lot.

Tully stepped into the Hollywood scene in 1916, at the age of fifty-two, the year after D. W. Griffith had produced the master spectacle that revolutionized the picture industry—"The Birth of a Nation."

**T**ULLY was no amateur in dramatics. For thirty-three years he had played before the footlights, and he carried his rôle of *Joe Brooks*, in Eugene Walter's famous play, "Paid in Full," from the stage to the screen.

Between "Paid in Full" and his latest and last—"A Tale of Two Cities,"—he has been cast in hundreds of rôles.

He was a far greater actor than his billing indicated.

His versatility was amazing—no character rôle was too difficult for him to essay and to triumph in.

You'll remember him particularly, I'm sure, as that unregenerate frontiersman—*Jim Bridgers*—in inimitable scenes with Ernest Torrence in "The Covered Wagon."

And so now, after half a century before the public, Tully Marshall feels that he is entitled to a rest. Well, if I had worked that long, I, too, would say, "Enough is enough."

**T**HE trend of pictures at the moment seems to be toward pageantry, action and terror. I have in mind as examples, "The Crusades," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "G-Men" films, and "She."

Love as a great passion that transcends all else doesn't seem to be the keynote of many of the successful films of late. As witness "The Informer," "Les Misérables," or "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

Indeed, the tender passion tends to perform nowadays the function of merely a prop for the plot.

Perhaps Americans have tired of love in pictures, though I don't think so. Nelson Eddy's enormous volume of adoring letters tells another story.

**A**ND that brings up the question, is it Eddy's voice or his personality, or some subtle magnetism that electrifies his feminine audience?

Probably all three.



Of course this is the day, too, of music on the screen. The studios began with crooners and other radio artists of song, and then—rather timidly, it must be admitted—ventured to cast famous singers whose voices had entranced the trained ears of the most sophisticated New York audiences.

SCREEN courtship, as a result, seems to be a public matter, publicly arrived at. It is rather difficult for the extreme realists to imagine the tenor and the soprano doing their nightingaling in the moonlight without the entire community being very alert as to what is going on.

Ah, well, this custom has been followed—apparently with success—for centuries in both Spain and South America. With a slight difference, of course. The movies permit the lover to take his lady in his arms. In old Madrid, however, the swain kept his feet on the ground, while his inamorata kept hers firmly on the balcony.

WHATEVER became of the masterpiece that Hecht and MacArthur made in the Paramount studios in Astoria, Long Island—the same studio, you know, in which Noel Coward played his outstanding rôle in “The Scoundrel.”

Jimmy Savo—superb stage clown—was to star in it—and it was announced the title would be “Once in a Blue Moon.” Cecilia Loftus and Whitney Bourne were also in the cast, and every Russian and gypsy to be found around New York City.

“The Scoundrel” was made and released, still no news about the “Blue Moon.”

But let us now go to Kentucky—to the town of Winchester—and pick up the daily newspaper of that community. Under the heading “Colored Notes,” we read that the Lily of the Valley Society was presenting “an uproariously humorous film, with Jimmy Savo, in ‘Once in a Blue Moon.’”

Can this be the Hecht-MacArthur masterpiece that so mysteriously disappeared, only to be brought to light in darkest Kentucky?

A LOOK into Madge Evans’ career reveals she has performed a very difficult feat. She’s one of the few screen players who started as small children and managed to find themselves in pictures after they had grown up.

She was a babe of three when she appeared in the earliest screen version of “The Sign of the Cross.” William Farnum was the star. Little Madge’s name burned on marquees throughout the land for the next eight or nine years. She was a child star idol in those days.

CAME the gangling period that pre-notes adolescence and Madge went into retirement—to reappear at fifteen in one film, only to vanish once more from the public eye.

After a while she found her way to the stage—and for the past four years has been a screen actress for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Now Gaumont-British, after seeing her in the rôle of *Agnes* in “David Copperfield,” has called her to England to play the feminine lead in “The Tunnel.”

Often on the verge of stardom, but never quite achieving it, there lies ahead of her a clean-cut opportunity to gain fame far greater than that of her childhood days.

Will Shirley Temple’s career follow a similar course?

THE motion picture industry stands more secure today than it has for the past couple of years. Reorganization, ruthless but necessary pruning of adventitious expenses, a more precise policy of handling all business affairs, seems to prevail in the majority of the studios.

The choice of pictures for the schedules has been done with exceptional care, and I foresee a great increase in attendance at motion picture theaters.

Moreover, in spite of all the starts and stops, it looks as though business in general is really rounding that famous corner at last.





**until death  
do us part**

*Gary Cooper and Ann Harding in a scene from the Paramount Picture "Peter Ibbetson" directed by Henry Hathaway*

Romeo and Juliet!...Antony and Cleopatra!...Tristan and Isolde!...Dante and Beatrice!...Heloise and Abelard!...Lovers all—out of the scores upon scores of lovers who down through the ages have fired the imagination and the creative artistry of bards and minstrels, poets and playwrights, painters and writers.

Without end are the enduring love stories of the world—those transcendental, inspiring romances that reach into the hearts, souls and minds of people—to lift humans out of themselves for one brief, thrilling instant in the scheme of things and make them kin to the gods in Paradise!

Taking its place alongside the immortal love romances of all time is the touching, tenderly beautiful story of Peter and Mary in Du Maurier's glorious tale, "Peter Ibbetson." Here was a love truly beyond all human understanding—a love that endured through childhood, manhood and old age—a love that flamed with a brilliant intensity—a love that burned even beyond the grave.



As a novel, "Peter Ibbetson" left an indelible imprint on all who read it. As a stage play, and then again as an opera, idealized with music, it entranced those fortunate enough to have witnessed its performance. Now it is being brought to the screen by Paramount, with a devotion to casting and direction that promises to further deify, if possible, what is already recognized as an immortal work.

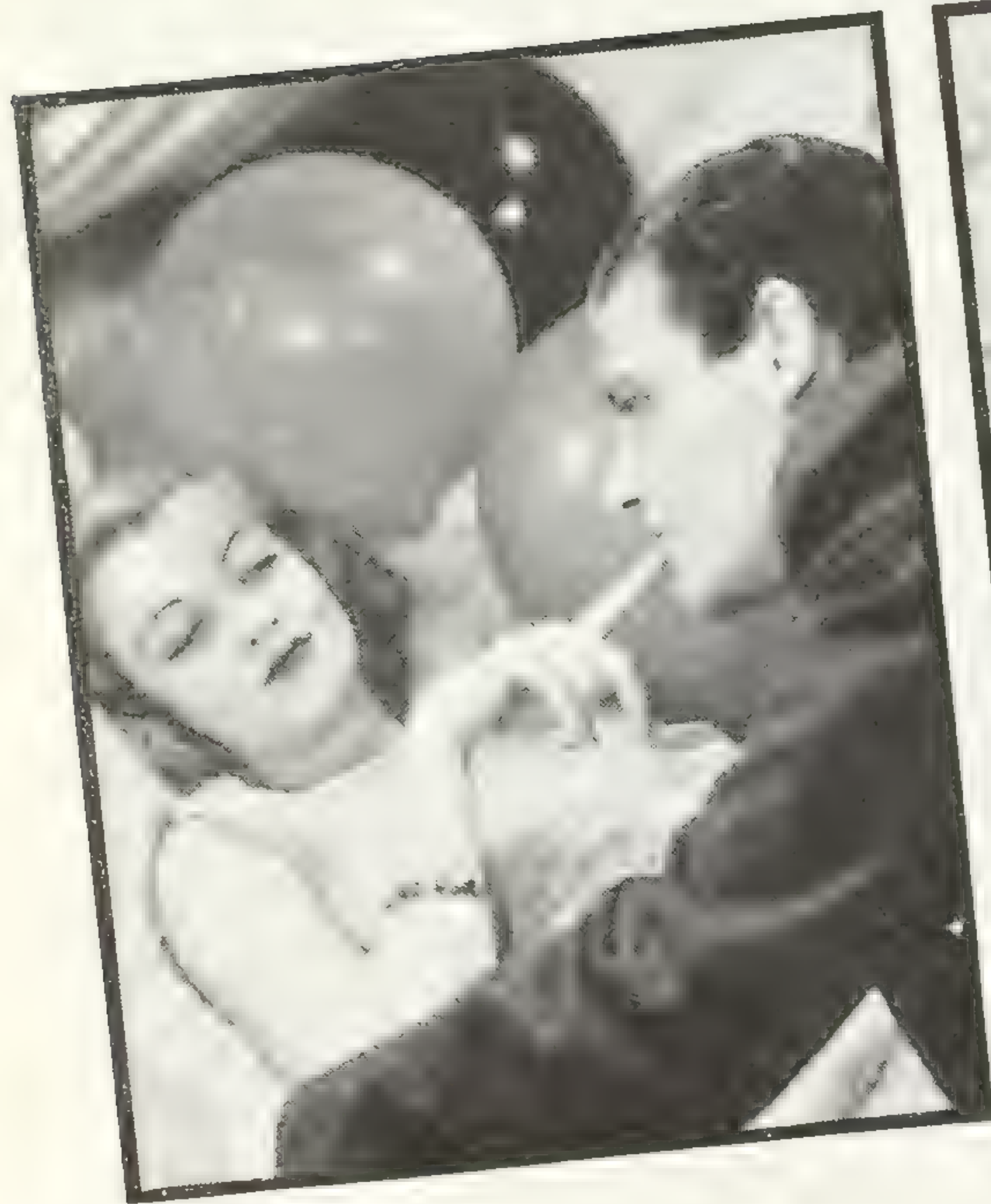
Gary Cooper has been chosen to portray the sincerity and manly manliness of Peter Ibbetson, while Ann Harding has won the coveted role of Mary, who was the Duchess of Towers. The screen play has been placed under the lucid and understanding direction of Henry Hathaway, who guided the destinies of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

As a living, breathing canvas that recreates the glamorous scenes and the passionate interludes of Du Maurier's story, the photoplay "Peter Ibbetson" gives every promise of presenting another screen masterpiece in this story of a love that will last through all eternity.



# GUESSING Right for STARDOM

**A star's success depends on his rôles. And most of them flop miserably when they choose their own**



**Connie Bennett stamped her foot and yelled until RKO bought "Rockabye" for her to star in. It was a lemon! Joel McCrae was leading man**

**Joan Crawford fought against being cast in "Forsaking All Others." She didn't want to share starring honors with Gable and Bob Montgomery**

**But Joan's two leading men in the M-G-M film strengthened her position as a star. The film was a big hit. She admits now she was wrong**

ALL it lack of horse sense, call it lack of the editorial mind, call it a plus quantity of super developed ego which sees only a good scene rather than a good whole script, but there is scarcely a Hollywood actor or actress who can pick his or her own pictures and pick them successfully. They have to be taken by the hands and either led or given a good hard push into a success!

Every film star who ever lived has at some time or another said: "Oh, if they'd just let me alone and let me choose my own

parts instead of making me act in these gol-darned simpleton pictures! I could show 'em!"

Every time I interview a Hollywood star, at some point before the conversation is over, the star either lowers the voice confidentially lest some executive hear or else lifts it to the skies to make sure they *will* and says, "You know, I shouldn't be doing this sort of thing. I had an awful fight with the studio over it. I should be playing (tragic) (comic) (sophisticated) (sweet girlish) rôles." (Note to reader: insert your own





By MURIEL  
BABCOCK

Once in a great while the star is right. Jean Harlow had to fight for the rôle in "Red Headed Woman." Everyone discouraged her choice, saying she couldn't play comedy. It's one of the best things Jean Harlow has ever done. Her partner was Chester Morris



Janet Gaynor rebelled strenuously against playing with an all-star cast in "State Fair." She knows now that sharing honors with Will Rogers, Louise Dresser, and Norman Foster was her gain



Jack LaRue hoped playing in "The Story of Temple Drake" would make him a movie hero. But Jack has never recovered from that rôle

Two stars turned down the rôle of Mildred in "Of Human Bondage." Yet, Bette Davis, willing to take a risk, rode high in the unwanted part

descriptive word according to individual star.) I used to take this all literally, but now it drifts in one ear and out the other!

For, just let 'em try picking their own, and they usually either fall flat on their noses or else they pass up juicy plums which a less argumentative confrère accepts and upon which he rides to glory.

And so the next time you are wondering why your favorite actor of yesterday doesn't seem to be getting along so well, don't blame him or his acting or his age or his love affairs, or

take any one of the hundred excuses which might be offered, but blame poor story selection. And ten chances to one, you'll find he has been putting in his oar with "helpful" story suggestions which haven't helped a bit.

But, of course, for one actor who falls on his nose, another will always ride to glory. For one actor who makes a mistake in judgment, another gets the juicy plum!

The latest example of the latter is "G-Men." The studio wanted Edward G. Robinson to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



# THE BEAUTY WHO CANNOT STAY IN Love

**Hollywood says Loretta Young, in love three times—disastrously—is fated. What a misstatement!**

**H**OLLYWOOD is furiously trying to create a new legend. In a community overwrought with superstitions, credos and imaginary curses, they are attempting to manufacture a malignant fate that controls Loretta Young's ventures into love.

"The beauty who cannot stay in love" they call her. "Why," they ask, "is a young girl, twenty-two years of age, as beautiful as Loretta, as obviously attractive to men, as deluged with equally attractive men from whom to choose—why isn't she married? Love touches her but it doesn't stick. No one as completely lovely as she should be living quietly at home with her mother and three sisters. She has been in love three times, deeply, wholly and—disastrously. Why is it her fate to fall in love with the wrong men? Why? A dozen whys?"

It is easy to create legends in Hollywood. They don't require even as much material as actually exists in this case.

Loretta Young is a beauty, one of the most ethereally beautiful women in the world. She was born to be loved and cherished and worshipped by men. In other ages, men would have fought for her favor, gladiators would have ridden to death for her glove. And Hollywood, sensing something wrong with this picture, is answering the question with the creation



"No one as completely lovely as she, and deluged with attractive men, should be living quietly at home," say the opinions. Meet the family: Polly Ann and mother, seated, with Sally Blane and Loretta, standing

When Loretta and Spencer Tracy met, he was unhappy—she tried to cheer him. That their companionship ripened into love is no one's fault. As they found out how far it might go, they had the courage to drop it



## By JACK GRANT

of a malignant fate. It is a poor answer.

Loretta Young is so forthright, honest and sincere that it is difficult to imagine anyone misunderstanding her. I know very few young girls as completely shorn of affectations — particularly girls as young as the twenty-two-year-old Loretta. Never have I seen her display coquetry or any of the so-called feminine wiles that are the heritage of all womankind.

You see, I have known Loretta since just before her eighteenth birthday. She was then a youngster frightened by the crash of her marriage, bewildered by the wreckage of her dreams. An elopement had seemed so romantic to her and it must be remembered that Loretta still dwelt in the land of fairy-story princes.

I am not at all sure but that she had some of the attributes of a *Prince Charming* mixed up with the realities of the man she expects some day to meet and marry. People are constantly disappointing [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108 ]



Attracted by the clean youth of Grant Withers, the idea of falling in love, plus eloping, Loretta married. But realization that he did not actually need her brought a separation

The man Loretta will eventually marry will awaken first her sympathy. His need of her will cause her to love, a rich maternal love. It is the stuff pioneer women were made of



# Robert Taylor Chooses SUCCESS



**These two young men are headed for film fame. The one thinks marriage would be fatal to his career, the other believes a wife will help him**



**Robert Taylor says young love can be psychologically controlled. If, by some quirk of fate he "falls in love," he'll fall out again—and he knows how! He's a strong man to resist the charm of cute little Jean Parker. Or maybe Frank Shields is tough competition! At any rate, it's three on a match**

BY JULIE

**T**EN or twelve years from now I am very certain the following chapter will be added to the success story of Robert Taylor, M-G-M's talent find of the year. Briefly, it will probably read something like this:

"Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taylor celebrated their first anniversary recently by opening their new forty-acre estate. Screen fans will remember Mr. Taylor as the film idol who deserted the screen at the height of his career in 1945 to follow his desire for travel and to become a gentleman farmer.

"Mrs. Taylor is well known in prominent social circles here."

You see, at twenty-three, Robert Taylor has made up his mind not to take any chances with life.

At twenty-three, he has discovered that man's insistent capacity for love and happiness in early youth can be psychologically controlled.

At twenty-three, he is quiet certain that the blinding ecstasy of first love and youthful marriage is but a treacherous trap on the slippery road to success.

At twenty-three, Robert Taylor is really a remarkable young man.

He is on the first rung of the ladder that goes straight up, and it's my hunch he will climb to the top without even a slight hitch. His recent series of picture thefts from veteran stars in such productions as

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]





One of the sweetest love stories ever told is that of MacMurray and Lillian Lamont. She gave up chances for stage fame in New York because Fred was lonesome for her in Hollywood. He's defying filmdom's success code, but he says they will be married—as soon as his career is firmly established

## LOVE Comes First for Fred MacMurray



ANG HUNT

**A**CCORDING to Hollywood's success-code, Fred MacMurray has the wrong attitude. He insists upon giving love top billing over all the vital issues pertaining to his career and fame.

Since the flurry of his almost melodramatic success six months ago in "The Gilded Lily," Fred MacMurray's screen destiny has been gathering dizzy momentum.

From the Colbert starring picture he was rushed into "Car 99," then into another top notch spot in Paramount's G-men drama, "Men Without Names," followed by a royal summons from the great Hepburn herself, to play opposite her in "Alice Adams."

Even the cynics, hereabouts, have to admit that this is nice going.

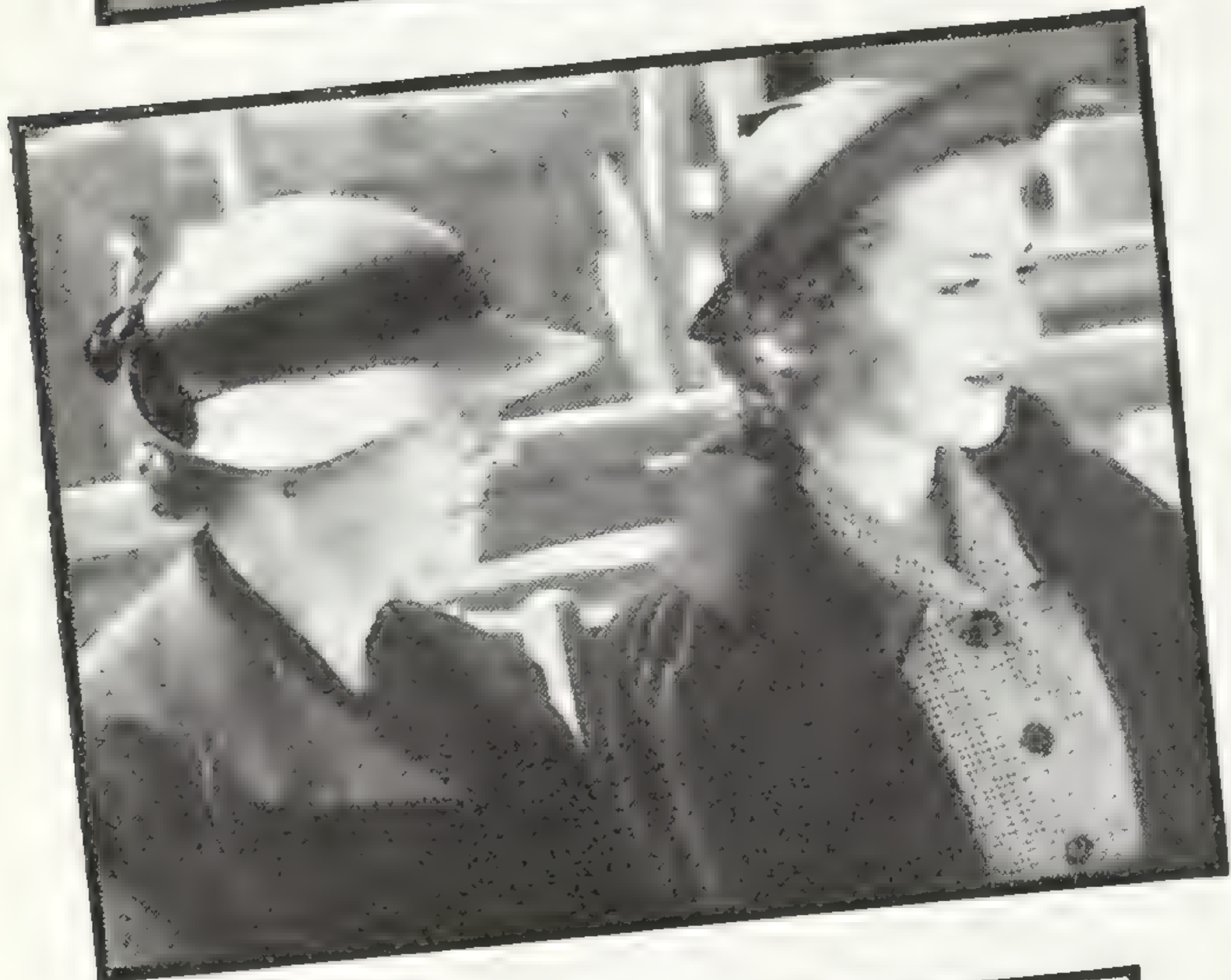
But the social career of Mr. MacMurray has remained stolidly and determinedly in its original grooves. He has yet to attend his first Hollywood party. Invitations poured in following the first preview of "The Gilded Lily" because film hostesses keep a weather eye for "Comers," especially those of the six-foot-two, dark-and-handsome variety.

Fred's mail became suddenly heavy with formally engraved cards for functions to which even established stars would think twice before sending their regrets. There were personally written notes bidding him

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]



# CALYORK'S GOSSIP



One of the newest romances in movie town is that of Estelle Taylor and Lee Tracy. Judging by the wide smiles they are wearing, the actor and actress seem pretty well pleased with the situation, too. She's Jack Dempsey's "Ex"

Since the Jolsons adopted Al, Junior, Ruby stays pretty close to home. However, Miss Keeler slipped away from the nursery long enough one day to accompany her Mother to the polo matches. But we'll bet Ruby's mind isn't wholly on the game

As soon as Al Jolson finished his first Pacific coast broadcast at N.B.C., he locked himself up in a sound booth and telephoned Ruby, who was listening in on the program at home. Al is asking, "How did you like it?"

Don't let the gossips fool you! Regardless of what they say, Peggy Walters and Lyle Talbot are still remancing. If you doubt it, just take a look at the love light burning in Lyle's eyes. Lyle and Peggy were partying at the Brown Derby

AFTER he finishes his present picture, W. C. Fields is going to take a long vacation. It may be for six months, it may be for a year. It may be forever.

Lovable Bill's health has been in a bad state now for almost a year. His insomnia, which plagues him constantly, has worn him down to a nub. So he's going to forget all about work and see what happens.

Everybody in Hollywood is pulling for Bill to get well. If he does leave the screen, he'll be missed just about as much as anyone could be in this town.

WHAT brought Kay Francis back from her European trip so soon?

"Butter and fresh eggs," as she said—or a gentleman named Delmer Daves, who writes scenarios for the movies?

Romance prophets consider Mr. Daves, a former middle-western lawyer who turned writer, probably so he could get to know the charming Kay, a real threat to that Lady's single-blessedness.

Daves wrote "Stranded" and he and Kay hit it off very, very well. 'Tis said that Chevalier, Count de Carpegna and all the rest haven't an outside chance with this scribbling Romeo. 'Tis said.

ONE of the most disconsolate young gentlemen in Hollywood was Henry (Hank) Fonda after his collision with Janet Gaynor had given her brain concussion and forced her to withdraw under the medico's orders from "Way Down East."

The little noggin tap—which, of course, wasn't Hank's fault any more than Janet's—cost Fox just about \$250,000—or will, because practically half of the old D. W. Griffith epic had been made. Expensive bump.

IT'S Katherine Thalberg—in other words, little Norma Shearer the Second—and Katherine Cornell can take a bow, for Norma and her husband, production wizard Irving Thalberg, have named their brand new little heiress after the great actress who first acted the rôle of *Elizabeth Barrett Browning* on the New York stage.

Norma played the rôle on the screen, of course, and her tribute in naming her daughter after Miss Cornell should dispel any possible ideas that the two could have been jealous of each other's success.

Little Katherine looks like her daddy—has black hair and big brown eyes—which sort of even things up in the Thalberg family, for Irving, Jr. rather favors his gorgeous mother Norma, you know



# OF HOLLYWOOD



Josephine Hutchinson (right) and the Adolphe Menjous were among the merry-makers at the Warner Brothers' party given at the Ambassador. The two ladies seem displeased at the camera's intrusion. But Mr. Menjou doesn't mind



Playing peek-a-boo with Mr. Cameraman are Bette Davis and Paul Muni. Bet Paul is calling the photographer names! This is a rare picture because you seldom see Bette without hubby Harmon Nelson nor Paul without his wife



Since it was a Warner Brothers' party, here is Jack entertaining a pair of guests with a little sleight-of-hand. What, up to his old tricks? Jean Muir is getting his attention, and her escort, George Brent, is giving Jack a suspicious can't-fool-me glance



Another gay group at the Warner Brothers' party. Harry Joe Brown, Anita Louise, Sally Eilers and Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy (Doris Warner) find something very amusing. Looks like Doris cracked the joke. Brown's sitting pretty

THE village is fairly seething with ex-Mrs. Barrymores. There is Dolores Costello Barrymore, enduring her ordeal with beauty and dignity. There is Michael Strange (nee Blanche Oelrich, to Mrs. Leonard Thomas, to Mrs. John Barrymore, to Mrs. Harrison Tweed—and back to Michael Strange who once wrote a play called "Clair de Lune," in which Jack and Ethel appeared together. She is being courted by RKO, I understand, to write. And there is the first Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Doris Rankin, now Mrs. Malcolm Mortimer, living quietly in Santa Monica with her writer-husband and ten-year-old daughter. Doris is beautiful as when she played leads on Broadway, even with her snow white hair. The only ex-Mrs. Barrymore missing is Catherine Harris, Jack's first wife.

If you expected all the inside of the Barrymore marital mixup to be aired in court, you're due to be disappointed. Seems as how Dolores and John have got together without benefit of the bench and settled things reasonably for both.

However, it is definitely all over, and it won't be long before you'll be seeing Dolores back on the screen. She has had some very, very nice offers.

GEORGE BRENT, for some reason or other, has suddenly eased up in the aviation business and gone in heavy for boxing. Why? Is he after Joe Louis or just getting ready to fight off those rumors about himself and Der Greta, which are still smoldering since George's stand-in traveled East with Garbo? Word from Sweden hints that Greta is her same old self. After a few smiles she closed up like the clam.

YOU know Nigel Bruce, the portly Englishman who plays the bland, emotionless Britisher to perfection? The epitome of self-control, if you recall, the guy who never blinked in "She" when the savages were ready to broil him. Well, do I have *his* number! Inside information concerning certain carryings-on in his private life has just reached my ears from our secret-contact (aged eleven) out in the Hawthorne School, Beverly Hills

Seems Pauline Bruce, ten, arrives at school every morning looking dreadfully annoyed. My contact made inquiry.

"Well," revealed Pauline, "I wish my daddy would stop singing at the top of his lungs when he drives me to school every morning. It's so undignified."

And that's that.





It was a starry line-up the cameraman ran into at the party given by Walter Wanger! Above, left to right, you see Henry Fonda, newest leading man on the Fox lot, Gail Patrick, Walter Wanger, who was host to all the stars, blonde Alice Faye, Ida Lupino, and William Wellman, director. Wanger and Wellman didn't risk putting down their glasses while the picture was being taken, you will notice!

SEEMS like the movies must have their teams. Now word comes from within Paramount that Sylvia Sydney and Fred MacMurray, the handsome new fella which is breaking the women's hearts, are all set to join up and become a team. How do you like the idea? Of course, that doesn't matter, because the pictures have already been set.

GINGER ROGERS is burning a bit at a story that she has always wanted to kiss Fred Astaire. The story went that Ginger, before a kiss sequence, rubbed her hands with glee and said, "Now, watch me give him the works—this is what I've been waiting for!" Wal—it made a good story, but the trouble with it was that it wasn't Ginger at all—but a character actress who said it—and did it!

MARGARET SULLAVAN is the biggest puzzle right now in Hollywood. Did she or did she not actually split up with her husband, Director Willie Wyler? Is she or is she not going to get a divorce? Margaret left the house, you know, because, said she, it was to be re-

decorated. Well—we've heard that it *had* to be re-decorated because there was a bit of a demonstrative argument and things got mussed up. Anyway, Margaret has been back with her husband to stall divorce rumors—but everyone wonders how long until another disagreement.

HERE is one of the most heartening bits of news in a long time. Spencer Tracy's little son, John, you know, has been deaf since birth. The Tracys have done everything possible to bring out his hearing, but never has there been any success.

Well—the other day at his tenth birthday party, John, for the first time in his life, heard his own name. Suddenly, but faintly, his hearing arrived. Is he a happy kid, and are the Tracy's happy! Spencer gave John some polo mallets for the birthday celebration. Little ones, of course.

WE would be the last one in the world to accuse Dick Powell of being lazy in love. But hucome, hucome that Dick spends

most of his time with Mary Brian and Virginia Bruce, both of whom live practically across the street in Toluca Lake? He's no fool. No Leg work.

SPEAKING of leg work—remember black stockings? Joan Crawford is wearing them again, and they say, they do, that they're going to be seen again on the better dressed pins.

THAT old dabbil, rumor, again raised its questioning topknot when another military man, or rather a sailor, Lieutenant Larry Blodgett, U.S.N., flew down from the Northwest to visit Ann Harding. Like Major Ben Sawbridge, he was regarded as a possible suitor for Ann who has no engaging romance at the present. "Just a friend," said Ann however.

FOR years Wallace Ford has considered himself an orphan. But a woman wrote him from Scotland saying that she was his aunt and that his real mother was alive.





Alison Skipworth apparently doesn't enjoy having her merry-making interrupted by picture-taking. She wouldn't smile for the camera. Next to Alison is radio star Frances Langford, now signed by Wanger for the films. Then George Raft, Joan Bennett, Director Raoul Walsh and Bert Hanlon. Wouldn't an autograph hound have given his all for an invitation

This trio left the dance floor long enough to coöperate with the orchestra. Andy Devine is about to hit something an awful wallop and make a big noise. Drumming with Andy are Paul Kelly and Ida Lupino



PLAYBOY Sidney Smith has finally caught up with Lilian Bond, it seems. And this ought to point a moral to swains who have had to hustle to win that well known "Yes." Mister Smith pursued Lilian from New York to London. There they had an argument. Lilian came back to America and went to Florida. On the next boat came suitor Smith.

When he arrived in the Sunshine State, Lilian promptly sailed for Nassau. Smith chartered a plane and followed. Lilian came to California. So did Sidney Smith. And it is now Mr. and Mrs. Smith. DA LUPINO has rushed again to succor the wounded heart of Tom Brown, who seems to have at last lost out with Anita Louise, or

vice versa. The idyllic romance was always something for Hollywood to regard and sigh wistfully over. But now it is over. Cary Grant and Betty Furness would both like to be exclusively the others, we understand, but are kind of afraid to get committed. Result—Cary ushers Marian Marsh places and Betty diverts that charming Latin from Manhattan (yes, he *was* born in New York) Cesar Romero.



# DON'T LOVE ME!

(Synopsis of preceding installments)

*She was a nurse, and two men came under her care. Sam Werks coveted her, Gregory Cooper loved her. She married Cooper, but he died, under suspicious circumstances. On Werks's testimony she was cleared in the death, but then Werks ordered her to sign over to him a \$10,000 check left her by Cooper. Werks said he had falsified his testimony to clear her. She ran away, to Hollywood, and a break in the movies. Her first director, the most noted in Hollywood was murdered—as she waited outside his home. She had seen a mysterious woman enter the house, and not leave, but she remained silent in the subsequent investigation because it would mean destruction of her career. Her second director, Scott Deering, fell in love with her. Then, at a party, she learned the identity of the mysterious woman. That night, Scott proposed. Less than a week later, in Scott's apartment, she noticed on Scott's desk a letter to him from Sam Werks. Did Sam Werks intend to blast her first peace and happiness, her love for Scott? What was in the letter? But she never got to know, at that time. She saw Sam Werks himself before she learned the contents of the letter. That was after she and Scott had quarreled, and Scott—in a drunken frenzy—had struck her. She told Scott she hated him, and that he had better watch out. His Japanese servant overheard her. She left Scott, in anger—only to return sometime later, worried about him, to find him dead. Murder, the police said. And she was held as the murderess! It was then that Sam Werks appeared—to defend her—his fee, if successful, their marriage!*

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



THE preliminary days of the trial were much the same as those of any other criminal action in an American court. There was, of course, rather more publicity in my case than in most. And it was a news-cameraman's holiday. The rotogravure sections of the newspapers were full of pictures of me in everything from a white rubber bathing suit to a voluminous mink wrap. Snapshots and candid camera studies that had been taken in all innocence by Uncle Lou Mueller's trailing photographers were dug up and printed all over the country!

As most of those pictures were of me and some visiting masculine celebrity they made great material for the front page. Men who didn't even know me from Eve but who had accidentally stood near me at a benefit, a preview or some other public occasion, found their likenesses and mine smeared in ink all over the country from Malibu to Maine under such captions as "Beautiful Blonde Suspect and Ex-Ambassador Talk It Over" or "Major General Says Alleged Slayer Physically Perfect Specimen."

The courtroom was jammed. There were enough special newspaper correspondents alone to fill the entire balcony and a lot of discomfort was enjoyed by all. Women came by the dozens, impelled by I-don't-know-what morbid curiosity. I wonder if I am being too unkind to the members of my own sex if I voice the suspicion that they watched me the way tigers in a cage watch one of their comrades which is slightly

wounded, waiting until it is weak enough to be killed with safety.

I think my cynicism in regard to the motives which influenced the feminine portion of the audience to suffer acute discomfort, session after session, was inspired partly by the fact that on the third day of the trial I discovered Sylva Valesquez sitting in the last row of the spectators' part of the courtroom. She was wearing a veil and was so inconspicuously dressed that she was especially conspicuous. A woman of her type—and mine,

worse luck—becomes more noticeable the more she tries to tone herself down.

She didn't know that I saw and recognized her. No one makes such a careful study of the audience before which he or she must appear as the defendant in a murder trial. There's plenty of time for it and you'd go mad if you didn't. As I understand it, most defense attorneys deliberately instruct their clients to watch the spec-

tators. It's supposed to keep your mind off visions of gallows, electric chairs, lethal chambers or whatever such conveniences your particular state affords.

I might not have spotted Sylva anyway—she was so far back—if my attention had not been called to her in the first place by the fact that she kept a pair of opera glasses trained on me about half the time. You get used to almost any vulgar impertinence if you happen to run conspicuously foul of the law of the land, but I thought that using high-powered lenses

**The concluding installment of  
a gripping story of a strange  
fate that seemed to pursue this  
screen enchantress—men died  
when they fell under her spell!**





The courtroom was jammed. There were enough special newspaper correspondents alone to fill the balcony. Women came by the dozen. And they watched me like tigers watch a wounded comrade—waiting until it is weak enough to be killed in safety

JAMIE MONTGOMERY FLACC

was a little like shooting game with telescopic sights and a silencer. It made me just angry enough so that I kept a side-wise but hawklike vigil on my own account. When she thought I wasn't looking in her direction at all she threw back her veil entirely to repair her make-up—it must have been pretty hot in those crowded seats under the balcony—and I recognized her.

Her presence annoyed and irritated me. Sylva had a habit of being around during the melodramatic crises of my career and I didn't like buzzards.

I was pretty sure she had no intention of testifying against me—we had almost a secret unspoken agreement not to tell on each other—but I couldn't figure out why, otherwise, she kept coming back, day after day, watching me. Perhaps she was sadistically interested in seeing someone else go through an ordeal which she had herself escaped.

At any rate she gave me food for surmise and conjecture which, perhaps mercifully, sometimes distracted my attention from the seriousness of my plight [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103 ]



# ADRIAN ANSWERS 20 QUESTIONS ON GARBO



A scene from the newest Garbo film, "Anna Karenina." Fredric March is her leading man. This is the twentieth picture the Swedish star has made for M-G-M

A friend of Garbo's for years, Adrian, the designer, now risks her displeasure by discussing the star because he wants to correct the false ideas people have of her

UP to the present time, Adrian, famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer designer, has steadfastly refused to give out any interviews or answer any questions pertaining to the glamorous Garbo. It is Hollywood legend that once a person begins using her name promiscuously, Garbo no longer includes him in her small circle of friends.

Adrian has been a loyal friend of many years standing. He has such respect and admiration for Garbo, no one has ever been able to get





Garbo never dresses her hair in the mode of the moment. She creates her own hair arrangement, and it usually starts a new style. Adrian's problem is to design hats that go with her hair

The star has never worn lovelier clothes, nor clothes that interested her more, than those Adrian designed for her which you see in "Anna Karenina"



him to commit himself in any way. Since her first days of silent pictures, Adrian has been dressing her for her rôles. Theirs has been a happy and successful working combination. He knows her better, perhaps, than any other person in Hollywood. Therefore it is obvious that he has very good reasons for talking and has agreed for the first time, to answer these muchly-asked questions.

Q.—Why have you avoided giving out stories on Garbo, when you haven't objected to talking about other stars of similar importance?

A.—Simply because there is nothing I could say about Miss Garbo, that would not infringe upon her own desire for her personal privacy.

Q.—Why are you willing to discuss Garbo now?

A.—So many people have printed ridiculous things about her and have misquoted me very often. I feel that if I can clear up of the fantasy concocted about her, I shall be glad.

Q.—Is Garbo's perpetual fleeing done for effect, or because she really doesn't like people?

A.—It surely isn't done for effect. It's done because she would love the privilege of having her own privacy in spite of being a motion picture star. You know as well as I do that there are certain types of people who like and demand large groups of friends around them. And there are those who live very quietly. Garbo happens to be one of the latter. She hates being stared at and being made a fuss over. Do you think that's extraordinary?

Q.—Does Garbo realize that a movie star is public property?

A.—I think she recognizes that a movie star is considered public property, but I don't think she has accepted that in her own consciousness, and is rebellious. She has often said that she would give anything in the world to have the privilege of the freedom of walking about, shopping, traveling, etc., without being noticed. You [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 76]





“**K**ATIE Takes Sock——”  
 “‘Break of Hearts’ Cold——”  
 “Hepburn Opens With That Tired Feeling——”  
 “‘Hearts’ Is ‘No Dice’——”

With such colloquially colorful but pithy headlines did *Variety*, that shrewd Bible of box-office, record the popular fate of Katharine Hepburn's last picture, “Break of Hearts.”

No undue mental strain is required to deduce that its reception wasn't so hot.

At the great Music Hall in New York City, where the same Katie in “Little Women” reaped \$110,000 in one week, this year's big Hepburn picture struggled for half that amount. In every “key city”—Pittsburgh, Kansas City, Baltimore, Seattle—all over the nation, to speak in trade terms of the

**No actress was ever welcomed to the screen with greater enthusiasm than Katharine Hepburn. And yet, today she is slipping**

motion picture business, Hepburn disappointed or Hepburn died.

Still “Break of Hearts,” as you know if you saw it, was a good picture. And Katharine Hepburn's performance in it was one of the most brilliant of her career.

Why should the admittedly great actress who was the sensation of last year loom as the outstanding floppo of this? Why should this glorious girl who had them all standing in the aisles a few months ago with her striking art and her vivid personality, flash the same thing, the very same thing, on the screen today and leave the ushers playing solitaire on the empty seats?

Why should Katie Hepburn, who won more new fervent fans and worshipping admirers than any actress in a decade, who leaped out of nowhere to rival Garbo in divine devotion



# Is HEPBURN Killing Her Own Career?

**The ring-a-round-a-rosey tactics of Katharine may result in another famous case of a star's decline**

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE



Her film, "Break of Hearts," with Charles Boyer was a good picture. But, somehow, movie-goers didn't bother to go and see it

For a long time Hepburn's worshipping public thought her caprices cute. But now many think she held her one-ring circus too long



with "Morning Glory," prove to be just that, in the lingo of the race tracks—a "morning glory"—burning up the turf at the start and wilting in the backstretch?

Is something killing her career? Or is she killing it herself? Do Hollywood stars commit career suicide?

Do they hang themselves with their own gayly spun webs of

production, direction and exploitation that that large organization can muster. Every resource of art, money and brains is beneath her to push her up—up. Yet plainly she is slipping. Figures tell few fibs at the box-office.

The public demands little of its idols—movie or otherwise—these days—except sincerity. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99 ]



# WHAT WAS THE BEST Picture of 1934?

**Vote for the one you think  
should win. Your ballot counts.**

## FIFTY OUTSTANDING PICTURES OF 1934



Broadway Bill  
Bulldog Drummond  
Strikes Back  
Catherine the Great  
Chained  
Cleopatra  
Count of Monte Cristo,  
The  
Death Takes a Holiday  
Evelyn Prentice  
Flying Down to Rio  
Gallant Lady  
Gay Divorcee, The  
George White's Scandals  
Great Expectations  
Handy Andy  
Here Comes the Navy  
House of Rothschild, The  
It Happened One Night  
Judge Priest  
Kid Millions  
Life of Vergie Winters,  
The  
Little Miss Marker  
Lost Patrol, The

Madame Du Barry  
Men in White  
Merry Widow, The  
Mrs. Wiggs of the  
Cabbage Patch  
Music in the Air  
Nana  
No Greater Glory  
Now and Forever  
Of Human Bondage  
One Night of Love  
Operator 13  
Painted Veil, The  
Queen Christina  
Sadie McKee  
She Loves Me Not  
Thin Man, The  
Treasure Island  
Twentieth Century  
Viva Villa  
We Live Again  
What Every Woman  
Knows  
Wild Cargo  
Wonder Bar

Affairs of Cellini, The  
Age of Innocence, The  
Barretts of Wimpole  
Street, The  
Belle of the Nineties  
British Agent

### Previous Winners from 1920 to Now

1920  
"HUMORESQUE"  
1921  
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"  
1922  
"ROBIN HOOD"  
1923  
"THE COVERED WAGON"  
1924  
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"  
1925  
"THE BIG PARADE"  
1926  
"BEAU GESTE"  
1927  
"7TH HEAVEN"  
1928  
"FOUR SONS"  
1929  
"DISRAELI"  
1930  
"ALL QUIET ON THE  
WESTERN FRONT"  
1931  
"CIMARRON"  
1932  
"SMILIN' THROUGH"  
1933  
"LITTLE WOMEN"

**L**AST call! If your ballot isn't in, send it at once, or you're going to miss the band wagon! Votes have been pouring in, and there are several favorite films running neck and neck for the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Award. The vote that you—and you—and you send in can determine the final result.

What was *your* favorite film of 1934? This is your last chance to mail your vote and help that film win the Gold Medal.

The Gold Medal is the most important award given a motion picture during the year. For, it is the only honorary distinction that you, the movie-goers of the nation, have an opportunity to bestow on a picture. For that reason, producers, directors, film executives—in fact, the whole movie world—watch and wait to see what film you are going to choose.

Look over the list of outstanding pictures, printed above. Your choice is not limited to these, however. Review in your mind all the films you have seen during the past year. Choose one. Write the name of the film on the ballot below or on a post card or scrap of paper. Do it now! Mail it today! Time is short and competition is getting hot! Every vote counts! Don't miss the opportunity of helping award the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal and choosing the best picture of 1934.

### PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE  
1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY


In my opinion the picture named below is the  
best motion picture production released in 1934

NAME OF PICTURE \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_





# PHOTOPLAY'S MEMORY ALBUM

edited by  
FREDERICK L. COLLINS

**N**EXT year, 1936, marks the fiftieth anniversary of Edison's first experiments with the motion picture and the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Photoplay Magazine.

In anticipation of these events, it is fitting that we should open our album of memories and turn the pages which tell the human story of the men and women and boys and girls—from Thomas Edison to Shirley Temple—who have helped to make the motion picture a world entertainment and a world force.

So, beginning this month, we present Photoplay's Memory Album—

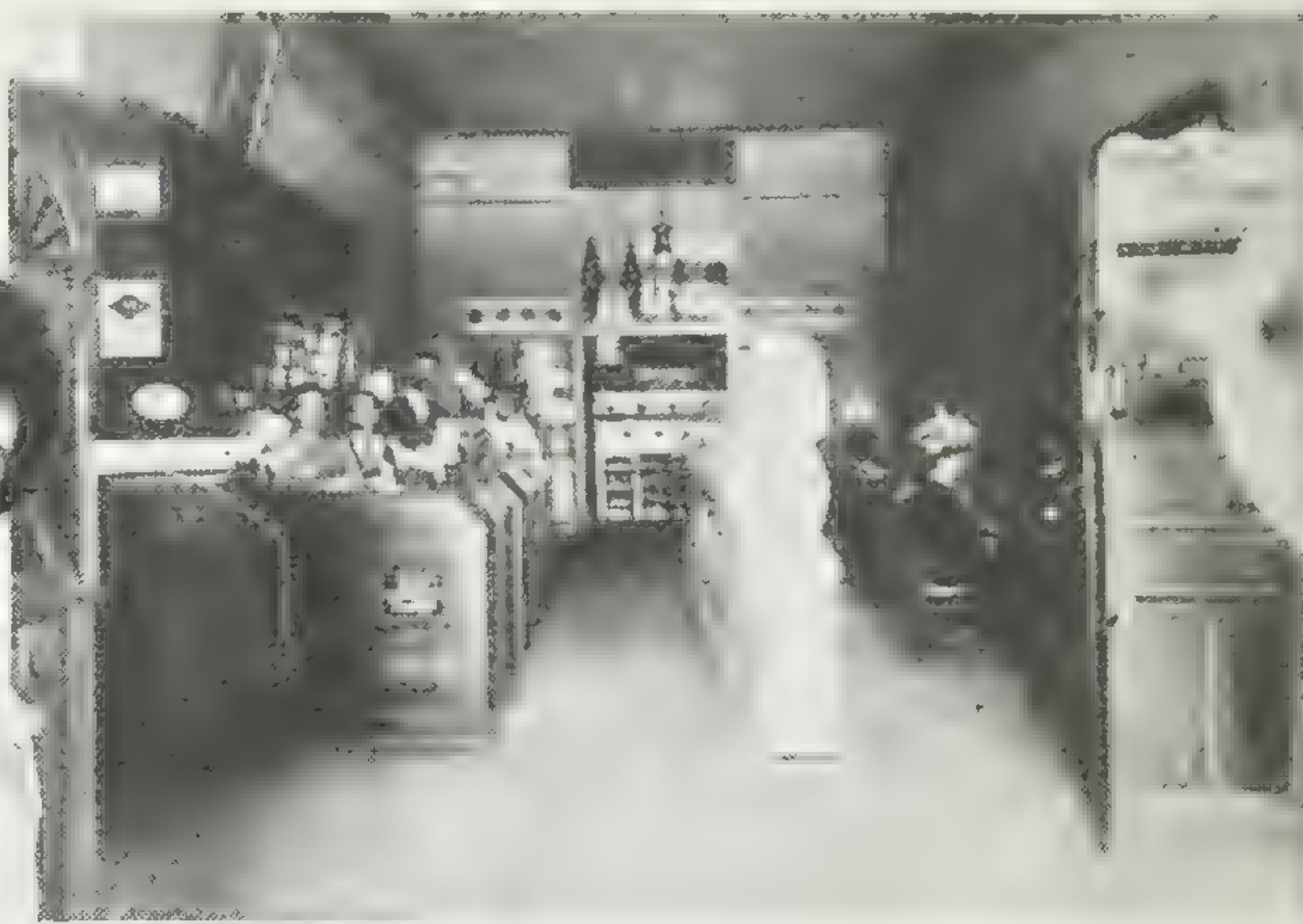
THE PICTURE STORY OF THE PICTURES



In the year 1887, the idea occurred to me that it was possible to devise an instrument which should do for the eye what the phonograph does for the ear, and that by a combination of the two all motion and



1. It is one thing to have an idea, another to make it work. For making the motion picture idea work Edison needed a place, a studio. This was it, the first motion picture studio, built in the back yard of the Edison laboratory at West Orange, New Jersey. It revolved with the sun. The boys around the laboratory nicknamed it "The Black Maria."



2. The motion picture, after Edison perfected it, needed a place where people could see it. Thomas L. Talley provided that in the rear of his Electric Theatre in Los Angeles. There were chairs and peepholes in the rear for customers afraid to sit in the darkness behind the partition.



3. Edison had a prize cameraman, Edwin S. Porter, who was "nuts" about the Phoebe Snow advertisements of The Road of Anthracite. Becoming railroad-minded, he conceived the idea of the story picture, "The Great Train Robbery."

5. In his first knetoscope experiments, Edison used the services of Carmencita, the music hall dancer, and thus introduced the vampire to the screen about thirty years B.B.—Before Bara. Carmencita was considered very daring. The police stopped her act at Koster and Bials for "showing too much corset."

4. Porter's picture, although only a one-reeler, had both continuity and suspense. It became the sensation of 1903. Audiences cheered Marie Murray, the Phoebe Snow model, and hissed George Barnes, a recruit from Huber's Museum, who played the bold desperado.



6. Edison's idea of synchronizing sight and sound had to wait many years for public acceptance; but that it was substantially the same as the present talking picture is obvious from this old drawing made in 1894.



7. Early theater managers learned a few tricks, too. This one checked babies at the door so movie-minded mothers could see the picture, "Marriage or Death."



8. In 1906, William Ranous, later Carl Laemmle's first director, left his stock company to act in Edison's one-reelers.





9. The Biograph Company, directed by David Wark (Larry) Griffith, produced the first "modern" pictures. In this one Arthur Johnson has just saved Florence Lawrence's honor from the villain's dastardly attack. The latter, as the years have shown, was down but not out. His name was Mack Sennett.

10. In 1908 Flo Lawrence was as well known to picture audiences as Katharine Hepburn is today—but only as "The Biograph Girl." Few, if any, of the actors were known by their own names. Think of referring to the divine Katie as "The RKO Girl"!



11. Like Florence Lawrence and Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet was forced to hide her infant light under the bushel of a *nom de cinema*—"The Biograph Blonde."



16. Up the steps of the old Biograph studio on East Fourteenth Street, New York, trouped Griffith, Pickford, Sweet, Walthal, Sennett and the sisters Gish. Number 11, glory's doorway!

12. Little Mary's favorite leading man in the Biograph days was James Kirkwood. Owen Moore (the man Marion Leonard is hanging on to in this picture) afterward became leading man in Mary's real life.



13. Arthur Johnson was the first motion picture hero—Clark Gable of his day.



14. It was a great day for pictures—and for the Pickford family—when "Little Mary," as the fans soon came to know her, wandered into the Biograph studio to play bit parts with the great Johnson.



15. All three Moores—Matt, Tom and Owen—sometimes appeared in the same picture in support of the ascendant Miss Lawrence.

17. But Biograph's success was due primarily to one man, Griffith—reputed inventor of the flashback and closeup, master director—a young man with young ideas.





18. One of the first stars to become known by name was King Baggot, who was a combination of Valentino and the tired business man. He was frequently paired with beautiful Marguerite Snow.



19. Bebe Daniels, entering pictures as a child actress in 1908, was among the first of a long line of Shirley Temples.



20. Florence La Badie of the old Thanhouser Company was a bathing girl, New Rochelle style, long before Mack Sennett discovered the Pacific Ocean.



23. Wallace Beery, dressed in his part of Sweedie the Chambermaid, wooed and won Gloria Swanson, extra girl on the Essanay lot in Chicago.



21. Marie Dressler—you recognize her of course—joined up very early with Lubin of Philadelphia.



22. Ben Wilson, Gertrude McCoy and Bigelow Cooper, Edison recruits from the stage, stopped at nothing. They even pretended to discover gold in the Bronx!



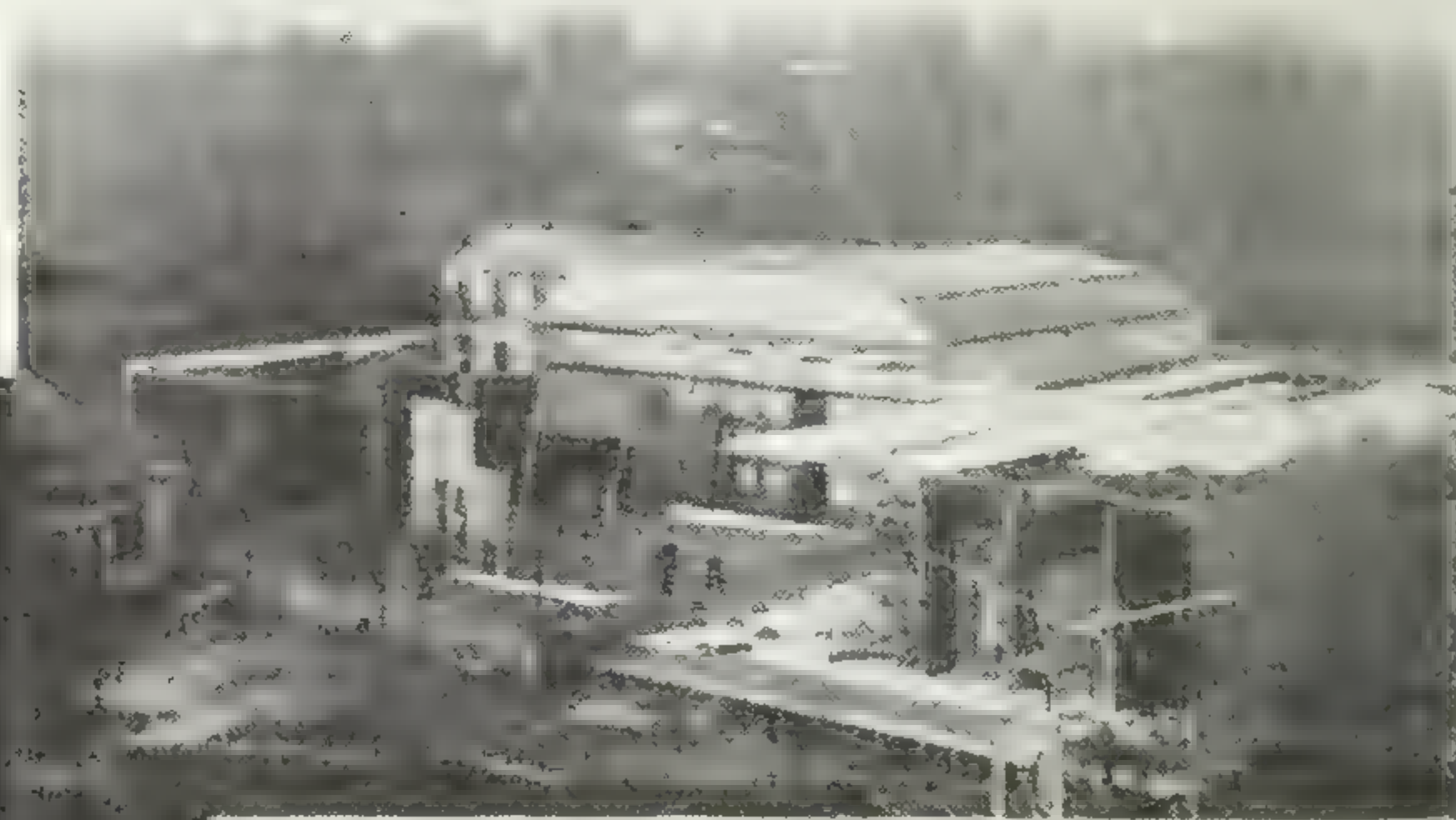
24. Vitagraph was showing a little thing in hats: to wit, Leah Baird.



26. Siegmund Lubin went so far as to install a wardrobe room in his Philadelphia studio.



27. In 1911, Francis X. Bushman started eating 'em alive for Essanay—"em" meaning the young women picture fans.



25. Kalem was taking indoor pictures outdoors at their spacious new studio in Cliffside, New Jersey.



28. Wallace Reid (top center) and Earle Williams (behind the old lady) were playing bit parts at Vitagraph.





29. Irving Cummings, now a prominent director, was something nobby in leading men back in the gay days of 1909.



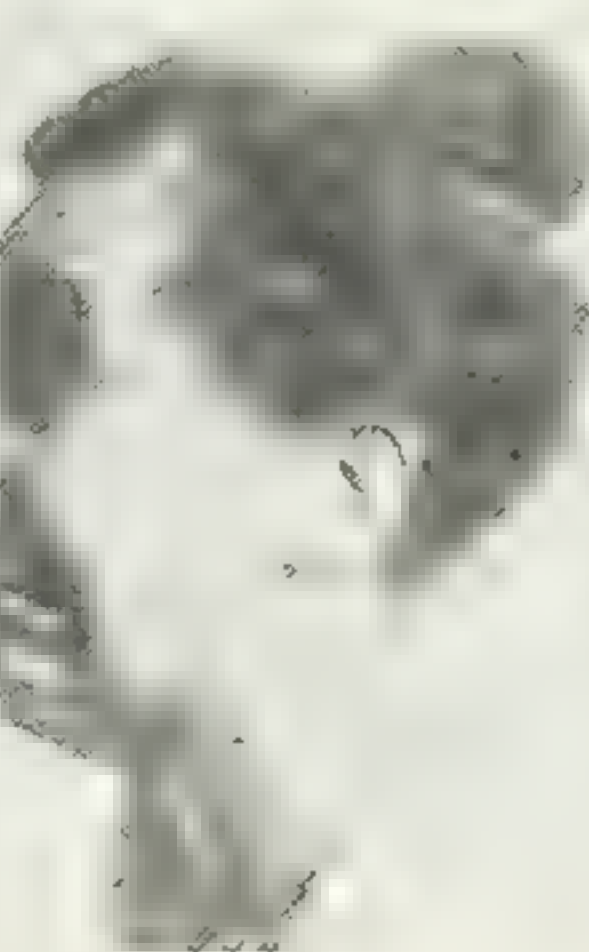
30. Flora Finch, John Trojano, Florence Turner, John Bunny, Maurice Costello and E. R. Phillips appeared in Vitagraph's 1910 production, "The New Stenographer."



31. Next to Teddy Roosevelt, Maurice George Washington Costello was the best known man of the first years of the century. Currently he is Jack Barrymore's father-in-law.



32. Flora Finch was as long as Bunny was wide.



33. She was Funny Bunny's perfect foil.



35. Marie Eline helped to bring fame and fortune to Mr. and Mrs. Thanhouser of New Rochelle. She was known to every fan as "The Thanhouser Kid."



36. Rex Ingram, later director of the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," played minor roles at the Brooklyn Vitagraph with Earle Williams and Lillian Walker.



37. Wally Van, popular comedian, and Lillian Walker, reigning comedienne, were pals "on and off."



38. Alice Joyce was not only Mary Pickford's sister-in-law, but she was considered the most beautiful of the pioneer screen actresses. Look at the early Flatbush coiffure!



39. Colonel William Selig, in his Chicago studio, actually made motion pictures by artificial light. The movies were moving fast!



40. This little studio brought fame and fortune to its owners.

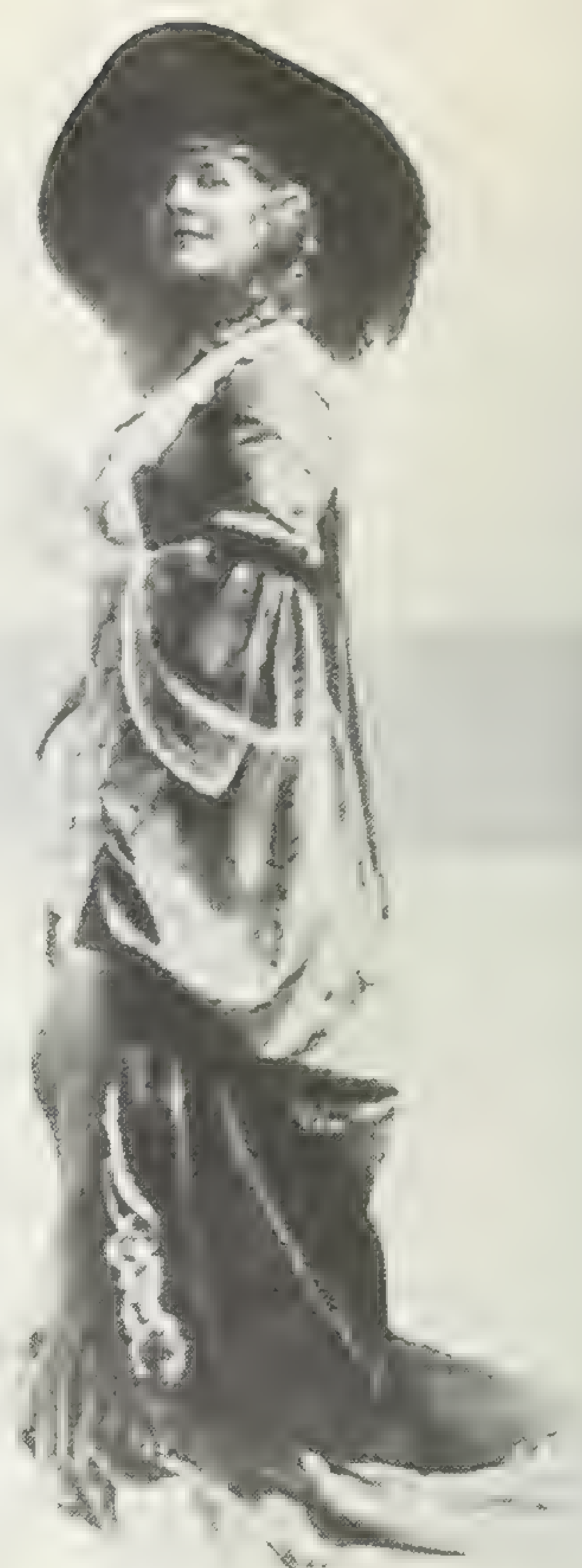


Beginning with "What Happened to Mary" and "The Adventures of Kathlyn," and sweeping through long series of "happenings" and "adventures" and "perils" and "mysteries," the motion picture of the second decade of the century surrendered whole-heartedly to the box-office appeal of the super-thrilling serial story.



41. Mary Fuller was the famous Mary of "What Happened to Mary," first of the famous movie serials.

42. James Cruze's wedding to Flo La Badie was the only possible solution of Thanhouser's "Million Dollar Mystery."



43. Kathlyn Williams gave her name to the highly successful wild animal series, "The Adventures of Kathlyn."



45. Miss White appeared in "The Perils of Pauline," perhaps the best known of all the weekly shockers.

44. Pearl White was serial star of stars.



46. In "The Romance of Elaine," Miss White was supported by Creighton Hale (standing) and Lionel Barrymore (the touseled gentleman at the desk).



47. Shirley Mason, Viola Dana's kid sister, lent her glorious youthful beauty to "The Seven Deadly Sins."



48. Helen Holmes specialized in locomotives.

49. Antonio Moreno, whose legs were quite as comely as Shirley Mason's, starred in "The Iron Test."





50. "Cabiria," written by Gabrielle d'Annunzio, aroused the first real appreciation of the motion picture as an art. It also introduced the Genoese giant Maciste.

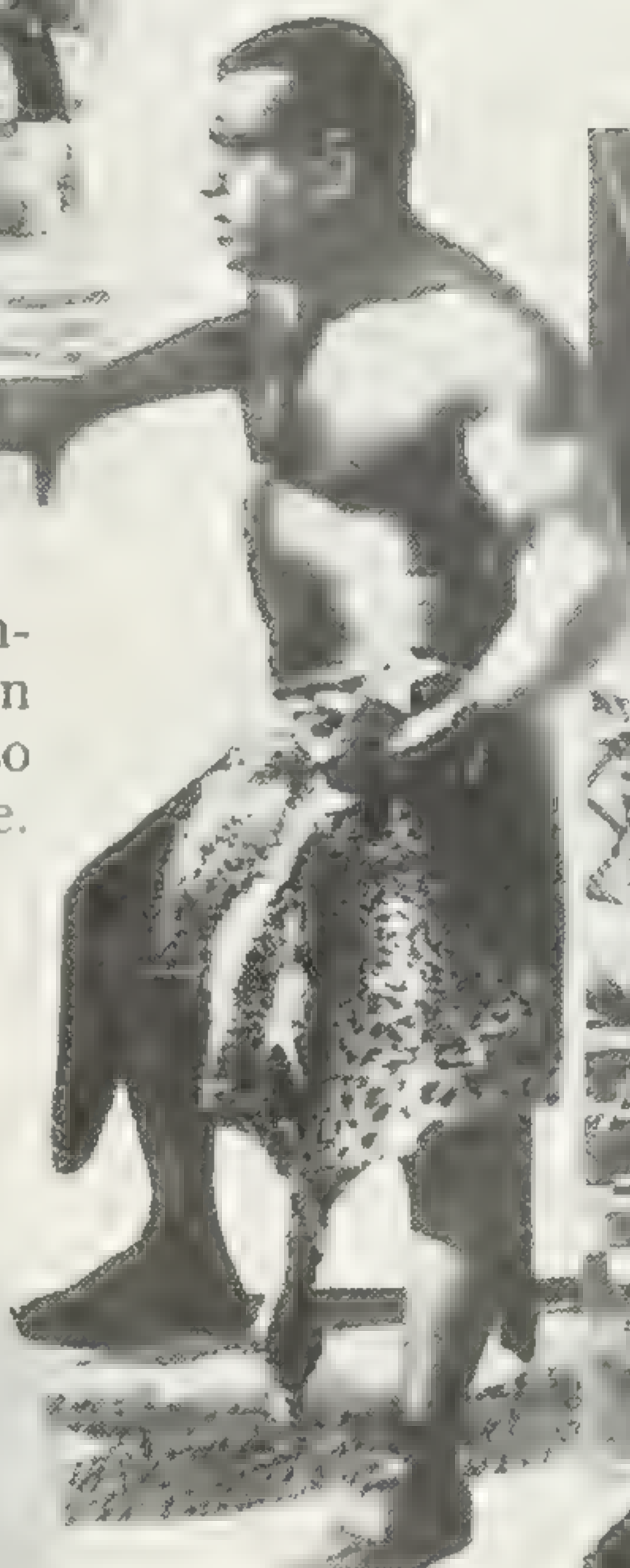
The foreign invasion, which was to have such an influence on our pictures, began in 1912.



52. "Queen Elizabeth," a four reeler in which Sarah Bernhardt and Lou Tellegen played the leading rôles, gave Adolph Zukor, the picture's importer, his revolutionary "famous players" idea.



53. The Gishes (this is Dorothy) had followed Little Mary as Griffith stars.



51. "Quo Vadis," imported by the American magnate, George Kleine, was the first great motion picture spectacle



54. Both girls accompanied the master on his great picture pilgrimages



55. Francis Boggs of the Selig Company established what is said to be the first studio in Los Angeles.



57. The East-West heira was on—led by Lasky, Goldwyn, DeMille.

56. (Jack) J. Warren Kerrigan, known as "Jack of Hearts," was rivaling Arthur Johnson as a screen heart-breaker.



58. "CALIFORNIA, HERE WE COME!" (Next month, the romantic beginnings of a town called Hollywood.)



# "I Think Women Are Awful!" says BETTE DAVIS

To Ruth Rankin

**The actress who has played the gamut of all types of her sex, gives her opinion after intensive observation**



"I wouldn't trust one around two corners," says Bette Davis, of her sex. Women are so alike in fundamental things, she believes, that you know exactly how they are going to act. "This must be why they instinctively clash," she adds. She trusts the male more. Bette, above, and Bette again, left, with orchestra leader-husband Harmon O. Nelson and a friend, Albert Whitley

**W**HAT does the professional "other woman" think about women?

Bette Davis has played at being every kind of a female you can name, from the naïve flapper to the predatory manic-depressive *Mildred* in "Of Human Bondage" and the bad girl in "Bordertown." It would seem that a girl with such an extensive repertoire of women in her experience should know something about what makes them tick.

"Women?" Bette inquired calmly. "I think women are awful!"

There was no note of malice in her voice, as if she were thinking of any particular woman. It was simply a blanket opinion, nothing to raise a blister over, nothing that could be avoided. Just a logical conclusion reached after intensive observation.

"I wouldn't trust one around two corners. Women are so alike in fundamental things that you know exactly how they are going to react. This must be why they instinctively clash.

"If you get chummy and confide in one, there is a fatalistic feeling, even while you are [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88 ]





"I Think Women  
Are Swell!"

says  
UNA MERKEL

To Mary Hill

**The "distaff side" never  
had a more open-handed,  
logical, and fair compli-  
ment paid it by a member**

"There are just as many honest and forthright women as there are men," says the vivacious comedienne, Una Merkel, emphatically. And she finds them just as human in their virtues and their feelings as men are. Above, Una; and right, you see Una's seldom-photographed husband, Ronald Burla, Una, talking to Joe Mann, of the Ambassador, then Tom Gallery, Madge Evans



"I CAN'T see why any woman wouldn't think other women were all right" !

Don't you think it takes a kind of courage for Una Merkel to make this emphatic declaration? She plays so many smart, sophisticated little girl-friends on the screen that you naturally expect her to carry the attitude off the screen. And it is definitely a label of sophistication these days for smart young things to rise up and declare how much they dislike their own sex . . .

"You can't like everyone," Una pursues, warming up to her

subject. "We are all entitled to our preferences. But to make a flat generalization against one's sex is silly. There are always bound to be some bad ones—but on the whole, women are *swell*!"

"I have many women friends, and I have found they can be trusted just as much as any man can be trusted. If they cannot keep secrets—well, that's not their failing alone.

"I don't think we should tell what we wish kept secret to *anyone*, man or woman. It's trifling with human nature . . . If you can't keep a secret [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90 ]





Fred Astaire, Mitzi, and director Mark Sandrich lean against a pole on the set of "Top Hat" and look well pleased with themselves. But read about Fred and wife!

# SWINGING AROUND THE SOCIAL CIRCLE with Mitzi

## VERY DEAR JOAN:

Have you a Svengali tucked away in some closet? 'Cause I'm *Trilby*! Yep, Sunshine, I've been christened same by Elissa Landi. She spotted my varnished tootsies peeking through my evening sandals, and quicker than you can say Ekaterinskayavich! whipped off the booties, called the assembled guests at Reine Davies' birthday party at ye Coconut Grove to witness that they wuz neat and straight. I shall enter them in the next dog show!

Reine, who is Marion Davies charming column-writing sister, just got herself engaged to handsome Paul Cavanagh. She tossed her left hand about where, on a tell-tale digit, a nine-carat diamond glittered like a sunrise. And for hours she kept on the evening wrap that Marion had given her. You, too, would do the same if it were royal blue velvet with a mile-long train and a shoulder-length cape of the most well-fed silver fox you'd ever gotten the vapors over.

Elissa didn't look so poorly either with her "Christmas tree ornaments" (as she so blithely calls them) of five matched diamond bracelets, one after the other! Elissa not only has bracelets, she has dogs and cats and horses, too. Of the felines, two are her particular favorites . . . Rufus ('cause he stays on the roof so much!) and Casanova, because he's such a one with the lady pussies! Her mama, who is a countess (the actress' mama!) was telling us that that evening she came in to see Elissa. And the countess brought with her a big slab of rye bread and liverwurst.

"Before dinner," said la countess, "one has cocktails. And before cocktails one must have a little something in the tummy. So, Elissa my pet, gobble this." "My pet" gobbled obediently, but later spurned cocktails for canapés of more liverwurst! Tell me, oh tell me, how does she keep her figger?

Next day I whipped myself into a bathing suit and drove out to director W. S. Van Dyke's swimming party for kids which he holds first Sunday of each month. There were scrillions of wee ones there—Van being the most childlike of all and such fun racing for prizes in the pool and also on the lawn. My kid brother and Mickey Rooney got the most. But with pride I point out that both gentlemen divided the spoils with the less fortunate of the younger generation.

I sunned myself and listened to champion Frank Shields talking tennis. Permit me to remark that while he wields a razamataz racket, he is a hunk of handsomeness, also. I'll pay my thirty cents anytime when he gets going on the screen.

Well, Van Dyke being an old friend, we rolled out in splendor that evening to see Joan Crawford's preview, "No More Ladies." Joan sat two seats away and gnawed her beautiful nails to a frazzle. She was awful nervous. I whispered to her friend sitting between us, "Ask Joan if the collar of that evening gown (in the picture) is piqué." Joan leaned over and said, "Yes, starched piqué, and it scratched like the dickens!"



Mitzi would go into the hat-checking business if it's only to hold Jack Benny's tile. Incidentally, Mitzi has quite a line on the "gadgethouse" that is Mr. Benny's



**Mrs. Cummings' bright daughter is still at it—just one gay dance or party—or both, or several—after another. The vitality of the girl! And what those keen young eyes see, and what those pink ears do pick up!**

*Après le* preview Van took me to the Trocadero. We joined uncle L. B. Mayer's party. Next table sat Marlene Dietrich, very floaty in white chiffon that had only one shoulder strap, and two great chiffon roses at the neck, ~~one~~ black, the other red. A red hankie waved from her wrist. I launched a giggle from under my dorsal fin when I remembered how a friend, who had a very elaborate home for rent, told me that Missy Marlene appeared there one day looking very exquisite and imperious, took one look at the entrance hall, cried, "Too beeg!" turned on her pretty heel and walked out. The rest of the house was never even viewed!

My little dark-eyed friend, the knock-em-over Raquel Torres gave a swimming party the other day (And husband Steve Ames, just to carry out the nautical scheme, served marine blue cocktails). Benita Hume, Virginia Pine, Monte Blue, Nancy Carroll, Paul Cavanagh and Jack LaRue and Binnie Barnes were but a few of the mob she had about.

Binnie kept skipping about with her camera taking all sorts of snaps which she sends back to husband in England so he has a pictorial record of what she's doing. Binnie also sews. She made all the organdie curtains in her bedroom. But she won't allow anyone closer than two feet on account of the stitches! She also gardens. For a long while she carefully tended her one lone lemon tree, which had only three skimpy lemons on it. Finally, cause hubby couldn't believe she was in Californy without a picture of a fruit tree, she carefully wired on two dozen yellow beauties, took a picture, and sent that!

Raquel piled her jet locks atop her bean and went wading up to her chin. "I'm a South Sea Islander," she laughed, and she did look exactly as she did when she was in "White Shadows of the South Seas." Only cuter, if that's possible. Which started Jack LaRue talking of old times. He's always treasured the memory of Valentino's "Blood and Sand." Jack wants terribly to do it himself. In a letter to a fan he asked what she thought of the idea. Evidently she thought plenty, because she rounded up four hundred other Boost-Jack-LaRue-ites and they sent in a heap of mail to a fan magazine begging for it!

Whoa! Didn't you write and beg for party ideas, huh? Fay Wray is your gal, then. She gave a giddy and gala one recently that you can copy if you don't tell her I told. Mebbe she got her idea while sunning herself, along with luscious Miss Del Rio and Mrs. Gary Cooper, for the three copper-tinted females talk everything over while daily sopping up Old Sol.

The party was for "Rocky" Cooper's twenty-second birthday. Fay distributed kids' drums that everyone hung around their necks, and balloons, in gown-matching colors, were tied around feminine wrists. Fay, who wore turquoise and white, had one of the former shade. Dolores, in magenta and blue, floated a big, shiny magenta bubble. And there were blizzards of confetti. They played a pip of a game called "Likes and Dislikes." Everyone writes down five of these about some person in the room.

Then the slips of paper are collected and read, then everyone tries to guess who it is. Jolly! [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]





Franchot is a smart young fellow, ambitious, cultivated tastes, a delightful sense of humor—a person who is well worth knowing

By MITZI CUMMINGS

## Franchot Tone—Fortune's Favorite

**Since he was born—at Niagara Falls, no less—all life's necessities have been taken care of—but he isn't spoiled**

**N**O self-respecting writer starts a story with an apology. But one is supposed to apologize for a hackneyed phrase, even though it is apt, not very old, and came from Mr. Franchot Tone himself. "Life," said the young man, with a contented pull at his pipe, "is just a bowl of cherries."

And now we shall elucidate. Franchot Tone has never had to suffer. He has never known want. No one ever stood in the way of his career. In other words, since the day of his birth until now his mental, physical, and spiritual necessities have always been taken care of in fine fashion. Ergo: "Life is just a bowl of cherries." Remarkable in this cruel old world . . . but even more remarkable is that the gentleman who gobbles the fruit is neither spoiled, bored, dull nor dissolute. Franchot Tone is a smart young fellow with lots of ambition, cultivated tastes, a quiet and delightful sense of humor, and thoroughly normal reactions. This makes Tone worth knowing even if you'll find it's rather hard to get very well acquainted.

He was born on Caruso's birthday, February 27, in, surprisingly enough, Niagara Falls. And there his family still live.

In the same house. This past Christmas Franchot sent home loads of gifts which the family took movies of as they were unwrapped. Then they sent back the reel of film which Franchot ran off. He supplied his own sound effects by surprised yelps of "Look! Mother's moved the radio!" "Hey! That's a new lamp in the living room!" and so on. Just a home boy who would do anything in the world for his family. (They talk long distance every month.)

His mother, he says proudly, is a grand sport. To prove it, he tells about the time he went to a prep school to prepare for Harvard. But he didn't study hard, and he did play hard, and suddenly he found himself fired for being a "subtle influence for disorder throughout the Fall term." ("Swell phrase that!" said Franchot with his slow grin.) His only worry was what his mother might say. But she didn't scold, she merely suggested, with a good-natured smile at the elegant phrase describing son Franchot's behavior, that he speak to older brother Jerry about getting into his college, Cornell. Five months of the college year had already gone by, but in [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78 ]



# Fashion

## FORECAST FOR AUTUMN

BY TRAVIS BANTON  
PARAMOUNT DESIGNER

FASHION is staging a return to the era of elegance, with emphasis on line and richness of fabric. Out of the remote and also the immediate past have come the sources of inspiration—traditional, classic, picturesque—but with adaptations to our modern needs.

With the return to greater formality, the fashionable woman will give more attention to detail in assembling her wardrobe. She will keep herself pretty much in check during the day, wearing simple conservative clothes, more loosely fitted. Action clothes with plain lines but good fabric. If limited in scope, she will select a basic color that is becoming to her. Upon that as a firm foundation, she will build her street and evening wardrobe for Fall.

She may choose what she will in hats, for hats are still running wild. But the new hats must be worn with dash and chic and must always have a definite relation to the costume. Accessories will be matched with care, with an eye to doing double or even triple duty.

If plain for the street by contrast, evening fashions will be glamorous. Gorgeous fabrics, heavy with gold and silver brocade, lend themselves to the romantic inspiration of the Renaissance. The sculptured gown will almost stand alone. Chiffon, always considered a summer fabric, will enter the winter scene. It demonstrates the meaning of line and movement in the new clothes. "Heavy" generally describes the new fabrics in this season of the draped silhouette.

### MORNING

**Color:** What color will be worn? Any color, every color. The moment color becomes too general, it becomes banal. Use the whole palette. Run the gamut of the spectrum but choose the color that is becoming to you.

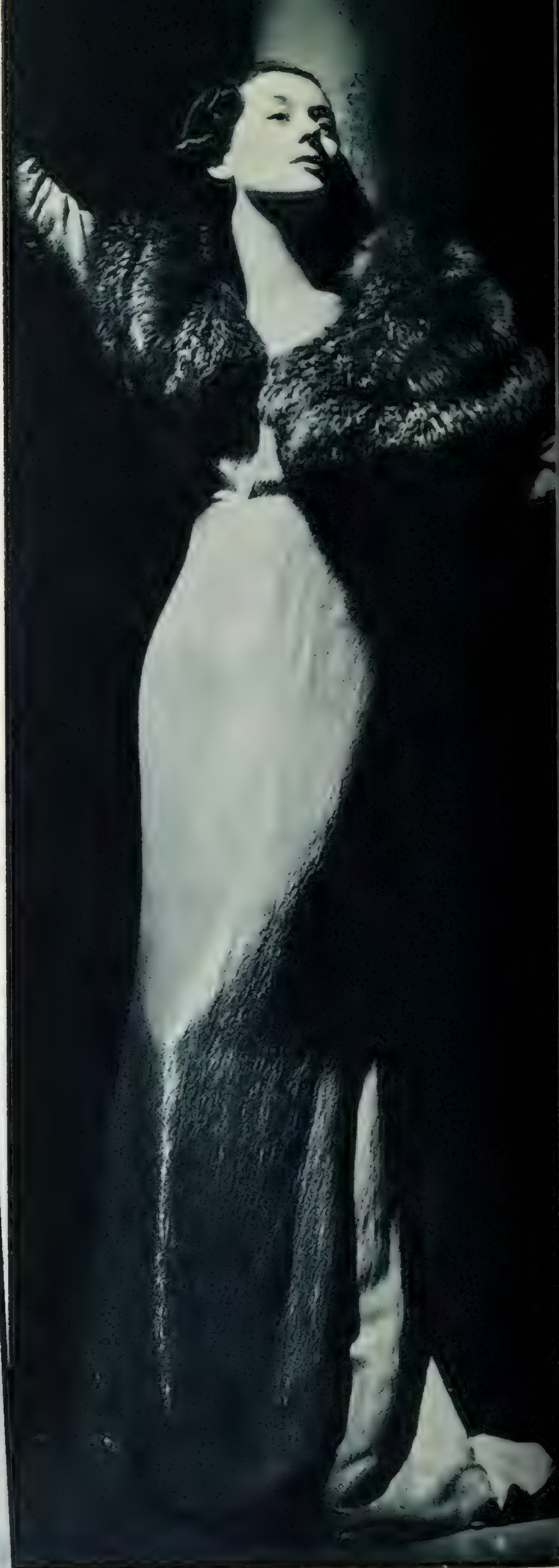
Browns with a reddish cast; rich [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80]



Sketches by Travis Banton of gowns designed for Marlene Dietrich, star of "The Pearl Necklace." Intricate draping of the folds of heavy black crêpe sustain the rhythm and allure of subtle line. The bouffant creation is realized in gorgeous fabric, silver plumes on crisp white faille



# Sparkling Nights



Light will just naturally center on Jean Muir when she wears this René Hubert inspiration in "Orchids to You." Like a goddess of Greek mythology, Jean reflects the classic influence in this hostess gown of gold lamé, accented by jeweled belt

Shimmering satin under soft lights is the choice of Rosalind Russell, M-G-M featured player, for evenings at home. The deeply fringed dolman sleeves, tapering to fitted wrists, the draped skirt and broad sash, all indicate the Fall fashion trend

Moonlight on silver is dramatically interpreted as Miss Russell makes her entrance in an evening wrap of silver lamé, lavishly trimmed with silver fox. Featuring the season's new back closing, Adrian has placed emphasis upon rich fabric and line for his effects





White formality in wool crêpe is again brought into the evening scene by this gown of exquisite simplicity, so flattering to the classic beauty of Miss Russell. Evening lengths are shorter but trains go to any length at home

Bette Davis, who will next be seen in the Warner production "Front Page Woman," in a molded evening frock of lustrous polka-dotted black satin. The shirred bodice, criss-cross back carries a white accent in the gardenias





PRE-VIEW of the FALL

*Top Grade*

with GERTRUDE MICHAEL



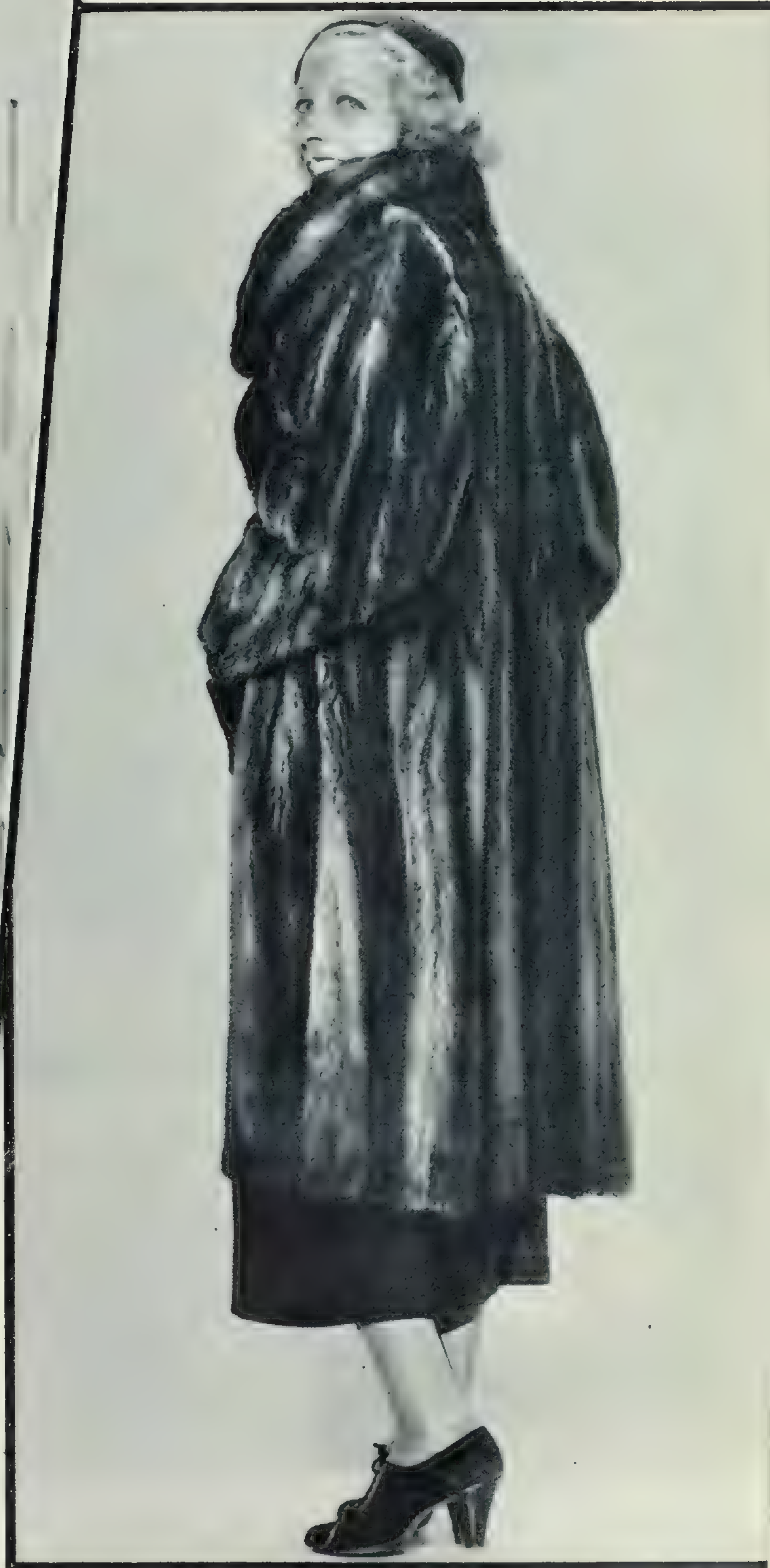
White ermine for classic formality is the luxurious expression of Gertrude Michael, Paramount player, as she turns her lovely head toward Fall and Winter festivities. The rippled collar and capelet effect are good for Fall



A swagger goatskin ensemble is a priceless addition to the wardrobe of the girl returning to college. Smart little hat and waistcoat contrast with the darker grey of the coat. Fun to try a new scarf drape when inspired







Follow Miss Michael's lead and choose a platinum kidskin with flattering moiré finish for your new semi-formal coat. The high mounting of the collar and the princess line are new, while smart little wooden pegs hold broad reverses and belt to line. Above: Gertrude's certificate of smartness:—mink



# Boudoir Notes



Buttoned up in tailored simplicity, Jean Parker, M-G-M featured player, is ready for a brief rest in her favorite ivory satin lounging pajamas. Unfasten the collar and revers appear. From Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles

Enchanting little nightgown, as sleek as a deb's evening dress. In rose satin and lace, it is charmingly feminine as the 1935 version of the Edwardian tea-gown over a taffeta slip. Inez Courtney in "The Girl Friend"





Schoolgirl from the ribbon in her hair to the tips of her toes, Miss Courtney is surprised to learn that her fascinating little nightgown which reflects fashion in its voluminous sleeves, may do double duty as a hostess gown intime

Inez suggests a practical item for the college girl in the crêpe one-piece blouse-petticoat combination which is ideal for wear under a sheer wool suit. There's swank in those tiny tucks and mannish tailoring of the blouse details







## FASHION

*Sidney*

Sylvia Sidney, Paramount star, consented to be photographed while she was in New York selecting her new Autumn hats from Lilly Daché, Inc. She chose crisp organdy and black velvet to wear at cock-tail time. Note bow at nape of neck



A petite four-cornered beret of soft felt with its rolled edges and finished with a veiled trim is charming for the street. Miss Sidney plans to wear it with one of the new Fall dressmaker suits

Only half a hat, but filled to the brim with tremendous chic, this little hat of a burnt toast color, with the flattering swirl of the veil, will companion Sylvia at many a smart Hollywood restaurant

Jauntily perched over her right eye-brow, is this tiny hat of antelope felt. Sylvia is certain that it is just the hat to top the velvet suit which she will select. Ostrich is "elegant" fashion



## FOR FALL



Miss Claudia Morgan wearing a frock of cellophane crêpe. The draped bodice detail is definitely Fall fashion, as is the silver fox-trimmed scarf with back fastening. Above: The same frock with the capelet scarf worn with dash over one shoulder. Note the high cut-out neckline. From Franklin Simon, N. Y. City





Among the most glamorous of filmdom's glamour girls is Joan Crawford. Possessing a strange, dramatic beauty, Joan is an enigma—tragic one moment, gay, laughter-loving the next. She is a lady of unfathomable moods, a very beautiful puzzle

Hurrell





Schafer

Also tops in the glamour girl class is Claudette Colbert. With her lovely heart-shaped face, a quiet charm and subtle humor, she has a rare magnetism which all women covet and no man can resist. Different from Joan—but just as fascinatingly glamorous





Irving Berlin admits he can't keep his eyes on the piano keys when playing for Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire to dance. The famous songwriter is rehearsing with the pair for a scene in the RKO-Radio musical, "Top Hat." Berlin has written some grand tunes for the film

Bachrach



# THE MAN WHO PLAYS "THE INFORMER"

**There has never been an adventure yarn written more exciting than the true life story of "tough" Victor McLaglen**

BY WALTER RAMSEY



**Ugly, brave, sentimental, loyal, adventurous rover—he is the hero of the hour in Hollywood today. Left, McLaglen interrupts lunch with Harry Burns to flash a smile in the cameraman's direction**

background: born in England—lived most of youth in South Africa—soldiered in the Boer War—went through an Australian gold rush, a bit of ruby mining in Ceylon—boxed and wrestled, professionally, over half the globe and fought, unprofessionally, over the rest—and came at last, surprisingly, to acting and Hollywood.

These few facts are mentioned briefly because they compose all that the majority of people, either in or out of Hollywood, know about this man who is now the outstanding candidate for the Academy Award for the finest acting performance of 1935!

Truly a name to be reckoned with at the box-office, he has remained outside the glamour circle of Hollywood, a neglected celebrity until, with his great performance in "The Informer" he jolted the critics of two continents into saying: "His is the most important performance" [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 93]

**V**ICTOR McLAGLEN stands six-foot-three in his boots, boasts a flattened nose and near-cauliflower ear, weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds stripped and has trouble making what is left of his frizzy hair cover his enormous head.

For years, his name has been synonymous with hard-boiled babies, "Sez You" longshoremen and tough guys in general.

His meager publicity has revealed a colorful, man's-man





★ LOVE ME FOREVER—Columbia

SINGING as gloriously as she did in "One Night of Love," and looking just as radiantly beautiful, Grace Moore again soars to screen glory.

The story of the film is run-of-the-mill, with the inevitable triangle composed of: Grace Moore, an impoverished society girl with musical ambitions; Leo Carrillo, a music-loving gambler who falls in love with her and her voice and sacrifices all in order to launch her into Grand Opera and win her; Robert Allen, wealthy playboy whom Miss Moore promises to marry.

But you won't even notice the triteness of the story, so perfect is the singing, the music, direction, photography and the supporting cast. Acting honors go to Leo Carrillo for his magnificent performance as the gambler.



★ ACCENT ON YOUTH—Paramount

OUR nomination for the most delightful comedy-romance of the month is "Accent on Youth."

Herbert Marshall is a playwright in his late forties, devotedly but unknowingly loved by his young twenties secretary, Sylvia Sidney.

Marshall casts her in a play of his in which she makes a hit and meets Phillip Reed, a young millionaire actor. Marshall realized simultaneously that both he and Reed are in love with Sylvia, but turns her over to Phillip because of his belief that youth must call to youth. He even writes the love speeches with which Phillip woos and wins Sylvia.

Sylvia departs on her honeymoon with the most unexpected and hilarious results. The three principals are quite perfect. Don't miss this one.

# The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



★ BECKY SHARP—Pioneer-RKO Release

VIVID, colorful, beautiful—literally and figuratively—is this first all new Technicolor feature-length picture. Symphonies in startling shades, gorgeous screen paintings, in scene after scene, supply the magnificent main attraction, of course. But even they are rivalled by the sparkling performance of Miriam Hopkins as the conniving flirt and lady of fortune who crashed the court circle of England in the Napoleonic era and lived by her woman's wiles alone.

An excellent comedy drama has been drawn from Thackeray's character in "Vanity Fair."

You must see it for the brilliant new colorings, for the full and artistic story presentation and the fine acting of Nigel Bruce, Cedric Hardwicke, Alan Mowbray, and every other member of an ace cast responding to Rouben Mamoulian's period-perfect direction.

The endless stimulation of color may tire your eyes at first. You may be drawn to a gold button or a blue ribbon instead of a vital expression. But the actors will seem warmer and fresher and more alive.

And the lavish color-contrasted backgrounds (a bow to artist Robert Edmond Jones) are something you'll long remember.

"Becky Sharp" is a new experience you should have; a delightful thrill you should enjoy, and a grand picture you must see.



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

BECKY SHARP  
IN OLD KENTUCKY  
LOVE ME FOREVER

ACCENT ON YOUTH  
PAGE MISS GLORY  
SHE

THE 39 STEPS

## THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Miriam Hopkins in "Becky Sharp"  
Grace Moore in "Love Me Forever"  
Leo Carrillo in "Love Me Forever"  
Will Rogers in "In Old Kentucky"  
Charles Sellon in "In Old Kentucky"  
Greta Garbo in "Anna Karenina"  
Herbert Marshall in "Accent on Youth"  
Marion Davies in "Page Miss Glory"  
Robert Donat in "The 39 Steps"  
Claude Rains in "The Clairvoyant"  
Alice Brady in "Lady Tubbs"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 111*



### ★ IN OLD KENTUCKY—Fox

MANY an "old southern custom" including a feud, is brought out in this latest Will Rogers picture, which is a laugh from beginning to end.

Will, as *Stave Tapley*, trainer of *Pole Shattuck's* fine horses, joins the one-horse stable of old *Ezra Martingale* (Charles Sellon), *Shattuck's* sworn enemy who is always out gunning for him or anyone else who comes within range of his ancient shotgun, a constant running gag that keeps you laughing through the picture.

Rivalry on the race-track and rivalry between *Martingale's* daughter, *Nancy* (Dorothy Wilson) and *Shattuck's* daughter, *Arlene* (Louise Henry), both charming, over Russell Hardie, *Shattuck's* imported specialist in "animal husbandry," makes plenty of action and a background for many a good gag.

One of the best gags is that of the "rain maker," *Pluvius J. Aspinwall* (little Etienne Girardot) who saves the day, making it possible for the right horse to win the race.

Will Rogers is his lovable homely self, trying to fix up everything for everybody, all of whom put in well sustained performances.

And Bill Robinson, the colored dancer, does his stuff as only he can do it.

It's a film for every type of movie-goer, well balanced in humor and action, with fast moving and modern dialogue.



### ★ PAGE MISS GLORY—Warners

MARION DAVIES at her best—and you know how good that is! She romps through half the picture as a homely little chambermaid, then blossoms out as *Dawn Glory*, the fictitious lady with whom Pat O'Brien has won a beauty contest through means of an assembled photograph.

Pat is a promoter par excellence. Frank McHugh is his assistant—and Dick Powell is the handsome aviator who warbles one ditty, and gets the girl.

There is funny dialogue and situations, and practically everyone on the Warner lot is in the picture.

Some of the gags are rather antique, but anyway, you laugh loud and hard. Patsy Kelly and Dick Powell share acting honors with Marion. Barton MacLane is wasted.



### ★ SHE—RKO-Radio

HERE is a spectacle of magnificent proportions with the decadent effluvium of the tomb period. Randolph Scott, Nigel Bruce and Helen Mack go beyond the Arctic to find "the flame of life." After colossal adventure, they encounter "*She*," Queen of the strange and lavish domain. "*She*" has lived five hundred years, and Helen Gahagan plays exquisitely the woman to whom someone should have said, "Be your age."

"*She*" yearns for Randy Scott, reincarnation of her old lover, whom she had killed, embalmed beautifully, and kept around the palace. There are human sacrifices, a gorgeous "Dance of Death," and a macabre atmosphere throughout. Helen Mack does much with little. Entire supporting cast is excellently convincing.



# SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T



The 39  
Steps—  
GB Production



FRONT PAGE  
WOMAN—  
Warners

**A**DVENTURE, romance, and mystery, effectively combined, make this one of the most entertaining spy pictures you've ever seen. Robert Donat, falsely accused of murder, must uncover a treacherous spy ring in order to save himself. By mistake, Madeleine Carroll is forced to accompany him on his perilous journey. Grand acting, good comedy, suspense.

**N**OT since "Blessed Event," has there been such a crisp, crackling newspaper drama. It's a seesaw battle between crack reporter George Brent and sob sister Bette Davis as they unravel a murder case, to prove or disprove that "women are bum reporters" and make better housewives. Both seem to win. Rapid fire humor is helped by Roscoe Karns' comedy.

MEN WITH-  
OUT NAMES  
—Paramount



BROADWAY  
GONDOLIER  
—Warners

**T**HIS suffers by comparison with other G-Men films, but considered alone, it is good entertainment. Fred MacMurray sleuths, assisted by that grand Lynne Overman. Madge Evans and David Holt offer complications and good performances. Leslie Fenton heads the dirtiest bunch of crooks you ever saw. Excellent supporting cast.

**L**AUGHTER and sweet music—what more do you want? A pleasantly preposterous story with Dick Powell in the rôle of a cabbie who gondolas his way to radio fame. The tunes are rich, plentiful and well handled by Dick. While Joan Blondell, Louise Fazenda, Adolphe Menjou and Grant Mitchell team up for chesty chuckles. Enjoyable all the way.

CHARLIE  
CHAN  
IN EGYPT  
—Fox



HARD ROCK  
HARRIGAN  
—Fox

**W**ARNER OLAND, as the Chinese philosopher-detective, goes to the tombs of the Pharaohs this time, to encounter murder and unravel the mysteries. Grand atmosphere and unique settings plus some hilarious comedy with Stepin Fetchit put this one way up top in the Charlie Chan series. Oland is A-1. Pat Patterson and Thomas Beck carry the romance.

**A** PLEASANT little custom among hard rock tunnel drillers, it seems, is to try to beat up your boss and win his job. This is the theme for a virile, pleasantly humorous drama with George O'Brien and Fred Kohler shaking fists over a job and a girl, Irene Hervey. It's a cracking good he-man picture all the way, clear to the happy ending.



# HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

**SANDERS OF THE RIVER—**  
London Films-  
United Artists



**L**OTS of excitement in this film story of a British Commissioner (Leslie Banks), who, aided by the cunning of a native tribesman (Paul Robeson), undertakes to tame the warring, cannibalistic tribes of the African interior. You'll find it worthwhile entertainment for Robeson's singing, Banks' excellent acting, and its portrayal of the African natives



**ANNA KARENINA—**  
M-G-M

**T**HIS is really a weak and dull picture, yet the persuasive genius of Garbo raises it into the class of art. What should be moving seems dated, though the production is magnificent and Garbo, exquisitely photographed, has more fire than in her last several pictures. Freddie Bartholomew is delightful as her son. But Fredric March seems very stuffy as her lover

**THE KEEPER OF THE BEES—**  
Monogram



**T**HIS familiar Gene Stratton Porter story has been translated into a most satisfactory film. Neil Hamilton as the ex-soldier who takes a new lease on life amid the beehives, gives a fine convincing performance. The involved plot is admirably worked out. Betty Furness, Edith Fellowes, Hobart Bosworth, plus a good supporting cast. For all the family.



**STRANDED—**  
Warners

**K**AY FRANCIS, beautifully gowned, is a social service worker who falls in love with George Brent, he-man engineer, but refuses to marry him because he is antagonistic to her work and its ideals. After a long struggle—part of which bores you, part of which entertains you—the romance ends happily. Performances o.k. Direction good. But story is unconvincing

**THE CLAIR-VOYANT—**  
GB Production



**A** SUSPENSEFUL drama with Claude Rains excellent as a fake fortune teller who discovers he has real clairvoyant powers when near Jane Baxter, who acts as a psychic medium. When his wife, Fay Wray, becomes jealous of Miss Baxter, and at the same time Rains' forecasting is blamed for a mine disaster, trouble begins. A-1 performances. An absorbing film.



**THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP—**  
B.I.P.-Alliance

**T**HIS is a faithful screen translation of the Dickens' novel with every character so true you feel it had just stepped out of the book. Hay Petrie, of English stage fame, gives a magnificent portrayal of the grotesque, villainous *Quilp*. You'll find the tragic story of *Little Nell* and her *Grandfather* worthwhile screen entertainment. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100 ]



# A Romance That Is Stronger Than Death



Billie Burke and her daughter, Patricia Ziegfeld, arrive in New York for a brief vacation. Mother and child, they do everything in their power to keep Ziegfeld's memory alive



The late Florenz Ziegfeld with Patricia, when she was a little tot. King of a gilded, glamorous, theatrical world, Flo's greatest pride was his child, his wife, their beautiful home

When Billie Burke married Flo, she was the favorite actress of two continents, he the world's most powerful producer. Yet at forty, she was left, penniless, their fortunes made and lost

"WE try to keep Flo alive, Patricia and I," Billie Burke said in the gay, childish voice that, twenty years ago, two continents adored. "We talk about him a great deal. I think women who never mention husbands or lovers who have died miss so much comfort, don't you? Now I love to speak of Flo—it makes him seem so near us. And of course he must be. There's no other explanation of *this*—"

She looked about the charming drawing room, all primrose and gold in the tossing sunlight and shadows of the windy Spring afternoon. Brass cupids warmed their hands at a fire. Lamps of rose quartz and crystal stood on marquetry tables. Tiny needlework pillows snuggled in the puffy arms of pale damask chairs. It was the room of a lovely woman who does not need to worry about the stupid details of money-making.



Today — two years after he left her — Flo Ziegfeld is again giving security and comfort to Billie Burke. Their great love, which amazed Broadway for eighteen years, has not been broken by Flo's tragic death

By DOROTHY CALHOUN



Back in the days when no shadow of death or disaster marred their happiness. Billie (center) and Ziegfeld, out on the links for a game of golf with their friend, Maxine Elliott

When Billie was the happiest woman on earth: mother of a lovely child, wife of an adoring husband. Today it is around the grown-up Patricia that Billie's dreams of the future center



"You have no idea of the power Flo had! He had only to put out his hand and everything came to him. But he was never quite sure of me. I saw to that," says Billie Burke



Yet Florenz Ziegfeld, the greatest of all musical comedy producers, left Billie Burke to face the world at forty without a penny of the many fortunes he made and lost and made again during his amazing career.

"He is still taking care of us," smiled the woman who had been Ziegfeld's wife for eighteen years, his widow for three. "Perhaps you've heard that Metro has bought the picture I

helped write about his life, and they are planning to revive his famous Follies for the screen, too. That will mean—not wealth for Patricia and me but at least comfort, security. And he's giving it to us today after being gone three years. That's the beautiful part of it. He always wanted us to have everything. I think he must have known how frightened I've been sometimes in the nights since he left me." [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE-91 ]



Binnie Barnes starts her bedtime preparations with a pre-facial. Soap and water with a complexion brush to stimulate circulation and awaken pores



With skin aglow, Binnie next applies a cleansing cream which penetrates deep into the pores, floats out hidden impurities and completes the first operation in the quest for skin cleanliness and true loveliness

Sun and wind are inclined to work havoc with the natural oils of the skin. So Binnie next strokes in a good tissue cream, her finger tips lightly and rhythmically patting the softening emollient into her skin

# TEN MINUTES

SUMMER is on the wane. You have danced blithely through a vigorous Summer of active sports at the beach or in the mountains. You are fairly bursting with general good health and spirits, ready for a strenuous round of early Autumn activities. Splendid. Now we can get down to cases.

First of all, you'll be thinking about your wardrobe. I warn you that evening clothes are bewitching, classic, romantic, but in all or any one of their varied moods, they are utterly and wholly feminine.

So, what about your skin? Have you followed the expert advice of reliable cosmetic authorities and wisely protected your complexion from too intense sunlight, or has Old Sol browned you to a turn? Sun-tan looks stunning with beach and sports clothes, but a *cafe au lait* complexion topping the softly draped folds of a Grecian evening gown seems to strike a false note. And remember, too, that soft candle-light illumination has a tendency to make a too-tanned skin look muddy.

The time has come to do something about it, particularly if you don't wish to spend the early Autumn weeks in beauty

salons, lubricating and refining your skin to fitly companion your new clothes. Don't wait until you get back to town. Get your beauty reconditioning in early. Start now to devote a few minutes before bedtime to a softening and nourishing treatment and you will be surprised how charmingly your complexion will adjust itself to the new fashions.

Binnie Barnes really made that suggestion. Binnie is the delightful English girl who played *Katherine Howard* to Charles Laughton's *Henry the Eighth*, in the screen play of that name. Like most girls from misty-moisty England, Binnie has an exquisitely translucent skin. Removed from its normal habitat to a dry climate, that particular skin texture is apt to line very easily. And burn. But Binnie takes the necessary precautions to prevent anything so devastating from happening.

For ten minutes every night she performs her beauty ritual, an extremely simple one designed for busy people. Binnie is an out-of-doors girl who acknowledges a fondness for a thorough preliminary cleansing with a mild soap and tepid water. The complexion brush which she seems to enjoy is a new find. She





Though generally neglected, eyes should be cleansed at least once a day. With the aid of eye-drops or a pure eye lotion, Binnie's eyes are left cool and rested after exposure, and glowing with radiance



Binnie knows that lustrous brows and eyelashes are the only proper setting for expressive eyes. So the last step in her beauty ritual is to apply a well-known lash grower. Presto, well-trained brows, long lashes

And so to bed. Fresh as the dew, Binnie is now ready to retire. Only ten minutes a day brings years of reward. Good night, and sweet dreams



# TO BEDTIME

confessed that she used to scrub her skin to a ruddy glow with a regular nail-brush until she found the little round brush with its long bristles. She always keeps two or three near her bath, one a gaily-backed egg-shaped brush, form-fitted to the hand. Brushing briskly stimulates circulation, awakening sluggish pores to a sense of duty.

Occasionally, some women prefer to use a cleansing cream before the soap and water treatment, but not Binnie, for she has a tendency toward a slightly dry rather than oily skin. For the latter, first cleanse thoroughly with a pure, quickly melting cream, remove the dust and grime with tissue or towel and follow with the soap and water bath.

The skin that has been over-exposed to sun and wind needs softening and nourishing. In the third step toward bedtime, Binnie shows how she uses the cushions of her fingers to gently, but firmly make her skin take nourishment.

Betty Grable of RKO-Radio Pictures, has just reminded us that beautiful eyes must have a harmonious setting. Use a special oil or paste, either of which is marvelous in smoothing

away tiny lines around the eyes which are caused by exposure. Pat lightly around the eyes and leave on overnight.

If you value your eyes, keep them healthy. Care for them just as conscientiously as you do your teeth. Binnie relieves eye-strain by washing away impurities with a standard eye-lotion.

The very last step is the care of the brows and lashes and how they reward your attention. Good lash creams and ointments are available at most department and drug stores. Or you may choose a sweet oil or even white vaseline. Massage the cream or oil into your lashes or use a brush as Binnie does. The result will be the same,—lustrous and luxuriant lashes. At the same time, brush your brows straight up, then shape them. Good training means well-disciplined brows.

Now, ready to retire, Binnie stretches to relax taut muscles, stretches like a cat, if you have ever watched one. Every muscle comes into play, with special attention to those back and shoulder ones. If possible, do your stretching before an open window where you may inhale deeply at the same time.

CONDUCTED BY CAROLYN VAN WYCK





# THE EYES HAVE IT

**Y**OUR eyes are the most exciting thing about you. They express your every mood. Be happy, be joyous, be interested in all the fascinating things on this little planet and your eyes will mirror your spirit.

Eyes have something just as precious as the sense of sight. They are lighted by an inner radiance. When you open the door to discontent, out goes the light as though a veil were drawn. Your eyes become drab, for you are no longer interested nor interesting. Turn on that light, for in your eyes dwell your youth, your charm, your magnetism—your “come hither.”

Motion picture stars know the value of expressive eyes. They

also know that even eyes of natural beauty may be enhanced with the aid of subtly applied cosmetics. The art of clever make-up is in achieving the illusion of naturalness.

Dolores Casey who herself has glorious eyes follows a particular make-up routine which she gives to you, step by step. She uses a brown eye-shadow, blended lightly, ever so delicately, from eyelash to brow. With the new metal lamé evening gowns she may use a metal eye-shadow. With eyebrow pencil she follows the natural curve of the brow, extending the line a trifle. Where the eyelash meets the lower lid she draws a fine line which creates a faint shadow. Then the magic mascara.

There's sparkle in the new clothes. Put sparkle in your eyes.



# FINGER TIPS FOR FALL



Dolores Casey, Paramount player, presents eyes in the four stages of their glorification. Upper left, she deftly blends her eye-shadow; lower left, eyebrow pencil shapes the brows; upper right, fine line drawn where lash meets eye lid; lower right, tear-proof mascara applied sparingly; center, Dolores' expressive eyes ask your approval of her artistry

There they are, tightly fitted little miracle mitts that not only lubricate the nails and cuticle, but also shape the fingers at the same time. Sally seems very pleased with her discovery



Exquisite finger-tips reward Wendy Barrie, Paramount player, for daily care. She uses the re-fill bleach pencil after lubricating her nails and cuticle with a new nail tonic oil smoothed on with a brush



Brittle nails had become a problem to Sally Eilers. But the new method of pouring a few drops of oil into especially fitted rubber fingers, before donning them, for ten minutes daily, solves the lubrication problem



(Other Tips on Page 82)



# Adrian Answers 20 Questions on Garbo

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37 ]

know that a crowd will gather to look at an elephant walk up a gang plank as readily as it will to see a movie star. If you happen not to like being stared at, photographed and being talked to in front of hundreds of people, you would probably try to avoid the discomfort, if you possibly could.

Unfortunately for Garbo, she is rarely able to make an exit or an entrance into any country inconspicuously, because of passports, etc. If she were able to do so, I'm sure her goings and comings would be a joy to her instead of a horror. It isn't because she has any desire to ignore "her public." She prefers them to be interested in her on the screen, rather than in her personal life.

THIS, perhaps, is a very extraordinary quality for a celebrity to have. Most of them take to adoring crowds like a duck does to water. But because one comes along and severs herself from the crowd, is no reason why it should irritate so many people.

Q.—Since large numbers of people are bored with this mysterious propaganda of Garbo's, why does she allow it to go on, and does she approve of it?

A.—Once again it is not mysterious propaganda, any more than a person would be considered mysterious if he had a desire to travel from one city to another without reporters and a battery of cameras following him. The fact that she desires to live a private life of her own has made "mysterious propaganda." She herself is the last person in the world to approve of it or desire it.

Q.—Why does Garbo want to be alone?

A.—For the same reason, probably, that thousands of other people in the world want to be alone. It is her personal desire. You know anyone who keeps away from the tendency of group thinking is usually misunderstood, disliked, mistrusted or considered odd. Surely if she finds she cannot have the privacy and the pleasure of being unnoticed in public that the majority of us have, she has a perfect right to have that, wherever else she can find it.

Q.—What is Garbo like socially?

A.—She's shy, at times full of a great deal of fun, loves to listen to stories, but she has no curiosity about the private lives of celebrities. She prefers to judge them entirely by their performance or the thing they are giving to the world. If a man paints a great picture, she is not at all interested whether he's been married four times and why.

Q.—What does Garbo's private wardrobe consist of?

A.—Her wardrobe consists of tailored suits, various top coats of the sport variety, sweaters, slacks, berets, sport hats, stocking caps (with visors that fit over them) and sports shoes. I don't think she has an evening gown and if she has I'm sure she has never worn it. She also has several fur coats.

Q.—Why have you given her so many odd hats to wear and does she like them?

A.—Garbo isn't very fond of the fashionable hat of the moment. Nor is she fond of the fashionable hairdress. As she does not wear her hair in a way that suits the current hats and is very fond of personal-looking ones they are apt to appear rather unusual to the eyes accustomed to the prevailing mode. The combination of individualistic hat and hair arrange-

ment often gives Garbo a rather extraordinary style effect, which, in itself, is not really extraordinary.

I have noticed that these very hats usually become fashion "Fords" eventually.

Q.—As you know, there are many untrue and ridiculous stories printed about Garbo, written by people who have never seen her. Do you think she resents these stories?

A.—Naturally there are certain stories which are so far-fetched, particularly those of imaginary feuds, that any one would be upset. I don't think she pays a great deal of attention to the others.

Q.—Do you think that many of Garbo's reactions are selfish ones?

A.—I think a great many of them are. But I think they are her own business!

Q.—Does Garbo have a sense of humor?

A.—Yes, I think she has a terrific sense of humor. Most of it is of a very piquant sort that has a kind of whimsical quality. When she happens to be in the mood, she chats at great length about her observations, life and what she feels about it. I remember being particularly amused one day, after having shown her a sketch and taken a great deal of pains to explain why I had designed it for a certain scene—the colors, materials and various other reasons for its being used. During all this time she had remained completely silent but interested.

After I thought I had convinced her, she just said, "Yes." And then with a look of surprise, she said, "GARBO TALKS!" and laughed gaily.

Q.—Of all the pictures you have dressed Garbo for, which clothes interested her the most?

A.—The clothes in "Romance," "Queen Christina" and "Anna Karenina." I think the latter interested her most of all.

Q.—Several times you have been seen out shopping with Garbo. What is she like on these excursions?

A.—She's terribly interested in old brocades, old Spanish wood carvings, etc. She loves a little Spanish street in Los Angeles called Olvera Street, probably because it has some of the old world atmosphere. She adores ridiculous, silly little toys such as painted pigs and stuffed rabbits. She likes to shop but takes a long time to make up her mind about her purchases and is willing to shop a great deal for one object.

Q.—Why did Garbo allow you to photograph her in one of her "Anna Karenina" dresses when she lives in perpetual fear of the candid cameraman?

A.—She knew I was very pleased with a certain organdy dress and I had said to her jokingly, "If you weren't Garbo, I should be down on the set with my camera, making a record of this dress."

She very charmingly answered, "Get your little camera."

Q.—Is Garbo really a beautiful woman?

A.—She is a very beautiful woman, particularly in a sensitive, rather spiritual way. I think her eyes are extraordinary and her eyelashes are extremely long. And I might add—real. She has a beautiful body, slender and athletic. The myth about her large feet should be completely shattered. Probably this has arisen because of the fact that she wears a

comfortable sports shoe most of the time, because she does a great deal of walking. She is usually completely sunburned, rarely ever comes into fittings with her hair combed, never wears makeup except a dark line at the edge of each eyelid. She has lovely teeth, an easy walk, which last she probably has gotten from walking a great deal. She can jump out and into a car faster than anyone I have ever seen in my life—probably because she has done this a great deal also.

Q.—In comparison with other women you have worked with, is Garbo so extraordinarily different?

Do you feel she is a person apart or is she another one of the charming women you have to dress?

A.—She is decidedly a woman apart, because she is actually so simple and has not one ounce of affectation. She is at no moment the actress and never gives me the illusion of being one until she is on the set before the lights, actually in the part. The minute that she leaves the set she's a very little girl, completely out of her atmosphere. Because she so consistently lives her life the way she wants to, regardless of criticism or the suggestions of her friends, she cannot help but be different—*because she is*. Not anything mysterious or full of hokum, but a terrific individualist, who ruthlessly defends her own code of living, by ignoring outside contact. This may or may not be good for her. That again is a matter of conjecture.

Certainly she doesn't alter from its path and goes her own way, regardless.

Q.—Do you think Garbo would act the way she does, if she were not a movie star?

A.—I think she would. Probably not quite as easily, because she has the power to do as she wishes in a much more high-handed manner than she could if she were in a less-important position in life.

But aren't there a lot of us who would live differently if we could afford to disregard outside opinion and found that we could succeed in doing it.

It's like the little boy who said, "when I grow up, I'm going to eat all the candy I want," and kept his word. Garbo, probably from a child, yearned for as much solitude as she wanted. And she has succeeded in having it against the great odds of human nature which surround her and fight her at every turn.

Q.—How much does friendship mean to Garbo?

A.—I've often wondered. Sometimes I think because she lives so remotely that she appears not to need it as much as most people do. I think, however, that she can be a great friend, provided that the friend can adjust himself or herself to Garbo's particular viewpoint on life.

Q.—Will Garbo think you have talked too much about her after you have answered these twenty questions?

A.—I have no idea whether she will or not. But I feel confident that by answering some of the many questions which are continually asked me, I can better explain that she is a human being with her own right to live her life in her own way—regardless of whether it happens to suit James Jones or Mary Smith. That's all that really matters.





Sylvia Sidney, packing her picnic kit for a day at the beach, seems undecided for how many guests to prepare. But there seems no cause for worry, Sylvia, when those containers are filled with salads et al.

# Luncheon al fresco

**Lunching and dining out-of-doors becomes an art when Sylvia Sidney is the charming hostess**

IN Hollywood, New York or Nassau, Sylvia Sidney's beach picnics are famous. At the first hint of recess from the studio she is off and away to gather up her picnic basket for a day at the beach. Beg pardon, "basket" is not the word to describe anything so de luxe as Sylvia's picnic hamper.

Some like their food hot and some like it cold. Everyone is sure to find good old-fashioned baked beans, spaghetti or a crisp salad in the three containers with their well-fitting lids, or for those who like to grill their own, there are plenty of hot-dogs and hamburger steaks.

Two large thermos bottles contain the drinkables, soup, coffee, lemonade or cocktails. The red and silver service is

complete for six, with unbreakable cups, plates, knives, forks and spoons.

Miss Sidney knows that swimming engenders hearty appetites, so she plans her menus accordingly. Here is one of them:

## Bouillon Madrilene

Deviled eggs  
Grilled hamburger steaks  
Flat rolls

Bread and butter and  
Lettuce sandwiches  
Cup-cakes

Sometimes the menu will comprise a large mixed salad, rolls, ginger-bread and iced tea.



# Franchot Tone—Fortune's Favorite

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52 ]

three weeks, Franchot crammed and boned enough knowledge to pass the examinations with really flying colors. It doesn't matter that the day after he forgot everything he had learned, for three years later when he graduated he was a Phi Beta Kappa.

He tried every form of sports, but he just wasn't any good at them so he decided to give them up and concentrate on his real love . . . his childhood love, acting. He became President of the Dramatic Club.

He doesn't go in for any form of sports today, either, but recently he started taking singing lessons, and so conscientiously does he practice that his mi-mi-mi's have developed enormously powerful muscles in his chest, neck and arms! Next to swimming, he avers, there is no finer exercise than the tra-la-la. Is he going to use his voice in pictures? "If I don't," smiled Franchot, "I'm wasting an awful lot of money!"

OUT of college he joined a stock company in Buffalo. He eventually played with Katharine Cornell, Sylvia Sidney, Lenore Ulric and Jane Cowl. It was with the young Theater Group (not to be confused with the distinguished Theater Guild), that Franchot feels he really learned about acting. All the members were earnest, ambitious and young. They were also poor, so that when our Mr. Tone scored a big personal success in "Success Story" and was signed to come out and make movies for M-G-M, he sped West in a hurry to get money with which to swell the lean coffers of the struggling young Group.

He never went back. Almost three years ago that was, but Franchot didn't count on two things that he would make himself sufficiently interesting to movie-goers so that M-G-M offered him a five year contract, or that he would fall in love with Joan Crawford.

The first reason Mr. Tone can't understand very well, for he has little respect for the "stuffed shirt" rôles which the studio insists he play. (With the exception of Paramount's "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." This is Tone's masterpiece so far. The real stuff came out in the boy then.) It mystifies him why he is cast in weak, social-register rôles when he never did

anything of that sort on the stage from where M-G-M signed him.

As to the second reason, love, it is easy to understand why Group Theaters or even an invitation to dine at Buckingham Palace couldn't drag him away from that.

He hasn't seen much of California although Joan, who never had a real home before this, doesn't like to leave it. Once Franchot said to her, "Darling, you're not working now, why don't you take a trip to the Grand Canyon or somewhere?" She replied, "I've got a Grand Canyon right in my own back yard." So, as said, Franchot hasn't seen much of California. Note: but he has seen a lot of her back yard!

He loves music. Rather, he idolizes it. He has a superb collection of operas, and a profound knowledge of the history of each and of its composer. When a musical mood seizes him, and there's never any time element on things like that, he listens and listens and listens! He has a fine machine that plays a great many records in rotation, and sometimes the boy gets so entranced, he sits on the floor, right next to the machine, and practically sticks his head inside the sounding board. If the room is filled with people, he doesn't realize it. He just isn't there. Nor does he care.

Tone is no Pollyanna, but he is a fair and honest critic. He will deliver, when asked, opinions on the screen performances of his friends; and if these opinions do not meet with the approval of those friends, they have the satisfaction, at least, of knowing they are genuine reactions. In other words, those who want the truth from this forthright gentleman get it, palatable or not.

ALSO, he's a sticker-upper for the under dog. Not long ago, one of his closest friends relates, Tone was in a room with a group who were doing a bit of fancy tongue butchery over the character of one then absent. Tone, as the friend happened to know, did not like the person under discussion; but this did not prevent him from rising slowly to his feet and with a few quiet, but rapier-like remarks, defending the absent one. And yet, says the friend, Tone would not hesitate for a second to give his real opinion to that person . . . to his face.

He likes good books. Especially those on the theater, of which he has an enviable library. "South Wind," by Norman Douglas, happens to be his favorite reading because "it has everything."

If he were furnishing a house, and if he lived in New York, he would go to Macy's department store and buy Early American. That is, if he had to furnish a place. He never used to bother very much. Just a bed and a roof suited him . . . and he changed the geography of both when he got tired of the address. Now he has a funny little house, very habitable and attractive, that Joan helped decorate. Franchot is highly pleased with it. He's probably going to stay there.

FOR one of such a reserved disposition he's a contradiction. He doesn't like to be alone. His own company, he avers, bores him. But he doesn't like a lot of people either. Just a few who are real friends. Intelligent folk who are interested in and can discuss any topic. After all, any gent who's won a Phi Beta Kappa key is no numbskull. But to be a really nice guy you've got to have other gifts as well. Dancing, for example. Franchot loves it, if he's not too tired and if the girl is Joan. And he's got to look presentable. Mr. Tone, although he's so lazy he'd rather grow a beard (and look surprisingly saint-like) than shave, has some nifty suits. Hollywood tailors turn out his picture clothes. London experts make his more conservative private wardrobe.

He hasn't any specific plans for the future. The future, he reminds you, has always taken care of itself. Nobly. The stage, later, would be first-rate, though. Particularly with the now successful and beloved Group Theater. A trip to Russia would be fine. And . . . well, everything is interesting to him. He likes life.

The other day I stepped into the Turf and Field bar in the Ambassador Hotel. Colored pictures and caricatures of famous stars adorn the walls. Witticisms are scribbled all over. Right smack on the main wall I spied this one:

*"Sing a song of drinking,  
Thirsty to the bone . . .  
Four-and-twenty greetings  
And all from Franchot Tone."*



June Knight and Robert Taylor, plus a mirror, give you the four principal positions in the latest dance creation of Dave Gould—of "Continental" and "Carioca" fame—"Broadway Rhythm." You'll see June and Bob glide through this intriguing dance more fully in M-G-M's forthcoming musical extravaganza, "Broadway Melody of 1936." In addition to Miss Knight and Taylor, the cast includes a galaxy of screen, stage and radio stars headed by Jack Benny. It sounds exciting, something for the terpsichorean-inclined to see



## THE ANSWER MAN

IT'S the same gaiety and charm which bewitched you in "Paris in Spring" that "sold" Mary Ellis to the movie colony. Out there they called her "the darling of the foreign legion in Hollywood." No foreign star ever enjoyed more whole-hearted popularity in the American film center than Mary.

Mary objects to being called a "foreign star." She was born in New York, and she shocks Londoners by eating hamburgers and corn on the cob, American fashion. Also, she sang for three years in the Metropolitan Opera in New York before she ever made a name for herself on the London stage.

She deserted the operatic stage and high-brow drama ten years ago when she inspired Rudolph Friml to write his famous musical comedy, "Rose Marie." Mary was the original *Rose Marie*. In the rôle she made a phenomenal success both in New York and London. It was then, in 1924, that Hollywood first offered her a contract. She refused. Thought she wouldn't like working before the cameras and without an audience.

Now she admits she was wrong. Loves picture work and says her biggest thrill came when, finishing a scene for "Paris in Spring" one day, those working on the set with her applauded enthusiastically. She considers a prop-man's okay more important than the praise of a prince.

Her contract with Paramount calls for her services six months out of the year. The other six she goes to London to do a play. In England she lives on a little farm near Sussex. Her favorite pet is a Welsh pony she rescued from the mines and named Taffy. Taffy pulls her to market in a dog-cart. He's fond of his mistress, but whenever she approaches him with slacks on he kicks her—right in the slacks.

Mary Ellis has been married three times, but is free now. Her third husband was Basil Sidney, whom she played opposite for seven years.

She's one of the few actresses who tells her right age. She celebrated her thirty-sixth birthday in June. But she looks twenty-one—even without a particle of make-up on.

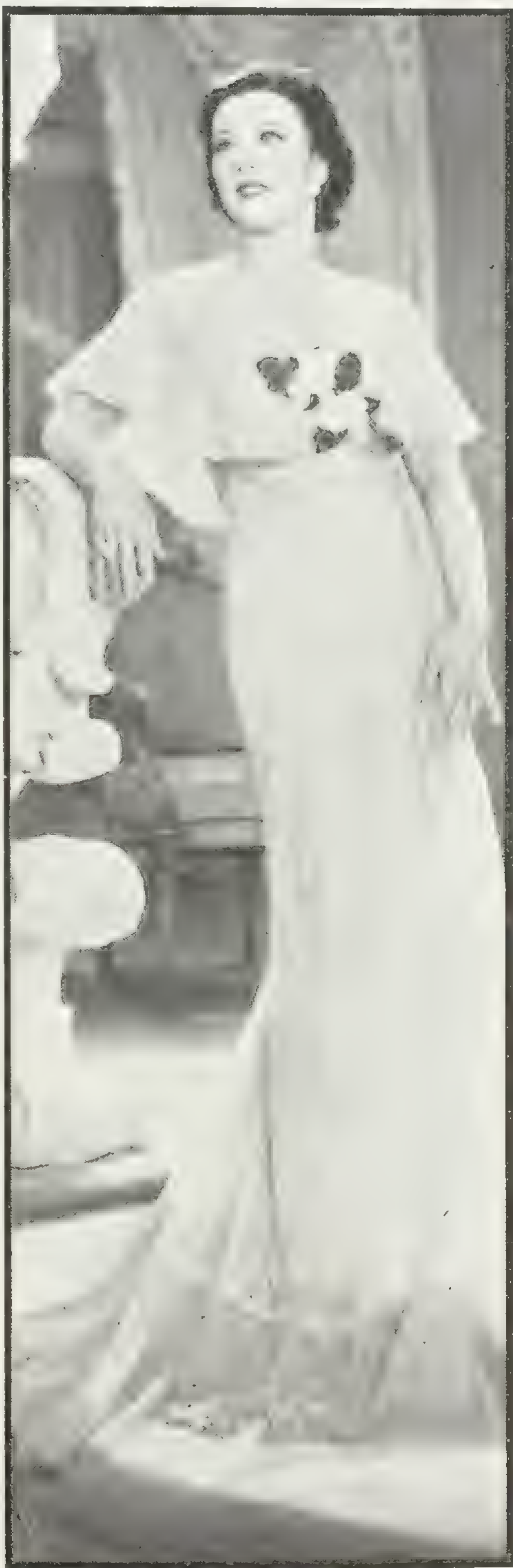
She's enjoyed fame and success in opera, drama, musical comedy. Now watch her skyrocket to the top on the screen!

**THELMA GRANDE, JAMESTOWN, N. D.**—Joe Morrison was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, November 19, 1908. Morrison is his real name. Proof: His mother was Augusta Herrmann Morrison his father Fred Morrison.

**ELEANOR MORGAN, PRINCETON, N. J.**—William Powell has been twice married and twice divorced. His first wife was Eileen Wilson, mother of Bill, Jr. Carole Lombard was his second wife. Powell was born July 29, 1892.

**MARJORIE WYATT, RICHMOND, CALIF.**—Your letter to Cal York has been handed me for answer, since we don't publish letters in the gossip column.

Gertrude Lawrence is famous on the legitimate stage, both in New York and London.



**Star of opera, drama and musical comedy both here and abroad, Mary Ellis is now going places on the screen. You saw her in "Paris in Spring." Just now, she's abroad**

She is an English actress, born in London on the Fourth of July, 1898. Among the hit plays in which she was starred are: "Babes in the Woods," "The Miracle," "Fifinella," "London Calling," "Charlot's Revue," "Candlelight," and many other successes. She was married to Francis Gordon-Howley, and had one child, a girl who is now about fourteen years old.

She entered pictures in 1929, making "The

Gay Lady" for Paramount. Since then she has made several foreign films, but has devoted most of her time to the stage.

No, Miss Lawrence is not married to Doug Fairbanks, Jr. They recently made a film together for British International Pictures "Mimi." And there have been rumors of romance about the couple ever since Doug, Jr. went to England.

**FAY JANE GOOLSBY, CANTON, N. C.**—Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on the sixth of October, 1906. She has auburn hair and brown eyes. Weighs 96 pounds and is exactly 5 feet tall. Charles Farrell was born in Onset, Mass., on August 9th, 1902. He is 6 feet 2, and weighs 170 pounds. Charlie's hair and eyes are brown.

**E. G., CANTON, N. C.**—Claudette Colbert was born in Paris, France. She is 5 feet 4, weighs 107. New York City was Gene Raymond's birthplace. He is 5 feet 10 and weighs 157 pounds. Mary Carlisle was born in Boston. She is 5 feet 1, weighs exactly 100 pounds. Joan Blondell is another New Yorker. Her height is 5 feet 4, weight 118. Mae West hails from Brooklyn, New York. She is 5 feet 5 and weighs 120 pounds.

**ANNIE V. KNIGHT, CANTON, N. C.**—Looks as if this is the special Canton edition! Okay, Canton! Evelyn Venable was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. She is 5 feet 6½ inches tall. Douglas Montgomery is a son of the Golden West, born in Los Angeles. His height is 6 feet. Clark Gable's birthplace is Cadiz, Ohio, where they are still trying to make a preacher out of him. Clark is an even 6 feet tall.

**J. D. W., PORTLAND, OREGON.**—Yes, the little girl who "stole the show" in "George White's Scandals" was Eleanor Powell, queen of tap dancers. She has blue eyes and chestnut hair. Eleanor was born in Springfield, Mass. And her next film is "Broadway Melody." Watch the October issue for more information about her—and maybe a picture.

**NORMA CLARK, KANSAS CITY, MO.**—Your questions about Henry Wadsworth were all answered on this page in our August issue. Mind looking up your last month's copy, Norma? Thanks.

**MISS B. WRIGHT, CHICAGO, ILL.**—Calm yourself, lady. Your favorite is not married. Phillip Reed has never forsaken the state of single blessedness, and we haven't even heard a romantic rumor about him recently. Phillip's real name is Milton LeRoy. He's a graduate of Cornell University. His first film was "College Coach," made in 1933.

**E. V., NASHVILLE, TENN.**—Robert Taylor's real name is S. Arlington Brugh. He was born in Filley, Nebraska. He is 6 feet ½ inch tall and weighs 165 pounds. Has brown hair, blue eyes. His last film was "Murder in the Fleet." (Story about him in this issue—ed.)





**S**OFT, SMOOTH SKIN wins romance—tender moments no woman ever forgets! So what a shame it is when good looks are spoiled by unattractive Cosmetic Skin.

It's so unnecessary for any woman to risk this modern complexion trouble—with its enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps.

*Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way*

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather guards against dangerous pore clogging because it cleans so

*deeply*—gently carries away every vestige of hidden dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

You can use cosmetics all you wish if you *remove* them this safe, gentle way. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night—use Lux Toilet Soap.

Remember, this is the fine, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have used for years. Begin today to use it! It will *protect* your skin—give it that smooth, *cared-for* look that's so appealing.



world"



Use Cosmetics? Yes, indeed!  
But I always use **Lux Toilet Soap** to guard  
against Cosmetic Skin

*Claudette Colbert*  
STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "THE BRIDE COMES HOME"



# JEWELS IN YOUR HAIR

The time has come to think about shedding your Summer tan, conditioning your hair and nails for autumn nights. "Cand elight Complexions," "A Heavenly Halo," and "The Perfect Home Manicure" are yours for a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City



Ann Sothern in "After the Dance" portrays the influence of the Parisian upon hair. Try weaving a strand of pearls through your coiffure or posing a garland of flowers as you would a diadem. A hair band or crown curl may give you a new personality for evening



Kitty Carlisle's smoothly sculptured coiffure plays up her perfect "widow's peak." Try placing your puffs at varied angles, horizontally or vertically, to broaden or lengthen your face as desired



Natural charm is the keynote of Loretta Young's youthful hairdress. Freshly brushed, with not too much curl, her hair is excellent in style and length for the young girl who may wish to mask a long neck



MIRIAM HOPKINS

*Starring in Pioneer's New  
Technicolor Picture*

"BECKY SHARP"

Max Factor's Make-Up  
Used Exclusively

Miriam  
Hopkins

Reveals Her  
Beauty Secret



..and Another Woman Becomes Beautiful

MIRIAM HOPKINS and Janet Ross met in Hollywood for the first time since their school days together. Only a few years had passed, but what a change it had made in the two girls! Miriam Hopkins was lovelier than ever, charming, poised. Janet was dull-looking, self-conscious, awkward.

"Please tell me," asked Janet, "is there anything an average girl like me can do to be more attractive?"

Of course there was! The first step to beauty was to obtain expert advice, so Miriam Hopkins took Janet to Max Factor, the Hollywood genius of make-up. To her delight and amazement, Janet learned that the secret of beauty which had dramatized the loveliness of Miriam Hopkins could be used by anyone.

"Color harmony make-up will reveal the beauty in your face just as it does with screen stars," Max Factor told Janet. "You shall see for yourself what powder, rouge and lipstick in your color harmony shade will do."

With the instinct of a true artist, Max Factor selected and applied the colors that would bring out in the dull little face before him, the priceless and elusive thing called beauty. Rachelle powder to enliven the skin and give it satin-smoothness, Blondeen rouge to give alluring lifelike color to the cheeks, Vermilion lipstick to accent the youthful tone of the lips. Color harmony powder, rouge, lipstick...the living portrait was finished...and another woman experienced the joy of seeing for the first time, beauty in her own face!

Would you like to see what an amazing change color harmony make-up will bring about in your face? If you are a blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead, there is a color harmony make-up that will transform you into a radiant new being...Max Factor's Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. At all leading stores.



Would you like Max Factor to give you a personal make-up analysis, and send you a sample of your color harmony make-up? Would you like an illustrated booklet on "The New Art of Society Make-Up?" Mail the coupon and all these will be sent to you.

Janet Ross

Tells Her Own Story About  
COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP

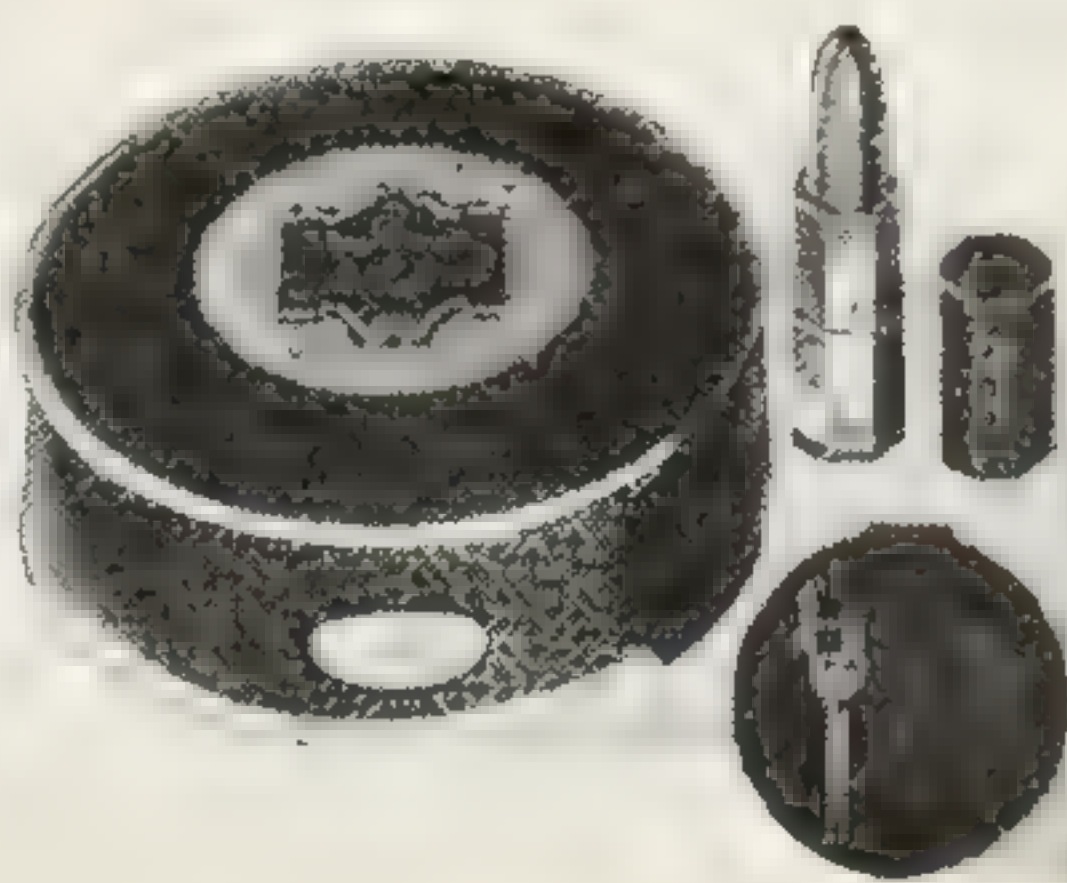
"MAX FACTOR'S POWDER brought out unexpected beauty in my face through the magic of its color harmony shades. I find it clings for hours, and makes my skin appear satin-smooth even in a close-up.

"MAX FACTOR'S ROUGE is creamy-smooth, and blends so perfectly that the lovely tones appear to be my own coloring. It keeps its true color in any light because the color harmony shades are light-tested.

"MAX FACTOR'S SUPER-INDELIBLE LIPSTICK is moisture-proof, so I apply it to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips giving them an even, harmonized color that is really lasting."

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP—Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony



Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:  
Send Please Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade;  
also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage  
and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page  
Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE.  
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NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
STREET \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>		



# Fashion Forecasts for Autumn

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53 ]

greens with yellow cast emerging into blue tones in late autumn; new rust tones; wine shades, deep and rich. Black, of course, but not much. Tweed mixtures.

**Fabrics:** Woolens with nubby surfaces will lead for street wear with classic serge and Poirer twills for suits swinging back into the fabric picture. Sheer woolens for frocks with their related coats in color and fabric of heavier construction. Homespuns and jerseys with a long hairy finish. Vel-



**Nobody knew her! Jean Muir put on a play at a small theater. And when her character woman fell ill, Jean donned make-up for the rôle**

veteens. Smooth looking two-toned tweeds in all-over geometric pattern.

**Silhouette:** Very trim, sleek and slightly more flare than last season. Lengths will be from twelve to thirteen and one-half inches from the floor. Coats either princess with molded waistline or swagger, two-thirds or three-quarter lengths, giving the impression of bulk. Capes in all lengths. The cape suit with waistcoat receiving favorable comment. Cape effects through clever sleeve manipulation. Bulk is definitely smart when it occurs in the right garments. Fall coats show soft drapey "bulkiness" at the top. Collars high, wide and rippled. "Back to college," suits of the three piece variety with short jackets buttoned up to a high point and boxy top coats the choice. Knee-length suits for high fashion. In skirts, action is the keynote, fluidity of movement. Flared more than last season, but a straight flare achieved through six to eight gores from hip-line or waist-line.

## SPORTS

Keep to tradition and the masculine viewpoint for sportswear. A classic sports founda-

tion is a tweed suit or a well-cut skirt of tweed, a plain soft woolen sweater, light weight woolen stockings or half stockings over lisle. Amusing variations may be achieved by a colorful kerchief, scarves and gloves. Felt hats must be plain but chic. The Englishwoman buys her accessories of this nature in a man's store. She even buys her sweaters there. Clever accessories make an amusing whole when the assembled effect is casual.

## AFTERNOON

**Fabrics:** Soft and supple rather than harsh textures are supreme in a season when the draped technique reigns. Changeable weaves, cloky crêpes, satins, cellophane crêpes and velvets. Sheer woolens that look like silk and silks that resemble woolens.

**Silhouette:** Wider and fuller is the watch-word. The belted silhouette is coming back stronger than ever. Fashion interest is at the front either through straight fullness of the skirt from belt-line to hem or through bodice subtlety. Dressmaker detail in shirring and fagoting is important. The "buttoned-up-the-back" style appears even in coats. Sleeve fullness mounted high, becomes tight at the wrist or really voluminous. Open neck-lines will receive increased endorsement as the season advances. The shirt-maker dress for the cocktail hour continues in importance with the new formal suit of stiff velvet.

**Hats:** Suit yourself and your costume, but wear your hat with dash. Nips, tucks and clever seamings stamp the new felts. Imaginative shapes should be chosen with discretion and only when you may possess many hats can you afford to be whimsical. Berets, large and small, in velvets, antelope-suede and felt. Turbans show the Florentine inspiration. Reboux's "half hat" with cuff brim and very little back except a bow, may be worn for both formal and informal occasions. Velvet with ostrich indicates the return of elegance in fashion. Veils add a decorative note to many hats.

**Jewelry:** Select ornaments with an eye toward the costume they will adorn. Clips, brooches and buckles are important in a season when drapery must be anchored. Bracelets of gold and silver larger than ever. Adapted from the Renaissance, pearls, ever in demand, are even woven through the coiffure. If you are the proud possessor of real jewels, your wardrobe should be built around them. Marlene Dietrich has magnificent jewels and every costume for her personal wardrobe is built around them.

## EVENING

**Colors:** Here again color is flexible and unlimited. But the light in which colors will be worn must be considered. Subtle colors are lost under subdued lighting. White and black are clear and perfect for evening formality. Navy blue in a rich fabric. In velvets, the Renaissance jewel-tones, vibrant blues, Raphael reds and Veronese greens.

**Fabrics:** Inspiring in their rich patterns are the heavy brocades, stiff with gilt threads, in large design. Gold ostrich plumes on a stiff brittle taffeta, the fabric from which

the bouffant creation which Marlene Dietrich will wear in "The Pearl Necklace," was executed. Gold and silver lamés in woven combination with pastel colors. Velvets with cellophane weaves.

**Silhouette:** Evening clothes will clear the floor, with uneven hem-lines, with curved cut-up-in-front hem-lines, with points and scallops around the floor. The train is to be deplored on the dance-floor. It had to be held up awkwardly and revealed the worst line of the leg. The primary duty of a dance dress is to look well while dancing. Go the limit with trains and frills but wear them at home.

**Wraps:** Evening wraps will belong to the dress they are worn over; or the woman who must limit her wardrobe will have one or two wraps she can wear over everything. A good wrap is one that covers the dress entirely and makes a complete costume in itself. It does not matter what is worn under a wrap of this description, since the dress is not seen until the wrap is removed. You can plan your wardrobe to wear with one wrap.

For instance, Claudette Colbert was going to New York recently and did not wish to carry a lot of baggage. I designed her an evening wardrobe to wear with one wrap of dark sapphire blue velvet.

There was a gown of sapphire blue lamé, a white chiffon with a blue velvet sash and slippers. Then a gown of French blue with slippers the same color, which harmonized beautifully with the wrap. The idea is to plan your campaign in advance and not be carried away by some dress that has no relation to the ensemble



**Bill Robinson, king of tap dancers, and his wife were glad to get home! They'll stay in New York until work starts on Bill's next RKO picture**



## The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow you must take Today

What can bring back the mood and meaning of a precious hour—like snapshots? First aid to romance—how well they tell “the old, old story.” Don’t take chances with these pictures that mean so much—your camera is more capable, surer in performance, when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. You get people’s real expressions, their naturalness. Your snaps turn out. Always use Verichrome . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.





# Guessing Right for Stardom

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25 ]

play the lead in this staccato story of the Federal drive on gangsters. They called Mr. Robinson in, and the conversation went something like this:

"Eddie, we've got a great part for you. We have a picture that is going to make more money than any in years. It's a honey. It will make you more famous than you've ever been. We picked it for you, etc."

But Mr. Robinson shook his head sadly. "No," he said, "I couldn't consider it. The public doesn't want to see me in any more gangster rôles or gangster pictures. I shall have to do something else."

"But you won't be a gangster. You'll be a Federal man," they protested.

"No, no, no," said Mr. Robinson, and nothing they could say would budge him.

And so Jimmy Cagney, whose contract didn't permit him to turn down the job, was assigned to "G-Men." At this writing, the picture has grossed six hundred thousand dollars and is expected to top a gross of a million and a half at least.

CAGNEY, who had been sliding along at Warners in a series of unimportant rôles, gained a new lease on his screen life as a result. And so has Robert Armstrong who played the part Jack Holt firmly declined. "G-Men" has been what the genties of the picture industry call a wow. Mr. Robinson is about to make "Barbary Coast" for Sam Goldwyn, and while, of course, this may do him equally as much good as "G-Men," I have a strong hunch that Eddie is regretful of his adamant attitude.

There's the case of "It Happened One Night." How many million dollars that little program number has poured into the coffers of Columbia only Harry Cohn knows, but it has played fourteen thousand theaters in this country and five thousand in foreign parts. One small theater in Hollywood, the Marcal, has booked it six different times, and a theater in Seattle played it fourteen weeks straight.

Claudette Colbert was the only one of the cast who wanted to play her part, but then Claudette is that rare exception, an actress who so far has proved she can pick stories. She sees the thing in its entirety rather than as a script with big individual scenes which give her a chance to emote. Clark Gable fought like a steer about making it. He even sulked and stormed and balked after he had actually started to work. Finally, Capra took him aside and said, "Come on, Clark, be a sport. You're here. Let's see what we can do with it." What they did was to do more for Clark as an actor than any picture since he started his career!

Incidentally, the story of "It Happened One Night" was pretty well kicked around before it was even made. It originally belonged to Metro and was bought for Robert Montgomery. Metro traded it down the river with Clark Gable to boot in exchange for the services of Director Frank Capra to direct "Soviet" ("Soviet," after much preparatory work, was never made).

And while we're on the subject of Claudette Colbert and her rare script judgment, let me cite you the case of "Imitation of Life." She took that against everyone's advice, and certainly her rôle sounded anything but attractive. People warned her against it, but Claudette

seeing the script as a whole, thought it would make a fine picture and thereby do her good. She told me before she started, "People say I am wrong, but I know I am right."

Warren William, who also benefited by "Imitation of Life," stood up on his two hind feet and yelled to the skies that he would positively not play in such a thing. The argument went on for days. Warren cursed and shouted and banged the desk and inquired of anyone who would listen why he should do that sort of a part when he really belonged in romantic, swashbuckling rôles, a *Captain Blood* or something akin? He finally played the rôle, and it was the best thing he's ever done.

If Mr. Gable and Mr. William always exercised their own "horse sense" about stories,



**"Broadway Joe" is the name, and Joe E. Brown has a snappy outfit for the rôle. Bet he'll start a fad for shoe-string neck-ties**

where do you think they would be now? I tell you they just can't see themselves in an objective light.

I am told that producers get red in the face, foam at the mouth, and their hair stands on end when they run up against one of those contracts which gives the actor or actress the right to choose their own stories. Gradually, these contracts are going out of existence, but one of the last belongs to Ann Harding. It was Ann, my good readers, who declined "Of Human Bondage" which Bette Davis took. Ruth Chatterton also had a crack at this. Perhaps both Ann and Ruth were right, but I doubt it. A good actress can take such a rôle and practically do as she chooses with it. Think of the ride to glory either one instead of Bette Davis might have taken.

NO horse sense, most of them, did I say? Joan Crawford fought like a fool not to play in "Forsaking All Others." She gave as her excuse that she, Joan, a star, should not play

with two leading men, Gable and Montgomery, dividing up the honors. I sat in the office of M. C. Levee, the agent, and heard him positively order her to play in the film. As you may remember, it was not only a fine success, but on the strength of it, Joan signed a new million-dollar contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

She will never again have to worry about money as long as she lives.

Let your imagination play on this subject for just a minute. Suppose Joan had succeeded in her balking. Suppose she had refused to make "Forsaking All Others." Maybe she would have played in a dismal flop. Perhaps M-G-M might not have renewed her contract, and Miss Crawford, a veritable queen for so long, would have found pride standing in her way from signing something not terrifically lucrative. She might have fussed around for a year or so, or she might have produced her own pictures. It's been done before by just as intelligent people as Joan, and where would she have been, at least in a business way?

All the trouble with Ruth Chatterton, who, however, still has her bankroll, began when she achieved her iron-clad contract with Warners which permitted her to choose her own stories. If you remember, Warners and Paramount had a long drawn-out battle as to who would gain her services. Warners won, because Paramount couldn't swallow the paragraph which permitted Ruth to approve or reject stories. There never was a series of worse stories than those turned out by Miss Chatterton for Warners. She was still the same actress but didn't have the right vehicles. Ruth has started work after a two-years' absence, and I, for one, sincerely hope that Harry Cohn, who is a much more astute picker, handles the story end exclusively from now on.

LET me recite you the dramatic case of Leila Hyams versus Maureen O'Sullivan. Leila had her choice between "Freaks," to be directed by Tod Browning, or "Tarzan," a story about an ape man. Leila took "Freaks," probably one of the worst pictures in history and which did not do any one connected with it the slightest particle of good. Meanwhile, the studio hunted around and found a pretty little girl named O'Sullivan to play opposite Johnny Weissmuller. In order to get her, they gave her a contract. Well, Miss O'Sullivan did right well as *Tarzan's* mate, and in the next few months while M-G-M was finding various parts for her, she went quietly about her knitting. She studied, she watched, she learned, she developed, until now she is a potential star. But where is Leila Hyams?

One might ask, also, where is George Bancroft, since our "Elmer and Elsie" of last year? Whether he had anything to do with choosing that ill-fated comedy, I don't know, but I do know an amusing yarn of how he was coerced into playing "Wolf of Wall Street," which was one of the first good talkies and which did Bancroft much good. He walked out of the picture after a day's shooting, claiming he was being ruined. The publicity department prepared a story to the effect that Wallie Beery, whom Bancroft feared and hated as a rival, had been given the rôle. They released it only in the Santa Monica papers which they knew Mr. Bancroft read. The very next morning he was



back at work! He never did know the hoax perpetrated to get him to be good.

There never was a more belligerent young man than Franchot Tone when he arrived at Paramount to play in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." He hated what he called the imperialistic story, he didn't like the idea of his being loaned, and he was thoroughly objectionable. "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" turned out to be one of the finest pictures of his entire career.

Loretta Young had cat fits when they mentioned "House of Rothschild." As you know, it gave her a beautiful opportunity. Janet Gaynor didn't want to play in "State Fair" because it was an all-star cast, but she gave her best performance since "Seventh Heaven." George Brent had a chance at "Oil for the Lamps of China" but declined with courtesy, and Pat O'Brien took it. It's a swell picture and has done Pat a lot of good. It would have helped Brent.

Charles Laughton regarded *Mr. Micawber* which W. C. Fields played in "David Copperfield" as entirely unsuited to his personality. Maybe he was right, but he also didn't want to play *Nero* in "The Sign of the Cross," and he was simply elegant in that.

Richard Arlen left Paramount a year ago because he was dissatisfied with his rôles. "Let me pick a few and I'll show 'em," he told his friends. Well, Dick picked "Hellorado," and there wasn't anything Paramount gave him which was much worse. Dick is about ready to go back to a studio and let the producers do the story choosing.

ON the other hand, occasionally, like our shining example, Claudette, the actor IS right. Joel McCrea walked out of the Dietrich picture, "The Devil Is A Woman," when he needed the part badly, and a little later went into "Private Worlds" which did him a tremendous amount of good.

Francis Lederer was supposed to appear in "Break of Hearts" with Katharine Hepburn, but he stalked out after two days shooting. Mr. Lederer was right.

Jean Harlow fought very hard for "Red Headed Woman."

Nobody could see her as a comedienne except Paul Bern, but she fought and fought and fought until she got the part. It was one of the best things she's done.

Everyone said when George Raft stubbornly refused to play in the "Story of Temple Drake" that Jack LaRue who took his place, would be our next great film hero.

"The Story of Temple Drake" was so bad Jack LaRue himself has never really recovered from it.

One of the funniest examples of an actress choosing a bad story belongs to Constance Bennett. Constance insisted upon doing "Rockabye" which landed on its ear with a great thud, and the reason why she insisted doing it was because it was Gloria Swanson's pet story.

Connie went to great lengths to snatch the film away from Gloria. She inveigled Radio into buying it from Swanson, who needed money badly at the time, without telling for whom it was purchased. Then, when her studio, after its purchase, hesitated about making it, Connie stamped her foot and said they had to or she wouldn't play any more. "Rockabye" was an awful turkey, which Gloria must have enjoyed seeing.

I am wondering? How long will it be before Shirley Temple exercises her actress prerogatives and insists upon choosing her own stories?

# KOOL AS A MINT JULEP



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tobacco blend. Cork-tipped—better for lips. And each pack carries a B & W coupon. Valuable: you get some swell premiums. (Offer good in U.S.A. only; write for illustrated premium booklet.) Give your throat a vacation, with **KOOLS**!

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Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.



# "I Think Women Are Awful" says Bette Davis

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48 ]

pouring out your confidences, that she is going to get mad at you some day and broadcast *all*. So, of course, you don't tell *all*. You are better off to confide in a man, if you feel one of those unavoidable confidential spasms coming on.

"Of course, if you are a woman, you must confide in someone because women haven't any reticence, anyway. I don't say there are no exceptions, but the exceptions are so rare they ought to be museum-pieces.

"In my whole life I have had two women friends I could trust—and one of them is my mother. I have always had men for friends. I prefer men. But when you do, it gives the girls a Roman holiday. They are sure of the worst."

THESE opinions from Bette, if you know her, are not at all surprising. If a stranger had walked up to the ivy-covered front porch of the old-fashioned home (yes ma'm, just like out of a song, and very nice, too) and listened to the little blonde who looked like a sorority sister, he might have been quite startled. Bette is what they used to call "old for her years," but she can't reveal what her exact years are because it's against the rules. It gives her a pain. One of the silliest things about women, she thinks, is their agonized fear of admitting their right age.

"If a woman is fifty and looks forty, isn't that just so much to her credit?"

She can't tell her own age, which is probably much less than you are thinking after this build-up, because she is an actress and the age of an actress always has a vague, nebulous and speculative quality. It is a commercial asset to keep it secret—part of the glay-mour. I would guess her at twenty-five, and heaven help me if that's too much. Her mind is rated about fifty.

"I have always liked older women," she went on, folding up in the big porch chair. "My mother's friends. For one reason, I started to work younger than the girls I went to school with. When I went back home on a vacation, they seemed hopelessly adolescent. They gave bridge parties and all talked at once—'he said to me' and 'so I wore my pink chiffon and he said,' etc. Why do such women play bridge, anyway? They couldn't possibly concentrate on it.

"Well, I got the idea then that women were just *too terrible*. Hollywood hasn't changed it.

"And women's clubs—the idea of women organized is appalling. I wouldn't know what to do at a woman's club. The sexes were ordained by nature to mingle for entertainment purposes. Women assembled without the steadying influence of the male never listen to what each other is saying, so what is the object of the whole thing?

"Of course, in the theatrical business you never have time to know anyone or really to make friends. It takes time. And women have always suspected me because I have too many men friends. The men I know confide in me, they tell me about their romance-troubles, their ambitions, the great novel they are going to write some day, the music they want to compose. I am a swell audience they say.

"There is a strong clash between two women in the same profession whether they admit it

or not. They talk about each other more and worse than any other women. With the only difference that they are a little more clever and subtle and deadly about it.

"If you happen to be the kind of a girl men like, you are damned forever. Especially in the picture business. There are not enough men to go around, and every one is needed. Ham, my husband, is the only man I have ever loved in my life. He is the only one I have ever wanted. But the women suspect me just the same.

"Out here the women scare me to death. They spend their lives worrying about how they look—wondering if they have managed to look sexy enough without looking *too* sexy. They can't make up their minds about anything, except that a man with money is better than a man with no money—but any man is better than none. They lose track of themselves and they are constantly looking for reassurance. They mingle a lot of famous names in their conversation, and that helps reassure them that they are really important.

"I don't go any place out here because I come back home completely depressed, wondering who *is* right, anyway. It almost strangles every idea you ever had, there are so many against you. Of course there are undoubtedly many, many swell women I haven't met.

"When you first come out here and listen to bunches of women in dressing-rooms at night-clubs and parties, it seems that the two most important things in life are your servants and where you buy your clothes. 'Oh, this is a little thing I picked up at Hattie Carnegie's' . . . 'My dear, I have the most mahvelous new butler. He was formerly with the Earl of Such-a-Much. But the chauffeur and the second-maid, I actually think they . . . ' I can't refrain from thinking that possibly the servants are the most interesting persons these women know! Also, I received the impression that servants in groups were rather new to most of them.

"It is a difficult place to keep your equilibrium. If you can hold your mind free and clear, keep the same ideas you arrived with, hold onto your background—you're *SOMETHING*! If it weren't for the women, I think Hollywood might be a pretty decent place to live. They are the ones who set up all the artificial values.

"Women have no sense of loyalty at all. Of course, being a girl on the stage, an actress, is against you anywhere. I had the most brilliant exhibition of this fact when Ham and I were in the East, a while ago.

"We were invited to the Inauguration Ball. Well, it's the sort of party you certainly don't get a chance to see very often in your life, and never in Hollywood. I was all set up and very excited about it.

"Well, I give you my word, when I walked in the atmosphere in that place was simply fantastic! The women's expressions said 'I'm sure she's tainted.' They were, without a doubt, the rudest women I have ever seen. They were typically the ones who think of nothing but getting husbands, and getting them with the least possible effort.

"The men were marvelous. They sensed the antagonism of their wives and clustered

around me in a body to make up for it. They were simply so grand I could have broken down and cried. But here is the pay-off:

"Franklin D. Roosevelt, Junior, was introduced. I was terribly thrilled, of course, extended my hand to him—and the shoulder straps of my dress broke!

"On *cue*! As if I had timed it! These straps giving way resulted in probably the most ghastly situation in my entire life. I grabbed the dress instantly, and the men saved the situation. They did the only obvious thing to ease my dying embarrassment—they roared with laughter!

"But the women—the women could have killed me. Did one of them come to my rescue with a pin, or offer the faintest moral support? They did not. They let me see it through without a flicker of assistance. They think to this day I *planned* it, I know they do. I am an *actress*, and actresses are not to be trusted. If you think I was properly snubbed at the beginning of that evening, you should have seen the finish! They were marvelous, those women, in their distrust. They were majestic, they were outraged womanhood organized in a body against this incredible snip who let her dress fall down!

"Every man there, almost, danced with me. I had a grand time."

Bette had to take time out while we both shrieked at the picture of that appalling disaster. She can appreciate the humor of it now. Enough time has elapsed to take off the edge, but she anchors her shoulder straps with safety pins and adhesive tape before she goes out. She will never trust a dressmaker again.

"Friendship," Bette remarked, "is as rare as love. There is almost no woman who can except position and possessions when she chooses a friend. That is more true in Hollywood than any place else in the world. The woman who has the real confidence of a star may be her secretary or her hairdresser—but you will never catch her at the Trocadero with one of them.

"They can't trust each other the way men do. I think women envy the companionship of men who are equals, more than anything else about men.

THE famous star, the beauty, has so little confidence in her charm that she chooses for her best 'friend,' the girl to pal around with, a dowdy, fat, or insignificant nonentity who is perfectly safe, who presents no competition, beside whom the beauty will shine. The pal is invariably a social equal if not in the same financial class. But the beauty avoids submitting herself to a close comparison. And even then she has moments of doubt if ever she is brought to a realization that men want something more entertaining than a beautiful anatomy.

"In 'Bondage,' the two women who really loved Leslie Howard hated *Mildred* and *Mildred* hated them, seen or unseen. Probably the most authentic hate in every woman's life is for the girl her sweetheart or husband once loved. They can't grasp the fundamental fact that *NOW* is what matters.

"My mother and father were divorced when I was very young, and it made me inordinately inquisitive about marriage. Why couldn't



people stay married? I have studied married people since then with the most frank and brutal curiosity.

"I think the one thing that gets men disgusted first is the poor sportsmanship of their wives. Women are desperately afraid to have some man catch them with their hair down—not necessarily their husbands, either. Every young man who is serious about a girl should go on a camping trip with her, and see how she stands up under it.

"When I used to find myself growing romantic about a lad, I would let him catch me looking gosh-awful. It's when I am a bad sport about anything that Ham simply can't stand me.

"He is too utterly disgusted.

"Crabbing about things that can't be avoided—woman's besetting sin.

"Being an actress is a petty career. She has to develop an ego, especially in this acting business, she couldn't get along a step without it. And I love the thing I am doing. Sometimes I wish I were a little girl back in a mill-town with a beau who had fifty cents a week to spend on the movies. The ideal life for a woman is to marry some man when she is seventeen, have lots of kids, and never start analyzing men.

"These career women meet their Waterloo when they can't go home and drop it and be the little woman. The ideal situation is to have a guy who can squelch the ego right out of you. I have one in my husband who is a past master at the art. Men have told us where to get off for so many generations—but they can't any more, logically. But at least let them think they can, and let it keep your balance.

"There is no creature so monstrous as the egotistical woman who can't keep her brilliance to herself.

"MOST women are natural born hypochondriacs, they want to be pitied by men for all they have to go through. I do it myself sometimes. If I can't be pitied, I get nasty. So Ham just walks out and leaves me alone, which is the best way I can think of for dealing with an unreasonable woman. I think the woman who gets the most out of life and makes her marriage last is the one who makes a cult of health, in a quiet way, and not an issue of every pain. That soothing masculine 'poor-darling-what-can-I-get-for-you?' is very tempting, but dangerous to play too often.

"A perfect example of the Hollywood-woman-actress combination is the one who came into a San Francisco night-club where Ham was playing, not long ago. She ran up to me exclaiming, 'Oh, my deah, what *ah* you doing up *heah*?' I nodded proudly over at the orchestra where Ham was busy at the piano, and said, 'Ham, my husband. He works here.' She gave me a look of mingled pity and amazement. She might as well have said 'Imagine that poor girl married to a man who works in the *orchestra*.' She fled. I sat down and howled with mirth. She was the Hollywood Attitude, in person.

"It is always a sad but amusing sight to the cynics to see the Hollywood girls as soon as they lose their contracts. They start looking violently for husbands. Anything for security, they find out at last. Another outcropping of the ego. When they have the job they scorn the very men they chase after they lose it. This business is amazing in the way it magnifies and intensifies the worst traits in women. But I guess they are pretty much alike, all over the world. And I think they're awful!"

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## Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer and Ale





# "I Think Women Are Swell!" says Una Merkel

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]

yourself when it means so much to you—why expect others to?"

Una disposed of two telephone calls with the ease and grace of an old hand, keeping everybody concerned in a good humor—including ye interviewer. Una is not one who reserves all her charm and gracious manner for the lads.

"You shouldn't put such a strain on friendship, anyway. Why burden others with your affairs when they have so many of their own problems and personal griefs? The less you expect from your friends, the more they are able to give.

"Then the gossip angle . . . Women are the congenital gossipers, gossip is a word of feminine gender, you might say. But why? Who writes the most celebrated gossip columns? Men!! It isn't only the fault of women that small local gossip in any town is passed along. The men love it!

"Why do people everywhere dash for the gossip column every morning? To get the latest, the inside, news. And why? Because gossip is the commodity there is least of—and because it's about *people*—a subject of our most intense lifelong interest. Don't tell me women do all the gossiping. *Every body* gossips, if they are human."

UNA has some interesting comparisons to make between men and women. She uses the words of Katherine Mansfield, who describes men and women as two sides of a coin. They are but one half of the same thing . . . "Some men have the quality of gentleness which is usually regarded as a feminine characteristic—some women possess fortitude. And so on down the line. Both share the same faults. You cannot generalize with specious statements, such as too many writers do . . . Man is all one thing, woman is all another. There are just as many honest and forthright women as there are men!"

(Take time out till the hurrahs are over.)

As for jealousy in women—especially professional women—our current cause-champion gave the bright chintz cushion beside her a thumping and went into the jealousy phase with a right good will.

"In all my professional career, I cannot think of one instance—not one—when I did not find friendliness and even helpfulness, on the part of women, *stars*, whom I have supported.

"The first night I ever set foot on a stage I was struck with the generosity of the women in the cast. Charlotte Walker, the star of the play, took me back to her dressing room and personally put on my entire make-up.

"When I played in 'Coquette' in New York with Helen Hayes, she was wonderful. My rôle was a fine one—but any star could have damaged it. Helen gave me every chance, encouraged me—and she was more pleased when I made good than I could possibly have been. And she has remained that way.

"Of course, there is some pettiness. But when you stop to consider all the opportunities for meanness in the theatrical business, you will find there is very little, in comparison."

"There is that time-honored cliché that women in the same profession are afraid to have women friends—particularly friends on an equal footing of beauty, money and position—(Una smiled at that one).

"Bringing my personal experience to bear again, I have no fear of Madge Evans, Helen Hayes, Eleanor Powell, Anna May Wong and the others who are my friends. There has never been jealousy or distrust among us. If I didn't see any one of these women for five years, I know when we met we would resume our friendship right where we left off. And aside from my own case, what about all the other friendships among famous and beautiful women?

"There are Helen Hayes and Ruth Chatterton. Both talented, both have terrific drawing power on the stage—and both respect each other and have the greatest admiration for the other's talent.

"When Helen arrived on the coast to make her first picture, Ruth, who had been in films for some time, went out of her way to teach Helen all she had learned by experience about make-up and camera technique.

"Dolores Rel Rio and Virginia Bruce, both talented and glamorous, are close friends. And then Joan Crawford and Jean Dixon, Helen Hayes and Ruth Gordon—and many others.

"Certainly you can't overlook the great friendship of Frances Marion and Marie Dressler. How Frances, believing in Marie, plugged and tried to establish her—finally writing a story around her.

"And yet you hear all the time that professional women are afraid to have any women friends except the plain little hairdresser or secretary. Bunk."

Una paused, wondering if she had covered the "jealousy" subject entirely. "Here's another way to look at it," she resumed. "There is more jealousy among the parents of actors than among actors themselves! But it isn't malicious. Two mothers will think their sons or daughters are better, as a matter of maternal pride. It's in the same spirit, really, as two fathers whose sons are on opposite sides in a football game. They have to go out and root for their own, don't they?

"Women seldom maliciously 'cut' another woman. If women don't like other women, there is generally a *reason*!

"Men are more likely to judge a woman by her women friends. And they are less inclined to trust a woman who has none."

AS for the predatory femme looking for a rich husband, Una says this:

"I can't believe women look for men with money in this day of disappearing bank accounts. If they did, there would be a lot of manless women, I'm afraid. During this depression, women have been called upon to bear a tremendous burden. They have seen their men face idleness and not only have they kept their belief in them—they have increased their faith, encouraged, and kept their men believing in themselves. They've been sporting!

"And another thing—women do not concentrate on dressing up, not these days. The trend of the times calls for sports clothes. A plain sports dress, felt hat and accessories. You can't accuse them of dressing up in those things . . . But why on earth shouldn't a woman endeavor to be attractive at all times? Isn't it more pleasant to look at something lovely than at something ugly? I think it's a duty to look as nice as possible.

"Every generation has its so-called 'wild youth,' but even the girls of today have shuffled off many of the silly foibles of the past generation.

"I think, when they marry, they do not bother to be jealous of their husband's old sweethearts any more. They realize every kind of love comes at the right time. So why worry when it is past and gone? If you love a man enough to marry him, and he you, that sort of proves he didn't want anyone else.

"My husband's former fiancée is frequently a welcome guest at our house. I still correspond with some of my former beaux, now married, and their wives certainly don't seem to object.

"Women are not the only sympathy-hunters, my word! Where did *that* ever start? You can't beat a man for wanting comfort when he has a pain.

"We spend so much time playing we are grown up that it's a relief to seek elemental comfort just as we did when children.

"As for being complainers—I think if women get in a jam, nine times out of ten they will wait longer to ask for help than most men! I know I would have to be in a lot of trouble before I bothered anyone.

"It is rather absurd to mention in their defense that women are the child-bearers . . . but it is rather marvelous that they regard it as a privilege and not a burden.

"SO many people have a horror of groups of women. Personally, I do not care for large groups or organizations. For one reason, I find so much pleasure in my own home. My husband and father do not care for clubs for the same reason. Still, if you enjoy your club, that's your own business. Many of these clubs do much work for the good of humanity.

"Women possess a fundamental goodness. Who doesn't remember with a soft spot in the heart, the neighbor-to-neighbor friendliness of women? My mother still writes to a neighbor to whom she was never introduced. Years ago, when my grandfather died, that neighbor prepared all our meals. That was in a small town, and not so many walls separated us as in a large city. Just the same, if you call for aid, no matter where, a hand will stretch out to help—usually a feminine hand, at that.

"This idea of women constantly knifing each other is silly. At the studio the make-up women, hairdressers, wardrobe ladies adopt us as if we were their own. It is remarkable, their unselfish attitude. Their work is tedious, their salaries small. But there is no bitterness—only genuine desire to help.

"Women columnists have many opportunities to hurt us, yet they are the ones who give us the greatest boosts.

"I've been around more men than women—by circumstance, not choice. Not to appear a Pollyanna, I mean it when I say I'm tremendously fond of both. When it comes to faults, I think the final decision rates an even toss-up.

"The most bitter complaint against some women seems to be 'they are man-crazy.'

"Heavens, you can't blame a woman for seeking her natural companion, a man. It's a rule that dates back to Adam and Eve!

"But I believe if all her friends are men and women do not like her—there's a reason!"



# A Romance That Is Stronger Than Death

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71 ]

The first thing that Billie Burke does every morning of her life is to take yesterday's flowers out of the silver vases on either side of Florenz Ziegfeld's picture on her bedside table and fill them with fresh blossoms. Every room in her home has a photograph of the man she married when she was the toast of London and New York; the one on the mantel over the leaping fire and the bright brass cupids show him seated at his desk, smiling. "Such a nice expression, I think," Billie said. "He was a very handsome man, you know, and so in love with life. Such men don't really die as long as there are women who keep them alive in their hearts!"

SHE carries an enlarged snapshot of him, tall, with the jaunty carriage of head and shoulders Broadway knew, from one studio dressing table to the next, and always there are fresh flowers, fragrant because he adored perfumes and exotic scents, brilliant because color was a passion with the man. In Hollywood, where life breaks so many romances on the sharp, glittering edges of success, it is strange to find one love which death itself has not ended.

"I've just come from Forest Lawn now," Billie said, as though excusing her black dress (even black looks somehow frivolous and gay on little Billie Burke). "Most people don't seem to know that Flo is buried out here. They feel back East that he should be in New York, near the Broadway he did so much to glorify,

but I couldn't let him go so far away from me. Baby and I go over to—to be with him every week, and on special days like today. This was his birthday—Flo was a great man for keeping anniversaries. No matter where he was, if we were not together on birthdays or New Year's or wedding anniversaries there'd be hampers of flowers and candy and presents and a long distance telephone call. I never knew until I married him what an art could be made of just living."

Her hands fluttered to her throat with a billieburkish gesture which matinee girls a generation ago were copying. The broad, old-fashioned wedding band on the fourth finger has never been cut down to modern thinness and decorated with orange blossoms.

"He made a ceremony just of coming home at night," she smiled. "His arms were always filled with something—magazines, or samples of gorgeous fabrics to try on the chairs. Flo Ziegfeld was tremendously proud of our home. I think it was something that he had never expected to have, a house, and a wife to meet him at the door, and a child—the simple, ordinary things most men have. He was used to such a different world, gilded hotels and luxurious steamships, and the theater. In that world he was a king. You have no idea of the power that man had! He had only to put out his hand and everything came to him. But he was never quite sure of me. I saw to that and it was this that saved us, twice—when our

marriage came very close to shipwreck. I didn't blame him. He was always surrounded with the most beautiful women in the world, and these two were sumptuous, gorgeous creatures (I was always so small myself). But I said to him, 'Cards on the table now, Flo. Which do you want most? You'll have to choose, you know,' and he chose Patricia and me.

"He would have buried me in jewels if I had let him. He loved seeing me at the head of his table entertaining his friends. That was why I left the stage, really, because he so passionately wanted to take care of me. He thought"—mischief quivered in her voice—"he thought that I was as helpless as I looked, and *I wanted him to think so*, though I had been supporting myself and my mother for nine years before I met him! When toward the last of his life he put everything he could scrape together into building his own theater and we found ourselves suddenly almost penniless, I think it really shortened his days because I took a part in 'The Vinegar Tree' to help out. When I spoke to him about it he said, 'Oh damn it, Billie, I suppose you'd better,' but there were tears in his eyes. He was broken-hearted to see me working again and to feel somehow he had failed us."

SHE might have married great wealth, a splendid title, high social position, this auburn-haired, tiny darling of the stage in the

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days of Gibson Girls and long white automobile veils and Rector's. Before movie stars were dreamed of Billie Burke was mobbed by hysterical crowds wherever she went. Dresses and hats and hair arrangements, chocolates and roses, desserts and drinks were named after her. The drawing rooms of Mayfair and Fifth Avenue were open to her. It was no ordinary career she sacrificed for love.

SITTING curled like a schoolgirl (it seems absurd to say "twenty-five years ago" in connection with Billie Burke) she spoke of her meeting with the man who was eighteen years her senior and already famous as the discoverer and promoter of so much feminine beauty. She had never happened to see the fabled Florenz Ziegfeld, and she had danced with him for ten minutes before someone hailed him by name.

"My heart leaped with sheer fright," she laughed. "He had such a reputation as a reckless gambler and a Great Lover. I thought,

ness. "A hundred times during the afternoon I cried, 'I can't do it! I won't do it! Find Flo and tell him I've changed my mind.' But he wasn't to be found anywhere, though my messengers went to every haunt of his with distracted notes.

"When I came out of the stage door after the matinee there he was waiting with a car, and of course all my resolutions went flying. He just grinned down at me, 'I knew you'd be trying to find me to jilt me, Billie,' he said, 'so I've been hiding out all day.'"

And so the two, the most powerful producer of girl shows and the favorite actress of two great cities, stole away down Broadway with its glitter of mazdas just blazing on. From the deck of the ferry-boat they looked back at the city they both had conquered, and I hope that The Great Ziegfeld and the famous Billie Burke held hands like eloping youngsters while the blind beggar with the wheezy accordion who always travels on ferry-boats played "many a heart is *ach*-ing, if you could *read* them

went on tour with the play. Then they sent for me to come to Hollywood and make a picture! Twenty years ago we made "Jerry" in a Scottish village set built along the edge of the shore in Santa Monica. The scenic church still stood there up to a few months ago. They made me a wonderful offer to stay but—well, Flo was just opening the Ziegfeld Roof and there were gorgeous women in the show. I thought, 'No, it isn't safe! If you want to keep him go home.' So I went. And then I lost my first baby, and soon after Patricia came along and so I gave it up. And I was just Mrs. Flo Ziegfeld, parentheses Billie Burke, for sixteen years.

"Flo loved to go to Palm Beach, and to the Riviera, and everywhere he went he wanted to take me. But there was one trip I did not go on with him. Once he came home deadly white, and showed me a cablegram he had received from Paris. It told him that a woman was dying, a musical comedy star with whom he had had a famous romance thirty years before. I said, 'You must go to her, Flo. At once!' I watched his ship sail down the bay and then I went home and cried. It was not myself I was crying for but for the poor woman who had lost Flo in her youth and loved him all these years. She was an old woman, but I could never think of age in connection with Florenz Ziegfeld. I am sure it never occurred to him that he would ever die and leave the beauty he worshipped, the exquisite texture of his satins and velvets, the scent of his perfumes, the sight of lovely women."

And the things that he valued most of all, she might have added—his daughter with her mother's glorious auburn hair and his own carriage, and his wife, terror stricken to find herself alone and almost penniless after being cherished and protected as few women ever are.

THEIR home, set in an estate of forty acres up the Hudson, has been closed ever since Ziegfeld's death. "I should have sold it," Billie mused, "but I've never had the courage to set foot in it since. I've had only one presentiment in my whole life, and that was the sick wave of horror that swept over me when I came home from making 'The Bill of Divorcement' three years ago and crossed the threshold into that house. I didn't know then that Flo was sick but I felt that there was something terribly wrong somewhere. And that night when the Will Rogers' and we went to the opening of Flo's new show and I reached out a hand in the darkness of the box and laid it on his and felt the dreadful hurry-hurry of his heartbeat I knew what that terror was."

"I had to get back to Hollywood to make retakes, and I couldn't leave him. I was wild with fright. I persuaded him to come back with me. We called it a vacation trip because he wouldn't admit then or ever that he was sick. And there in the little house down by the sea, which I rented by the fortnight because I wasn't sure of having any money for the rent beyond that, he died suddenly."

She looked around the beautiful room with a kind of wonder. "I am so *grateful*," said Billie Burke, "that the movies wanted me."

At plays and parties Billie Burke's escort is always the same, these days—a director at one of the bigger studios. Will she marry again, Hollywood wonders? She looked at the pictured face on the mantel between vases of yellow primroses and jonquils. The stirring shadows from the fire gave it a look of radiant life.

"I'm afraid," whispered Billie Burke, "that he spoiled other men for me. . . ."



Will Colman forsake his moustache forever? Here he is, ready to begin work in "A Tale of Two Cities,"—and no moustache! With Ronald is Jack Conway, who will direct the screen version of Dickens' classic

"Oh—it's that dreadful man!" I was engrossed in my career—nobody was ever so ambitious as I was! I didn't want to fall in love. I didn't want to marry. But I knew as we danced that I was in danger for the first time.

"Two and a half months I held out. But even my mother favored Flo. When he said finally, 'All right, Billie, if you won't marry me I am going abroad,' I knew that I would lose him if I sent him away. I couldn't risk that! And so between my matinee and evening performance we slipped across on the ferry to Hoboken and were married. We were going to keep it a great secret for years and years. Walter Winchell was in vaudeville then, but my chauffeur told his barber and it was out in twenty-four hours. And the house was filled with flowers from my other beaux when the papers carried our pictures bordered with hearts and Cupids the way they did in those days. Oh, that wedding of mine!" She glanced at the picture on the mantel with sweet arch-

all; many the *hopes* that have *van*-ished, *af-ter* the ball."

It was not marriage as Ziegfeld would have staged it, with the bride stepping out of a giant orange blossom and fifty gorgeous bridesmaids carrying her silver veil while electric moons and stars wheeled and glittered overhead and girls as Cupids swung out over the audience scattering rose petals. But the parsonage parlor with religious prints hanging on chocolate striped wall-paper held a greater glory than even the Great Ziegfeld had ever devised for his stage.

BILLIE Burke's eyes, no less blue now than then, seemed to be looking at that far away scene. "I knew as we stood there, that I was saying good-bye to the stage. No actress ever loved it more—the breathless moment before the curtain goes up, the blur of faces beyond the footlights, the theater smells, and the applause. Of course, I tried to hold on to them. I finished my season on Broadway and even



# The Man Who Plays "The Informer"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65 ]

Hollywood has ever given the acting profession!"

Whether or not the critics have scared away the Public by labeling this fine and exciting picture "ART"—whether it goes down in box-office history as the finest film in years or lays a neat egg as genius-gone-to-waste, the irrevocable fact remains that Victor McLaglen emerges the man of the Hollywood Hour from his portrayal of the stupid Goliath in the title rôle!

He is not amused, annoyed or even flattered at this turn of events that brings reporters and color-writers clamoring to his door for opinions on everything from "the future of the movies" to the question of "Do women prefer the brute-man type?" Nor is he impressed with the shouting campaign that has already begun to crown him with the mythical honors of The Academy Award. Though Hollywood seems to have forgotten it, he has been up for the Award before; his exceptional performance in "The Lost Patrol." And if they had had Academy Awards back in the days of "What Price Glory" he would no doubt have won it with his *Captain Flagg*. When new writers say: "Hail McLaglen" and assume the attitude that he has "become" a great actor, he merely says:

"There is no sustained glory in Hollywood! All of us are as good as our last preview—no worse, no better."

His voice, his bearing, his entire off-screen manner is a jolt if one hasn't met him—and I hadn't, until that day we arranged our appointment at the Club House of his recently formed *California Light Horse*. Prepared only for a personification of his screen lustiness, I was flabbergasted at the mental culture of the man. His speech has the same smooth cultivation of Colman's or Marshall's. His diction is flawless. No matter what the background, club room or screen barracks, he is physically enormous, but removed from camera range he is no clumsy lummo! Every pound of his two hundred and twenty-five is perfectly proportioned on his physique.

HE sat, now, in a huge leather chair, his boots stretched as far as his legs could reach them. The collar of his white polo shirt was unopened. He insisted, with a patient-but-encouraging expression on his face, that he didn't talk well for publication. "My private life is a taboo subject," he explained, "for the simple reason that my family are non-professionals and, as such, are entitled to the dignity of privacy." (He lives with the very charming Mrs. McLaglen and his two children on a ranch estate in Flintridge.) "The bare facts of my life have been written a couple of times, at least, and I've been warned by more than one publicity department that my ideas on acting and work make dull reading. I find it difficult to talk readily to anyone but an old friend—so I doubt if you'll get anything out of me."

He was right. I got little from McLaglen himself.

As a matter of fact, the interview would have been rather futile business had it not been for some real help from a number of Vic's hard-riding pals of *The Light Horse Troop* who constantly went to bat for him whilst he was



DO YOU LET  
"foot-fag"  
AFFECT YOUR  
PERSONALITY?



PAMELA



LORELEI



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out of the room on one of his many, restless pilgrimages to his private office or the stables. All of the boys who helped me with information were the hard-bitten type of ready-fisted gentlemen of the old school and each time they made note of a flattering piece of data on McLaglen's personality or life, they begged that it be kept secret from Vic that they had told on him.

It is rather typical that he should make our appointment at the *Light Horse Headquarters* since this is his only life outside the studio and his family. He is constantly with these men who stand ready at a moment's notice to ride with him, to fight forest fires, handle local emergencies such as the Long Beach, California, earthquake and who are at the service of the local, State and Federal police at any time. These same men hunt and train with him and together they spend interminable hours before the roaring fire of the club room smoking, drinking and swapping tales of their adventurous lives.

But none of their adventure yarns are more glamorous, more exciting, more strange than Vic's own story. They couldn't be. He's been everywhere—done everything.

BORN in a suburb of London, he spent a great part of his early life in South Africa where his father was Bishop of Clermont. No psalm-singing, hand-rubbing, pious-faced Divine of the old school, this father of Victor McLaglen, but a roaring man, a physically strong man with huge bellows for lungs; the Bishop was a man who made the fight between Right and Wrong as thrilling and adventuresome to his enthralled listeners as though he had been spinning tales of the battlefield. There was a large family: seven sons born to the robust Man of God and his beautiful wife—sons who were to rove the world as soldiers of countries and fortunes, carrying their heritage of strength and spirit to their amazing adventures.

Vic was the strongest, the wildest, the ugliest and the most sentimental! And though his unquenchable thirst for greener pastures separated him from his family at an early age no ocean was too wide, no continent too distant to make him lose the memory of the parents and home that he worshipped. While he lived and worked in Hollywood, his one crowning ambition was to mark his mother's grave with a beautiful marble statue so that her memory would be preserved forever. Thus, with the first important money he earned in pictures, Vic McLaglen journeyed to London and placed an enormous Carara marble statue over the last resting place of his mother and father. It took almost every cent he had managed to save; but if it had been ten times larger and ten times more imposing than it is, it could not half express the deep-rooted gratitude and affection he holds for their memory.

McLaglen's most unusual characteristic is that innate feeling of gratitude for people he loves and places that have given him an opportunity. This very Troop of Horsemen he has organized is but a manifestation of his gratitude to his adopted country. He doesn't think it enough to feel gratitude, he must demonstrate it. While for England he has respect and affection—make no mistake about his real feeling for America. For our country he has a love and a gratitude almost beyond words. He attempts his explanation with: "This country is the land of opportunity. It has given me everything. The proudest day of my life came when I was made an American citizen. England gave me birth—but America

gave me Life. Why shouldn't my life and services be at the demand of the country that has given me so much?"

His citizenship and his loyalty are a touchy subject with Vic. They become a sore-spot when they are questioned—as they were in a recent newspaper article in which a mis-guided pacifist referred to his *Light Horse Troop* and his leadership of it as an influence toward "Fascism," the military education. This interpretation shocked him. He was in a blue funk for days. He who had been a soldier of fortune—lied about his age to enlist in the Boer War—who had stowed-away to every port in the world seeking adventure before he was twenty-one—who had once been heavyweight champion of eastern Canada and fought Jack Johnson to a draw in Vancouver—who had washed dishes for his dinner in the Fiji



**Best wishes to Esther Ralston and Bill Morgan, for whom wedding bells rang recently. Esther is divorced from George Webb, actor**

Islands—who had joined the gold-rush to Kalgoorlie and who had yet to meet the circumstance he couldn't fight his way out of, was temporarily licked with a few words. Even his cronies couldn't laugh him out of it. He would not rest until he had met this newspaper man and carefully, painstakingly corrected the misinterpretation of his military organization. It is impossible for him to ignore mistakes, criticisms or wrong ideas concerning himself. If the injury can't be corrected with fists, then hours of patient words must do it.

"It's a hangover influence from my father," he said upon returning from one of his many trips to his office. "None of us followed in his footsteps as a preacher, but I think we've all followed in spirit. I can't rest until the wrong impression or idea has been righted. I'm not built to laugh it off!"

It is this intense differential between Right and Wrong in his character that is back of his enormous charity work. But this was one topic I didn't dare mention to McLaglen. Even more than his loyal citizenship, his charities are a sore spot when they are revealed in the spotlight of publicity.

"For heaven's sake," one of his rough riders warned me during one of Vic's absences, "don't tell McLaglen I mentioned it, but we spent all of Christmas day delivering baskets of food to 14,000 families who had not been taken care of by organized charities because their requests came in too late. Much of the cost came out of Vic's own pocket, too. We worked two days packing baskets and getting them on the trucks for delivery. And he warned all the newspaper boys that he wouldn't tolerate a word about it in print! They knew he meant it, too."

His acting career began accidentally on a trip to London following ten years of soldiering and three years service as *Provost Marshall* of Bagdad. He was standing at the bar of the National Sporting Club in London when a man walked up and introduced himself as a motion picture director and asked Vic if he'd be interested in appearing before the camera. McLaglen was, it appeared, "just the type" for a soldiering part in the gentleman's current cinema. Vic was amazed. It's true he had, at one time, teamed up with a fellow who did strong-man stuff on a vaudeville circuit through Canada. "But I'm not an actor," he protested. The man replied quickly: "It's not what you can do—it's the way you look." And to this day, Vic thoroughly understands that he didn't mean his beauty.

"SO I got into pictures just like a Follies Girl," he grinned, revealing perfect, strong teeth of gleaming whiteness in his usual wide smile, "on my shape and my face."

"The Call Of The Road" was his first soldiering part before the camera, followed by "The Glorious Adventure"—both of which titles sound like hand-picked stuff for Vic. Then came a cable from J. Stuart Blackton who had seen him in his first London efforts brought him and Mrs. McLaglen to America to play the lead in "The Beloved Brute."

His American career, including such pictures as "What Price Glory," "Loves of Carmen," "Mother Machree," "The Black Watch," "The Cockeyed World," "The Lost Patrol" and, now "The Informer," is too well known to need recounting here. Yet in spite of Hollywood, with her far-flung fame, he remains something of an enigma even to those closest to him. Even the men of his *Light Horse Troop* that he loves so much are quick to admit that they know but one side of Vic. "No one really knows the guy," is the way one of his closest friends puts it. "You're always turning corners in his make-up—stumbling onto something you hadn't suspected."

He is sincerely grateful for everything Hollywood has given him—yet lives only near enough to be near the studios. Flintridge. Neither Vic nor Mrs. McLaglen enter into any phase of the local, spotlighted social life.

Many men who know some of the secrets of Vic's heart—who have shared exciting or heart-breaking experiences with him—have never been invited into his home. On the other hand, he may play a charming host to a man who is practically a stranger, whom he thinks will enjoy a quiet, family dinner!

No one has ever been able to sell him a radio because he "hates the squawking things." Yet he carries his portable phonograph everywhere—even on the set—and plays his favorite



concert artists as tirelessly as Joan Crawford. He has an Arabian valet whom he picked up in Bagdad and they converse in Arabian. He has never missed a prizefight or a wrestling match held within a hundred miles of Hollywood. He loves hunting trips, cooking his own meals and roughing it in any kind of weather—but he travels on these journeys in an imported town car, luxuriously-upholstered and driven by a uniformed chauffeur!

He rarely ever sees the actual preview of his pictures but reads the reviews avidly—and likes to talk with those critics with whom he fails to agree. Next to horses, he loves fancy game birds and breeds them on his estate. He lives practically his entire life in boots on horseback, yet there isn't an actor in Hollywood with a more extensive wardrobe of expensive, hand-tailored suits. In fact, his tastes seem to combine the most unusual combination of luxury and simplicity.

The answer? There isn't any. That is one of the things I learned from our meeting (and from his friends): that no one, including Vic McLaglen, knows much about Victor McLaglen—nor are any explanations attempted. But when I mentioned his size to one of the men, his answer gave a good incite into his character. The man said:

"Lucky thing he *is* so big—otherwise his heart would be too big for his body!"

## WHAT DO THE STARS REALLY EAT?

A few weeks ago Frederick L. Collins investigated the stellar diets at first hand by going to several restaurants where Hollywood's most famous stars lunch and dine. He noted carefully what they ordered and he was amazed, as you will be when you read "Don't Talk to Me About Diet—I've Seen the Stars Really Eat." It is an interesting, surprising, delightfully intimate article appearing in the October issue of Photoplay. Read it.

... a woman can't begin too early

... to attend to her looks.

And here's another reason for the daily enjoyment of **DOUBLE MINT** gum. It will help form a well-shaped mouth.





# Love Comes First for Fred MacMurray

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29 ]

welcome to certain exclusive little parties that are usually distinguished by the dazzling presence of all the hard-to-see producers, and there have been impromptu telephone calls urging him to be a fourth at bridge tables circled by the loftiest names in the star register.

But all these invitations have been directed to Fred MacMurray, the single, unattached and highly eligible young screen actor. Not one of them suggested that he bring with him a young lady of his own choice. All of them were quite clear on one point, that Mr. MacMurray attend the dinner, the dance, the reception or the cocktail gathering ALONE.

And Hollywood continues to puzzle over Fred's strange defiance of its unwritten and inflexible law concerning all promising young actors, the law that makes invitations to certain important drawing-rooms command performances.

The other day Fred told me why he is willing

that Fred was twenty-five at the time, but the fact remains that Lillian is the first woman in his life.

It happened something like this. At the age of eleven Fred helped his mother keep their tiny home going in Madison, Wisconsin, by working two paper routes and a magazine delivery service after school hours. He worked his way through high school and college by learning to play a saxophone and training a dance band that was hired for every school function during the eight years of his higher education.

"I MET a lot of girls from the orchestra stand during those years," Fred once told me, "but I never got to know one well enough from that distance or in the unromantic atmosphere of a classroom to offer my fraternity pin. Later, when I left college, I worked in a bargain basement as salesman during the day and in a hotel

an almost unbearable rehearsal for the musical comedy "Roberta," he saw her.

Fred recalls that he was working out one of those dot-line puzzles issued by a nationally known cigarette company as a nerve test. He was just discovering that he was on the verge of a complete nervous collapse when a soft note of musical laughter caused him to look over his shoulder.

And there stood the image, clad in a white silk blouse and a pair of neat brown slacks, laughing at his jerky efforts to draw straight lines between the right dots.

Without a word she leaned over his shoulder, corrected two or three major errors in his puzzle work, and then returned to her place in the show girl line-up.

And although Fred believed all the legends surrounding New York's luxury-cradled show girls, something told him that he could ask this tall, slender, dark duplicate of his "image" to have dinner with him that night at a cheap but good tea-room around the corner.

During that first dinner, Fred discovered that the image's name was Lillian and that she had left her home in a small town in South Carolina because she wanted to design gowns, to write short stories and go on the stage.

The next night at dinner he learned that she lived alone in a little room and, like himself, was quite bereft of friends in New York.

THE third night he agreed at her insistence that, if they were to have dinner together every night, it would have to be "Dutch" (shades of the pre-depression chorus girl!) because both of them had been rehearsing six weeks without salary, and Fred carried the added burden of a mother recovering from an accident in a Los Angeles hospital.

With the fourth night both discovered that they preferred long walks along the Hudson to night club dancing, picnics in New Jersey on nice Sundays to cocktail rendezvous, and a good movie with a stop at the Chocolate Shop for sodas on the way home.

And on the fifth night as Fred was sitting sleepily in a late subway local carrying him from Tudor City to his single room on West Sixty-First Street, he was suddenly quite certain that the next night at dinner he would ask Lillian Lamont to wait for him. And somehow he knew that her answer would be yes.

From September to April, Lillian and Fred never missed a single evening meal together before they went to work at the theater, and they usually managed to have their midday breakfast at the same drug store.

On April Fool's day Fred was awakened by a call from the Paramount offices asking him if he would be willing to make a screen test. Some canny talent scout for the studio had discovered Fred deep among the trap drums and brasses of the "Roberta" band.

After the test was made, Fred and Lillian agreed to refrain from talking about the possibilities it promised because they were so sure this fairy-tale break would fizzle away into nothing. They shushed one another determinedly for a week whenever the subject of Hollywood or movies or getting enough money on which to marry was mentioned.

And then Fred was notified that there was a contract waiting for him if he would leave for the Pacific Coast immediately.



**The Howards and the Gargans go out for an evening of merry-making. Only, the gentleman on the left is not Leslie Howard, but son Ronald. Next is Mrs. William Gargan, Mrs. Leslie Howard, and William Gargan**

to risk the hazards of breaking Hollywood's favorite commandment. He said:

"Long before I came to Hollywood or had the vaguest notion concerning a future in screen work, I met a girl. Her name is Lillian Lamont, but some day it will be Mrs. MacMurray.

"She gave up a small part in the musical show 'Roberta,' and her chances for a stage career to come out here when it became unbearably lonely to me to be without her. She is working now as a manikin in an exclusive shop on the Boulevard. I believe that explains everything, doesn't it?"

BUT Fred is wrong. Only the complete story of the MacMurray-Lamont romance can "explain everything."

Lillian is Fred's first girl friend. It is quite true that they met only two years ago, and

orchestra at night, which left me less time than ever to find feminine companionship."

But during those endless hours that Fred made his saxophone moan and laugh and whisper for the swaying, jogging couples that swept by him, he found himself unconsciously piecing together a mental picture of a perfect girl friend.

He always selected brown or black hair for her, and never varied once from brown eyes, and he usually pictured her as tall, although that point wasn't too important. Her voice—and that was very important—was always low and no matter how hard she laughed at his imagined witticisms, she never sounded harsh or brassy.

He carried this image around with him for quite a long time.

And then in the middle of a suffocatingly hot afternoon in early September, 1933, during



Before he quite realized what had happened, he had quit his job with the show, packed his clothes and his saxophone, kissed Lillian a tearful good-bye at the Grand Central Station and was on his way.

In Hollywood he was joyfully welcomed by his mother, his grandmother, his Aunt Hazel and his Uncle Arthur, who had joined forces and made a home together in the film colony three years before.

During the first two weeks there was the excitement of getting acquainted around the studio, taking publicity photographs, being interviewed by the press and taking more tests. The picture for which he had been rushed across the continent was indefinitely postponed, and Fred, for the first time in his work-crowded life, found himself with time on his hands—time to play tennis and golf and to swim and time enough to be hideously lonely for the “image.”

THERE were no invitations to gay little film parties then because outside the studio producers' and cashier's offices no one knew he was in Hollywood.

It was on another suffocatingly hot day in September that Fred found himself wiring Lillian, begging her to give up her show job and a new opportunity to do some dress designing for a wholesale house, and come West.

Lillian was on a train headed for Hollywood within twenty-four hours.

With her arrival things started breaking right for Fred at the studio. He was rushed into “The Gilded Lily” at the last minute when the studio discovered that the production budget precluded the hiring of a certain well known but expensive leading man. And two short months later Fred suddenly found himself accepting congratulations from studio big wigs who had never been able to remember his name before.

And just as suddenly he was called into walnut-paneled offices for friendly talks concerning his promising future, and asked to lunch with well known directors. And somehow during the course of these informal little get-togethers it was always deftly hinted that attachments of the heart were very serious handicaps for promising young leading men.

But it seems that Fred MacMurray can't take a hint, because he still continues to meet Lillian for dinner every night.

SOMETIMES they dine at Fred's home with his mother, his grandmother, his Aunt Hazel and his Uncle Arthur. And sometimes, when Lillian isn't too tired after a day of modelling gowns in the exclusive Boulevard shop, she prepares their dinner in her little kitchenette apartment.

And in spite of the many impressive cream-colored notes that “request the pleasure of Mr. MacMurray's presence” at this and that Hollywood party, Fred and Lillian still prefer a picnic on nice Sundays, a late stroll along the ocean front on moonlight nights, or a good movie with a stop at the Sweet Shop for sodas on the way home.

They will be married the moment Fred feels that he is firmly established in the picture business and when his savings account has reached a certain figure. They are cautious about their financial set-up because Fred supports his mother and insists that his household will be run on a one income basis, the one income being his, with no contributions from Lillian.

To my knowledge Fred MacMurray is the first promising young leading man to openly defy Hollywood's success code.

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*tell us . . What was it like?”*

*“Ellen, you and Bob are looking just fine after that long trip! You know, Marge and I never have traveled by bus. I suppose we're behind the times . . but tell us, what was it really like?”*

“WELL, it started like this: We had set our hearts on a trip to the San Diego Exposition, but the old budget wouldn't stretch that far. Then we discovered that a Greyhound ticket would save us something like \$74... enough to pay hotel bills and meals for eight or ten extra days!

“That settled it! And when we boarded our coach, we found pleasant surprise number two—that our big Greyhound bus rode smooth as silk, and the chairs were ever so restful. We could tilt them 'way back when we wanted a little nap . . matter of fact, we stayed right on that bus two or three different nights, and felt fine in the morning. Lots of people do that—or they stop at a hotel overnight and pick up the next bus in the morning.

“And you'd never dream that this country could be so beautiful! We can't begin to tell you all the interesting things we saw... the Midwest at harvest time, wrinkled Indians weaving rugs, the Grand Canyon—and say!—we'll never forget our return trip by the Redwood Highway and Yellowstone.

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# Robert Taylor Chooses Success

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28 ]

"Society Doctor," "A Wicked Woman," and "Times Square Lady," make prophecies concerning his future very easy.

But personally, I think Robert Taylor's twenty-three-old past is even more interesting than the certainty of his victory-crowded future.

He was born in Filley, Nebraska, an only child of parents who considered such things as music, good literature and an intelligent appreciation of art important.

At seventeen when he entered college at Doane, Nebraska, he was undecided which of three careers to follow, music (he plays the cello superbly), medicine, or his flare for the science of psychiatry.

After one year he decided finally upon a musical future and enrolled at Pomona University, a well known California co-educational college with an excellent department of music. And it was Robert's usual good luck that Pomona happens to be situated just forty miles east of Hollywood.

**B**EFORE the end of his first semester in the new school, he had become a leader in the dramatic club (just for relaxation after class work) and he had fallen desperately in love.

Now this first affair of the heart was a singularly unhappy one for young Taylor. A vast difference in temperaments and ideals having to do with the future kept this boy and girl in a maddening turmoil of quarrels and rapturous reconciliations.

But Robert knew even in the pulsating midst of this young romance that the emotion that was making his days beautiful and hideous with restlessness would delay if not destroy the success he demanded of the years beyond.

At that time he thought of success in terms of music, and instinctively he realized that at early marriage with its aftermath of money worries and its clash of too youthful passion, would place a hopeless barrier across the royal road to renown.

Recently, Robert Taylor told me how, after a period of two years, he finally wiped out the torture of that first love affair from his mind and his heart.

"I went to a close friend at school, my professor of psychology," he said. "I asked him for help. I had to have help and he was intelligently sympathetic and understanding. We talked over my problem after class-room hours day after day. He offered me the most valuable advice I have ever had from anyone. He taught me how to sublimate the consuming emotion of love, to keep it in its rightful place, to prevent it from overshadowing every other important facet of life."

And so, a few years later, Robert Taylor came to Hollywood safely armored with a knowledge of psychology and a fool-proof philosophy, to protect him from the fateful shafts of romance until he has tucked his share of success safely away and is quite ready for the luxury of happiness.

The sudden switch in his ambitions from music to screen work is a typical example of the Taylor luck, which, by the way, is always excellent.

In November of his senior year at Pomona, he played the leading rôle in "Journey's End" for the college dramatic club. After the per-

formance he was accosted on the campus by a strange man. The stranger offered his card and suggested that Robert show up at the M-G-M studios the next Saturday for a test.

Robert took the incident lightly enough because even Pomona has learned about the absolute futility of ninety-nine per cent of all screen tests. The dramatic club members, however, urged him to make the long trip to Culver City, because it would make a "swell" item for the college weekly paper.

But the results of that Saturday morning



**Sally Eilers and Cesar Romero warble a duet, impromptu. Just happened to see a piano over at Universal, and couldn't resist**

drive to Culver City made a "swell" news item for every daily newspaper in Los Angeles.

Within forty-eight hours after the film of the test had been developed, M-G-M offered Robert Taylor a contract, which he summarily refused to sign, giving his forthcoming graduation as his reason.

Then M-G-M offered a compromise. If Mr. Taylor would study twice weekly at the studio with their dramatic instructor, Oliver Hinsdell, until his graduation the following June, the company would be willing to hold the offer open.

Mr. Taylor complied with this request for two months, but when he found that it interfered seriously with his college work, he again sent in his regrets.

It required a few weeks for M-G-M officials to digest this elegant gesture of independence, but they recovered to the extent of proffering still another contract to be held in abeyance until such time as was convenient for Mr. Taylor to go on the studio pay roll.

And Mr. Taylor found it convenient exactly one year later, following graduation, and an added delay caused by the sudden death of his father, in Nebraska.

It is true that before he was cast in his first picture Robert Taylor's interest in the movies was definitely phlegmatic, but this indifference was swept away by a sudden drenching

enthusiasm following his first day's work before a camera.

"Within a few short hours I knew I had found what I wanted," he told me. "I realized that quite by accident I had stumbled on the right medium for the success and independence I mean to get out of life. I really love this work, that's why I think my chances to succeed at it are better than fair."

And Robert Taylor is also very sure that the usual impedimenta of the heart will never cause him to make any detours on the journey he means to take alone for the next ten years.

"Producers have told me that romantic ties and marriage especially, are definite drawbacks for a young leading man," he explained to me. "They know more about the public temperament than I do, so I'll take their advice."

"I feel that after the age of thirty my chances for a happy and suitable marriage are better than they are now. At the moment, and for the next few years, the only women I have an opportunity to meet are in the picture game and just as ambitious as I am. Two ambitions in one family never work out."

"And suppose I did marry now? I would be badgered and agitated constantly by the money problem. My salary, naturally, is small and I support my mother. My wife, no doubt, would be in pictures, too, and would require an expensive background. If I gave it to her, I would worry continually over debts. If I didn't give it to her, I would worry over losing her to someone who could provide her with luxuries. In both cases, my work on the screen would certainly suffer."

Now Robert Taylor is by no means developing into a youthful misogynist. During the past six months he has been seen at all the right places with Irene Hervey, the talented and beautiful young stock player on the M-G-M roster.

"We are what you might call 'affectionate friends,'" Taylor admitted, "but we have agreed that marriage is out of the question for both of us. She is as determined to make good during her youth as I am, and she is intelligent enough to know that matrimony will not help her realize this goal."

**S**HE is a wonderful companion and a thoroughly understanding pal. On workless days we ride horseback in the early mornings, swim or drive in the afternoons and go to any sort of a concert we can dig up in the evenings."

But what if another violent, lacerating love affair is waiting for Robert Taylor before his decade dedicated to success is up?

He says he is quite ready for such a prank of fate.

"But this time I am equipped to handle that sort of love," he observed. "I know just what to do now; never see the girl unless other people are present; work desperately and play furiously; date up every other girl of my acquaintance, and if all this doesn't work, buy a ticket for New York or Europe or China, if necessary."

"When I am ready to leave pictures, I will marry. I really want to marry. You see, when I have made a success of my job I will have the time to make a success of my marriage. There is too little time in early youth for both."



## Is Hepburn Killing Her Own Career?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

Katharine Hepburn was welcomed to the screen with more genuine enthusiasm and good wishes than any actress had received for years. Hollywood—the public—believed it saw genius budding and prepared a reverent salaam to a new idol.

Hepburn replied by impudently thumbing her nose and indulging in a succession of cute caprices, made to order for a boarding school problem child rather than an artist engaged in a serious art.

At first they were amusing, even attractive, and everyone murmured "Cute!" and smiled tolerantly when she indicated that being a film star was a great big barrelhouse gag to her.

But Hepburn held her one-ring circus too long and mixed in too many acts. She was the daring young gal on the flying trapeze, she was the clown and the prima donna with a Garbo-complex—all at the same time. She was the great "What-Is-It?"

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S first great mistake has been her treatment of the press. Her idea, unmistakably conveyed, has been that La Hepburn's art was enough—its own justification and its own explanation. She was above the printed word and would have none of it—and none of its lowly minions. Ho-hum. Ho-ho-hum. Kings and potentates with armies and gold have learned better than that.

If she had any dignity or any sincerity she might have got away with it at that. Garbo has, but Garbo is sincere in her extreme desire for seclusion. Even the press realized and respected that. Even if it didn't the quiet and consistent dignity with which Garbo goes about her cloistered campaign is enough to enlist the respect of the world.

The result—what do you read, what have you read about Katharine Hepburn? Any intelligent, earnest portraits of her? Any sympathetic analyses—any presentations of the worth-while sides of her makeup?

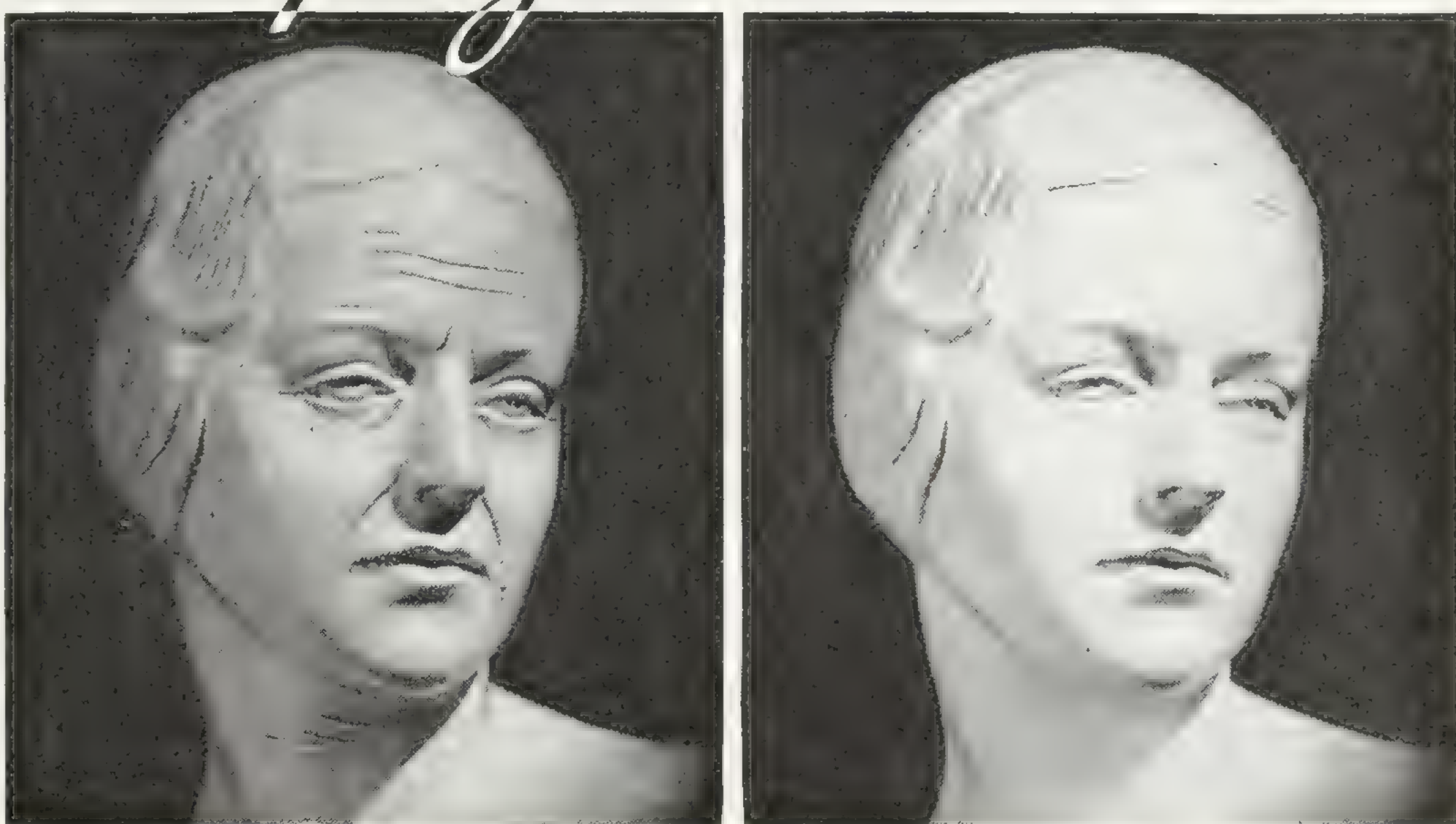
Not often. Just the gags, the eccentricities, the scatterbrain anecdotes and stories, the pranks—the things which make readers mutter, "Why doesn't she grow up?" and pass by her blazing name on the theater marquees with a "So what?"—regardless of her personality and her talent on the screen. Reporters resented her treatment of them and sometimes wilfully, but more often, unconsciously, got back at her by making her seem silly.

And that is tragic because Katharine Hepburn is sincere about her work, and an earnest, democratic and fair workman on the set.

The self-laid smoke screen of her particular type of temperament (a greatly overworked word in Hollywood) erected a barrier between her and her leading men, which can't be too good for her pictures. Both John Beal and Fred MacMurray were nervous as cats when they knew they were to play with her. Both got over it when after a few days they discovered that the real Hepburn wasn't such a terror as was commonly believed.

To this day you will have a hard time convincing anyone in Hollywood that the reason Francis Lederer walked out of "Break of Hearts" wasn't a temperamental break with Hepburn. As a matter of fact, it had nothing to do with Hepburn. Lederer couldn't agree

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with the director about the interpretation of his rôle.

The resentment against Katharine Hepburn which has piled up behind the dam for many months and is now apparently spilling over is the same sort of resentment which piled up against Constance Bennett for several years, fed by the same tiny trickling streams.

Long before they got into print, Hollywood whispered about the petty things, the little things which did not portray the real Connie, but which taken altogether, succeeded in presenting her to those who saw her films as a pretty disagreeable person.

Connie berating a photographer, Connie ritzing a rival, Connie in a bickering quarrel with her next door neighbor over a wooden fence. Connie doing this and that bit of trivia which made those who didn't know her at all tell themselves, "She must be a hell-cat." Producers, set-workers, other actors began resenting Connie, often without knowing why, but the resentment got into the stories written for her, the pictures made with her. It seeped through to the public who buy the tickets. It cost her a lot of her glamour.

A famous and glamorous star of the silent era found herself at the peak of a popularity from which it seemed (to her) nothing could dislodge her.

She said as much, boldly, when a few of those who had helped her rise asked her reasonable favors, were refused, and accused her of "going grand."

"What if I am?" was her attitude. "I'm at the top. I can afford to. I don't need you any more."

The stories got around. From that time on she went steadily down. Desperately, when the reason finally dawned, she hired a "public relations counsel." But then it was too late.

She had committed career suicide.

Like any other form of self-destruction, this strangest of all strange Hollywood phenomena—star suicide—which is, of course, intangible, subconscious, and not always possible to explain, though it seems to work out, takes different forms.

Nancy Carroll allowed her chip-on-shoulder Irish nature to make her one of the most unpopular stars ever to step on a set.

Nancy was one of the best bets Paramount had at one time, then, for no evident reason her popularity at the box-office dimmed and practically winked out.

Nancy was notoriously hard to please—and still is. She made it hard for the people who worked with her. She had the flare-up type of temperament—and possibly that temperament irritated all who came in contact with her, and swore to get even.

It takes a great many people besides the star to make a successful picture. A great many little people seldom seen or heard about. Still photographers, hair-dressers, wardrobe women and the like. The "crew" are a close fraternity. They wouldn't lie down on their jobs even with a star they could willingly choke—but there is bound to be an undercurrent of resentment which militates against a bad-tempered star.

It can show in a picture. In a roundabout way it can kill a career.

Katharine Hepburn has a good reputation with the people who work with her on the set. Most of them like her. Most of them like Margaret Sullavan, too, another current short-sighted *enfant terrible* who has been accused of aping Hepburn's "act."

But Sullavan, like Hepburn, has been guilty of rudely treading on the toes of the people who can and would like to present her to the world which supports her salary in a favorable light. So they are forced to describe only the face she shows them—which is defiant.

She doesn't seem to know that every time she sticks out her tongue several thousands of her admirers are quite likely to stick out their tongues right back at her.

Margaret wages a continual battle with the publicity department of her studio, whose main concern is to save her skin with the public.

To snap a photograph which will further her fame they must coax and cajole her. To protect her they must plead with her. To do her a favor they must ask a favor. Even publicity men can get tired of that. Gradually an attitude, unstudied, of "Oh, nuts" results. The breaks go to those who accept them graciously.

Not long ago it was necessary for the publicity department at Universal to get in

touch with Margaret to protect her from some adverse publicity. They called her home for days, were told she wasn't in. They left messages, word for her to call, sent telegrams. No response.

Finally, days later, she showed up at the studio. They told her they had been trying desperately to reach her.

"I know it," she said, "I was there all the time."

Stories such as this abound about Sullavan's and Hepburn's ring-around-the-rosy tactics, their sometime pointless and frequently exasperating jokes at the expense of those who are working in their interests. The question is—has it done either of them any good?

Sullavan's last picture, "The Good Fairy," broke no theater box-office records. And Frank Morgan drew most of the praise.

It doesn't seem at all unreasonable to wonder what can be the cause of Ann Harding's sinking spell in popularity. Possibly it is her exclusiveness.

It is only natural to suspect that Jean Arthur, now back for her third try at screen success, may bump into the fate of her first two trips unless she curbs the temper displayed on a set recently, when she angrily ripped off a costume which her director insisted on and stamped it on the floor.

By the same token, the remarkable rise of Claudette Colbert and the long sustained popularity of Marion Davies may have something to do with the fact that both are universally beloved by everyone who has anything to do with their careers. Both spurn bizarre acts, caprices, theatrical fever fits.

Good manners, sincerity, a touch of humanity—that would seem to be the diet—all else being equal—which determines a long life for a Hollywood star.

But, of course, every day there are people in perfect health who climb to the tops of high bridges, admire the view below—and jump off.

They seem to like it.

Perhaps Hepburn and the current crop of headstrong Terrible Turks rather fancy the idea, too.

One thing is certain—they'll know for sure when they land.

## The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69 ]

### ESCAPADE—M-G-M

THE story of one of those fatal Viennese artists who lures all women until an innocent lass comes along who makes him really truly love. In other words, basic plot number four, with suave William Powell miscast and completely sacrificed to the debut of Louise Rainer. Rainer is very interesting, however, and her appearance may make you forget the otherwise routine sex-melodramatics.

### LADIES CRAVE EXCITEMENT—Mascot

PACED at a rapid tempo, well written and acted, this one gives the low-down on the news-reel cameramen—a really novel idea. Norman Foster is the specific daredevil. Then he starts something new with his March of Events—and the girl, Evalyn Knapp. Story has a ring of authenticity, and never a dull moment. Good cast.

### CALM YOURSELF—M-G-M

IT tries to be melodramatic and it tries to be funny, and succeeds in being very little of both. Robert Young, enterprising ad-man, thinks up a business called Calm Yourself, involving extraordinary services. He gets mixed up in a kidnapping and lots of other grief. Madge Evans and Betty Furness help, also Hardie Albright, Nat Pendleton, Ralph Morgan, and others. Weak story.

### LADY TUBBS—Universal

THAT grand trouser, Alice Brady, has a field day with a vigorous part tailor-made for her farcical talents. The result is a grand evening of fun. It's about a railroad camp cook who inherits a fortune, poses as a titled lady and shows up society snobs who are ritzing her niece out of romance. Well done

hokum. Douglass Montgomery, Anita Louise, Alan Mowbray. Heartily recommended.

### THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE—Paramount

IT is unfortunate that, due to his illness, what may be W. C. Fields' last picture should be as trivial as this. The star is very funny. So are the individual gags. But there is no story. Fields plays a meek married man who lies himself out of an afternoon at the office to go to the wrestling matches. Complications ensue. That's all there is. It isn't enough.

### WELCOME HOME—Fox

WHIMSICAL and sentimental and rather meager entertainment. Jimmy Dunn is the romantic grafter who feels the call of home, and protects the old home town from the depredations of his guilt-edged partners, Raymond Walburn and William Frawley. Arline



Judge is the shady lady. Rosina Lawrence the small-town girl competition. Charles Sellon plays the eccentric millionaire who gets them out of a jam. Fair.

#### MAD LOVE—M-G-M

VERY heavy and tedious stuff, this—and a poor Hollywood start for Peter Lorre, the roly-poly foreign star of "M." He plays a mad super-surgeon who grafts the hands of a guillotined knife-thrower on the wrists of injured concert pianist, Colin Clive. The result is pretty awful for everyone. Ted Healy is funny to lighten the somber mood. Frances Drake is a pretty heroine. You'll fidget. Not for the youngsters.

#### MAKING A MILLION—Monogram

THIS is the inevitable chain letter picture. Charles Starrett, a professor ousted from his college for radical ideas, starts a million dollar mail subscription plan to carry out his economic schemes. He lands in a barrel of trouble but comes out with a girl and a fortune. Preposterous but very amusing. George E. Stone, Pauline Brooks.

#### STRUGGLE FOR LIFE—Foy Productions, Ltd.

A SPOTTY film made in the depths of darkest Africa, with a cast of native tribesmen acting out the story of their fight for existence. Some good photography and some exciting sequences, but there are too many moments of vagueness and lack of suspense to make this an A-1 jungle-adventure film.

#### HONEYMOON LIMITED—Monogram

NEIL HAMILTON'S bright banter may amuse you, but this film fails to rise above ordinary entertainment. Neil, a romance writer, hikes 'cross-country to find adventure and win a bet. It's poor pickings until he stumbles into an abandoned house in a storm—then things happen, with Irene Hervey and Lloyd Hughes helping the plot thicken. Maybe it's too thick at times.

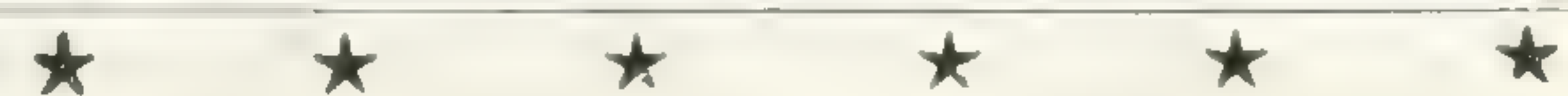
#### THE RAVEN—Universal

EDGAR ALLAN POE will doubtless whirl in his grave at this inane and insane trash tacked on to his great poem. Bela Lugosi, a sadistic nerve specialist, traps his friends in his house and makes Boris Karloff (particularly repulsive) give them the works, including the pit and the pendulum. It's so horrible it's silly. Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

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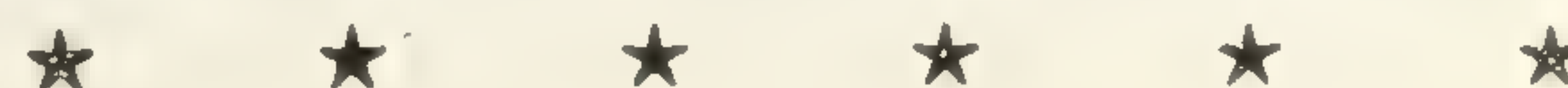



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# Swinging Around the Circuit With Mitzi

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]

Are you romantic? Are you starry-eyed? Then list to the tale of love as told by Franchot Tone to his best girl, Joan Crawford. Every Saturday night Franchot sends his fair one a treemenjus box of flowers. Every kind. Every color. Every fragrance. And Joan always arranges them herself. It's her solemn and beloved duty. She usually gives dinner parties that night, so she's all niftied up in some dazzling creation which she tops off by a pair of huge white cotton gloves! These to protect her hands when she's arranging the posies! She collects all the bowls and vases in her little flower room, and snips and arranges to her heart's content. Woe be to the servant who as much as fingers a fern! And if I can't get me a beau to do as Franchot does, I think I'll go out in the fields and dish up a daisy chain!

I gotta soul what craves music (I sing lustily but lousily). But Grace Moore warbles so handsomely she puts the nightingales to shame. So, when I heard Grace's newest picture was to be previewed, I zipped right out to the theater. I had another reason for my anxiety beside my aesthetic craving. Michael Bartlett, who had beamed me around to a few parties, also sings in the film. And magnificently. I puffed with pride. However, I suppose now that he's going to be famous I'll have to fight off crowds of screaming females who are determined to get *mon homme*.

BUT, anyway, I have my memories! 'Twas this little gazelle who went shopping with him and helped him choose hoighty-toity soaps and cologne. 'Twas this doe who went to a birthday party with him, got lost on the way and ended up outside a graveyard! And 'twas *la petite* Mitzi, again, who, with Mister Bartlett went to brother Jack's tea for the opera star, Madame Jeritza, arrived too late, and so sought cheer in the Trocadero. Memories are sweet . . . but I'd trade 'em all for a dern good future!

Twittering about futures makes me sad to think of Loretta Young's. She and her mother have gone to Europe to have themselves a fine time. But the mater is a one. She buys old furniture. She never stops buying old furniture. In their house here on Sunset Boulevard they've already had to build on two extra rooms to store all the ancients. And now they've come to the conclusion that either mama must open a shop, or else buy an apartment house so that she can furnish all the flats! Therefore, I regret to say that Loretta will either give maw her way and see Europe through a welter of highboys and Louis Seize tables, or else pin the lady firmly and securely to her mid-riff!

I'M back in grand operry again! Some time ago I met the great singer, Chaliapin. I don't know what he expected me to look like, but from his six feet two I must have seemed teensy, so he grabbed my hand, kissed it nicely and exclaimed: "Such a leetle madamoiselle!" (But big ideas, Mr. Chaliapin!) He hadn't been up very long and was still garbed in a handsome wine-red dressing gown with his initials, very large, embroidered on the pocket. Mr. C. explained, in his *pot-pourri* English that the firm in New York from whom he had purchased aforementioned garment had put on the flourishing initials . . . and now he felt like the president of the U. S.!

His beautiful wife smiled complacently at this . . . as far as she was concerned, husband Feodor was much more important even than Roosevelt. The singer's greatest friend is Max Reinhardt, with whom he used to be associated years ago. And here's a beautiful example of understatement. When I asked Chaliapin how long he and Reinhardt had been friends, he waved his hands deprecatingly and said, "Oh, not for so long . . . twenty-five years, maybe!"

I mentioned to Mrs. Pat O'Brien, when I saw her at the Clover Club last week, that I pined for a party. And I got invited to one of hers immediat. Pat was being very tish-tush showing off a wrist watch that Marion Davies just gave him as a little finishing-up gift for the picture he just did with her, "Page Miss Glory." If that's a *little* gift, let me at the gal when she's passing out large ones! Pat's tick-tock has numerals in baguette diamonds! Won't baby Mavourneen have fun flinging that about!

Did I mention a party? It was a *soirée* in the garden for Bert Lytell who's been making such a hit in his play, "The First Legion." I chomped several hunks of barbecued steak (which Leo Carrillo supervised the barbecueing of) and had many a dish of coffee before I even bothered to see who was there.

First I ogled Estelle Taylor over whom Lee Tracy hovered lovingly. Then I twittered up to my pal, Glenda Farrell, who, as usual, had a chain of gents clinging to her. Then I gaped at Joe E. Brown, in eye glasses, but he grinned engagingly and I couldn't mistake that cavern!

SUDDENLY, in popped Mary Brian looking good enough to gobble, in a tomato-red outfit. Someone, before she arrived, had been telling her constant admirer, Russell Gleason, that he had seen Mary driving a big car down Wilshire Boulevard. "Was she alone?" shot Russell anxiously. "Alone," answered the friend and Russell breathed a sigh of relief. When I told this to Mary she dimpled and blushed and then, miraculously, the ardent Russell was by her side.

"Lawsy me!" exclaimed a voice in my ear. I turned and saw Mrs. O'Brien's colored maid laden with tray, eyeing Mary's beautiful dress. "She looks so splen . . . splendid . . ." She shook her head despairingly "I jest ain't got a grand enough word in my voluptuary!"

Suddenly a sound of cooing assailed me. Not only cooing but kissing, and not only kissing but baby-talk! A Mr. Patrick O'Brien held lovingly in his arms wee Miss Mavourneen O'Brien, who looked very classy indeed in a new gown and jacket of petal pink. One plump patty caressed tough O'Brien's mug which, at that moment, looked like an ad for Easter Morn!

KEEP bumping into affection these days. Big people for little people. Tall Fred Astaire for diminutive Mrs. Astaire . . . and the little woman actually blushes (when people are about) when the dancing whiz kisses her! Now don't rush me, Joan, I'll tell you ALL.

Last week I waltzed out to see my good friend, director Mark Sandrich, who makes all the Astaire-Rogers films. I rushed on the set of "Top Hat" just as Ginger and Fred were doing the final dance, the *Piccolino*, which

meant the finish of the picture. I stood quiet as a mouse while they leaped and looped through the exciting, blue-and-white modernized Venetian set.

They whirled on the plaza, pirouetted up over a bridge, tapped down the bridge, pattered up a veranda, slithered down the veranda, careened over another bridge and with a final flourish and a clinch ye polka was done! And perfectly! Ginger, by the way, looked like sifted moonlight in a white gown powdered with silver spangles.

Then she whipped herself off the set, slithered into pajamas and went winging home to Lew, the husband. And Fred came over to the missus, sitting with Mrs. Irving Berlin, and all excited, asked how they liked it. They liked it. Fred leaned over his lady and put his face close to hers. She knew what was coming and got fussed because folks were looking. But Freddie wouldn't be dodged. He held on to both her hands and kissed her soundly.

All you could see was a shiny top-hat right smack up against a little white straw one with a knot of flowers. Mrs. Astaire didn't dare look up for two whole minutes, she was that shiny-eyed and rosy-cheeked, but Mr. Astaire bust into song, tilted his lid over one lobe, and hopped into a brand new, two-thousand-dollar dance step!

JOAN, my lamb, if you don't hear from me in the near future, it's because I'm going into the coat-checking business. At least, them's my plans if I don't get left holding the hat! But Mr. Jack Benny's *chapeau* I shall hold gleefully at any time. See me passing it to the King of the Ether Waves?

But don't get yourself into a tiz. The Benny is married to Mary of his radio program. She likes him an awful lot. She also likes movie pitchers. "So much," sighed her man, "that she goes to see a bad picture twice!" So he's trying to be awfully good in the film, "Broadway Melody of 1936," so she'll go and see him four times!

When I walked on the set he and Sid Silvers were doing a scene in a doughnut shop. Benny's line was "Nobody knows it but you and me." But they were having an argument. Jack said it was "you and me." Sid said it was "you and I."

Then, to my chagrin, they called on little Know-Nothing-At-All to settle it. I crawled under a couch and refused to answer. But Benny was right. It was "You and me." (Or is it?) However, if thee had had to gobble doughnuts from early morn to late afternoon, thou too like Mr. Silvers, would be a little dull.

But a bright thought was the box of bicarbonate that he sent for. He turned to Jack. "This," he said with a bow and a flourish, "is for you and me and I!"

The Jello gent has a nice new house all filled with shiny new push-buttons. One for the maid, another for the phone, another for the bar and another for anything else you can think of. Some day soon our Jackie's going to have himself a glossy time pushing them all at once. Then he'll find himself unexpectedly transported from the dining-room table to his little trundle bed. And little Mitzi will be right there to hand him his night-cap!

On my way!

MITZI.



## Don't Love Me

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

For the prosecution presented a case which, if I had not known positively to the contrary, would have convinced me. I don't believe that, normally, it could have failed to have persuaded an impartial jury to bring in a verdict of "Guilty."

Before Sam Werks opened for the defense I did not honestly think that there was anything like an even chance for an acquittal. He had conducted little or no cross-examination of the state's witnesses and had sat most of the time at the table provided for the legal talent drawing meaningless designs on page after page of a scratch pad. My own seat was where I could see him at it and I was fascinated enough to keep glancing at the formless tracings which he made, hoping that sometime I would find some sense to them. There never was any.

When he arose to open the defense he grinned deprecatingly at the judge and the jury.

"Your Honor and gentlemen—also ladies—of the jury," he said, "Probably no attorney representing a client on trial for murder has ever opened the case for the defense under circumstances which appeared more hopeless."

It was then that Sam paused and laughed—not long but with chuckling, uncontrollable mirth. "The strange thing," he continued, "is that, on the other hand, no attorney ever has, so far as I know, opened a case which he was more certain of winning." He paused and gathered up his audience with his eye—that trick of his which I have previously spoken of—before he spoke again.

If Sam wanted attention he had guaranteed it all right. There was a new and electric atmosphere in that courtroom which had threatened to become stale with the routine of a foredoomed verdict. Everybody hunched a little further forward on his chair, the reporters quit playing pencil-and-paper I. Q. games among themselves, and the prosecution, which was all prepared for a long comforting rest on inner-spring laurels, sat up suddenly with a startled expression as of a sleep-walker who has wakened unexpectedly on a high ledge with no recollection of how he got there.

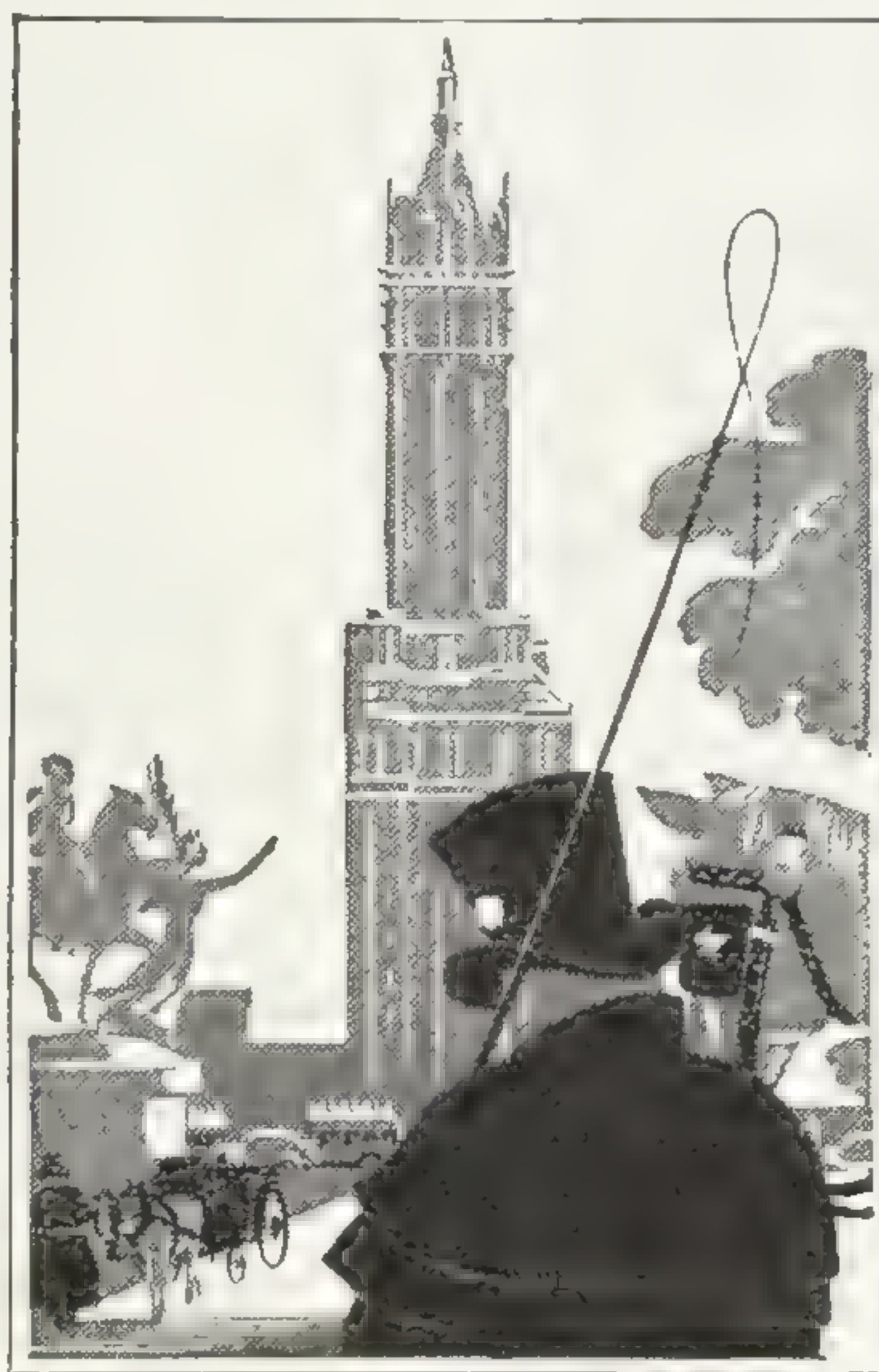
Even I was impressed by Sam's assurance. I didn't know what he had up his sleeve but I was as fascinated at watching him do his trick, whatever it was, as if I were a little girl at her first circus. The fact that my life depended on his making good his rash promise to secure an unqualified acquittal seemed to make little difference. All I wanted was to know the end of the story.

That, I presume, was the frame of mind he had intended to induce in all of his listeners. There was no danger that he would lose their attention after that.

Sam outlined his case. "I am not going to try to disprove that the fingerprints on the famous gas radiator wrench, 'Exhibit A,' are not those of the defendant. Neither am I going to deny that my client had no opportunity to commit the crime in the manner described by the State. I suppose I ought to point out in passing that the State has not proven a reasonable motive, but I will not even dwell on that.

"I propose, first, Your Honor, and ladies and gentlemen of the jury, to put on the stand two witnesses whose testimony will probably be stricken from the records at the perfectly

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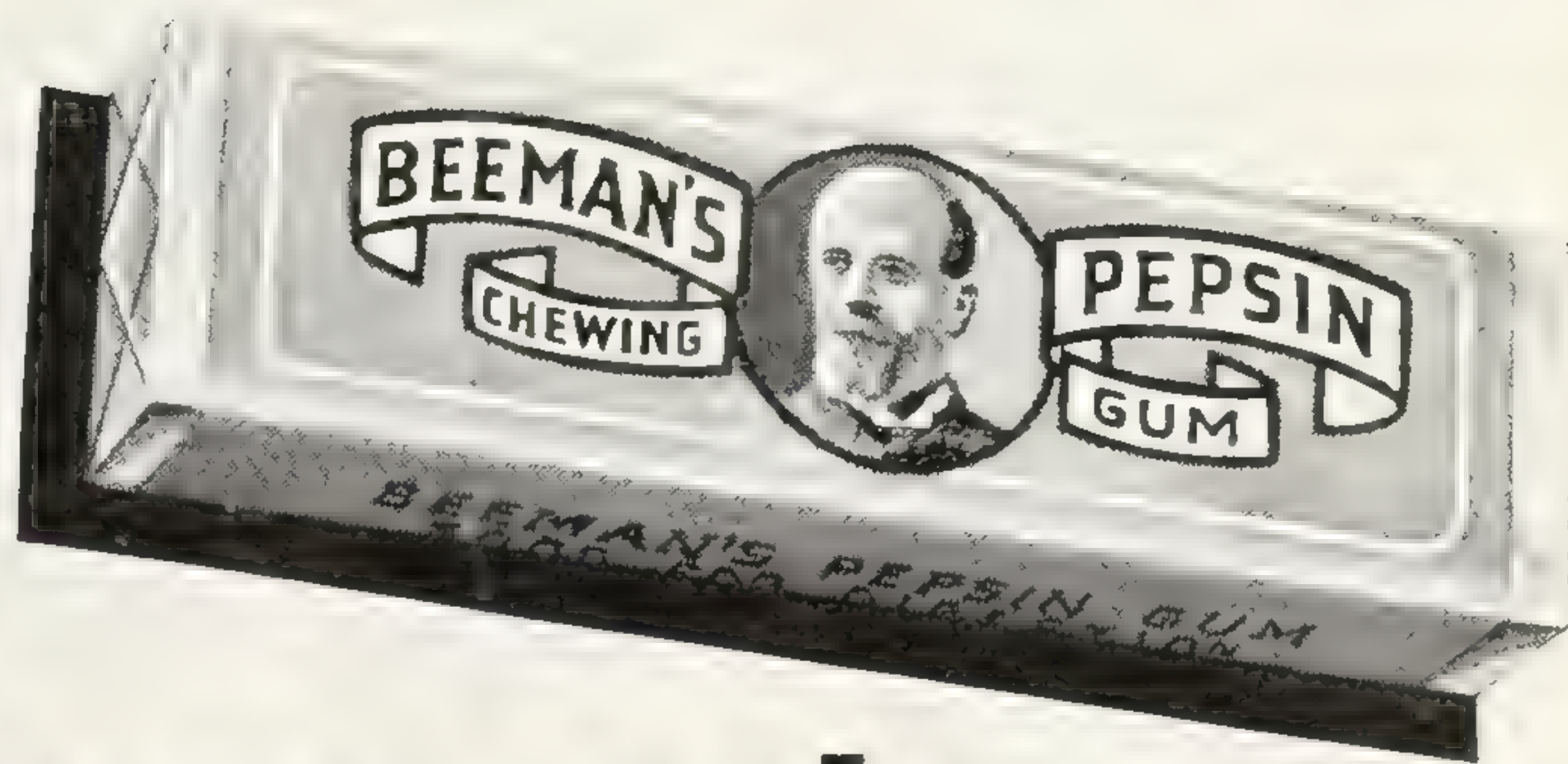
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reasonable request of the State. Secondly, after the excitement of protests and objections has died down for the simple reason that I shall not contest them, I shall ask Miss Adair herself to take the stand and tell you exactly what happened in the apartment of the late Mr. Deering on the night of December twenty-second up to the time she left it. Thirdly and finally, I shall reconstruct for you what happened in that apartment after Miss Adair left—in other words, add the final scenes to the dramatic sequence of events leading up to the death of Mr. Deering. It is quite true that the basis of my reconstruction will be circumstantial evidence—I am admitting that in advance to save the time of the court—but permit me to point out that the entire fabric of the case which has been built up by the State also rests upon circumstantial evidence."

He turned and bowed to the judge. "Your Honor, I will call as my first witness, Miss Louella Whitemeat, the defendant's maid."

Louella filled the witness chair to overflowing. Grief was written on her features but it had caused no visible signs of emaciation in her figure.

BEING duly sworn, Louella made the usual statements with reference to her name, occupation, length of service with me, etc.

"Louella," said Sam, walking over to the witness box, "did you see Miss Adair on the evening of December twenty-second?"

"Yes, sir."

"When and where?"

"Practically all night long. She never left the house."

A storm of objections from the State's lawyers was laughingly silenced by the judge.

"Louella," declared His Honor, "you have testified to an obvious falsehood. Miss Adair herself admitted being at many and various places other than her home on the night in question. Why did you commit this manifest perjury?"

"Says which?" asked Louella, trying to follow his meaning by reading the expression of his eyes, the way a dog does.

"Permit me," interrupted Sam. He faced Louella. "Listen, Louella, you have just made a statement which we all know is false. You were under oath to tell the truth and you told a lie. Why?"

Louella grinned. "Why not, mister? What's a lie to me if it does Miss Rochelle any good? I'd tell thousands of 'em."

"I see," said Sam. "You'd do a good deal for your employer, Miss Adair?"

"I'd die for her," Louella stated simply. She didn't even look at me and there was nothing sappy or melodramatic about her unemotional affirmation of loyalty.

I could have hugged the ebony damfool. She meant exactly what she said and I knew it.

Sam was through with Louella. He turned to the prosecution. "Your witness."

The representative from the District Attorney's office got up indignantly. "Your Honor, why should we waste our time and yours by cross-examining a witness whom the defense admits is a perjurer? Something should be done about this."

The young lawyer was pretty mad.

Sam offered a suggestion. "My opponent is undoubtedly right. Something should be done about it. How about scoring him the equivalent of two tricks in the honor column?"

The judge laughed and the prosecution sat down. I guess everyone was glad to see a little comedy relief creeping into the trial. It had all been pretty serious business up to the

time that Sam had lighted his torch and begun to wave it around among the explosives.

"Call Mr. Lanford Barnes," Sam requested.

Lanny took the stand, grinning nervously.

After the preliminaries Sam asked, "Where were you on the evening of December twenty-second?"

"I was in the apartment of Mr. Scott Deering in the Grassmere Apartments."

"About what time?"

"I don't know the exact hour but I was there when Miss Adair and Mr. Deering arrived."

Certainly no one was more surprised by Lanny's testimony than I. If he was in Scott's apartment when I arrived why hadn't I seen him and why had I found him later just coming out of the Egyptian Theater?

Sam pursued the interrogation. "What were you doing?"

"I was waiting to see Mr. Deering. We had an appointment to discuss a new sound-recording process that we have been working on together."

"I see. How did you get in?"

"I have a key to the apartment which he gave me."

"You go there often when he is not there?"

"Not often—sometimes—usually to wait for him. Mr. Deering was—er—erratic."

"You mean he drank?"

"Everybody knows that—but he never touched a drop when he was shooting. Everybody knows that too."

"You say you were in the apartment when Mr. Deering and Miss Adair arrived. Did you speak to them or—?"

Lanny interrupted the question. "No one knew I was there. I hid in the closet."

"If you were there for a business discussion why did you hide?"

"Because when I heard the voice of a woman outside the door I knew that Mr. Deering had probably forgotten his appointment with me. I was afraid I would embarrass him by my presence."

"Did you know what woman it was?"

"Yes. I recognized Miss Adair's voice."

"You would be quite positive about identifying a certain person by the sound of his or her voice?"

"Naturally—that's my business. I've been listening to Miss Adair, through the ear-phones on my 'mixer,' for over a year."

"She has a very distinctive voice?"

"I would recognize it anywhere."

"Proceed with your account of what happened."

ACCORDING to Lanny's story, he had not seen anything because the door of the closet in which he was hidden was closed. He had caught scraps of conversation, he said, when we raised our voices and he had deduced that Scott was intoxicated.

Actually I was not following his testimony very closely because my attention was attracted by the behavior of the attorneys from the District Attorney's office. They were undoubtedly taken off guard by the introduction of this new element into the defense. They went into a whispering huddle and finally one of them left the courtroom.

Sam's voice went on smoothly, drawing out Lanny's story with simple questions. He came eventually to, "What happened after Miss Adair left the apartment?"

I looked then at Lanny. He was white and gulped a little before he answered. "I waited for a while, hoping that Mr. Deering would leave also."

"Shy?"

"I didn't want him to know that I had been eavesdropping."

"Proceed."

"I finally decided to come out and face him."

"Did you?"

"I came out of the closet all right but I found Mr. Deering asleep on the floor."

"Are you sure he was asleep and not dead?"

"Yes. I went over and stood beside him for a moment. He was mumbling something."

"What?"

"Nothing that I could catch—just talking the way a man does sometimes when he is under the influence of liquor."

"What did you do then?"

"I thought it was a little cold in the room and I went over to the gas radiator with the idea of lighting it so that Mr. Deering would not get chilled. I found that it was already burning."

"You're sure of that?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"By looking down between the coil sections of the radiator I could see the blue flames at the base."

"How did you come to examine the radiator so carefully?"

"I always do that. Those things are dangerous if they're turned on and not lighted."

There was a little titter of amusement at that. Lanny's remark seemed the height of understatement, considering that Scott Deering was dead and I was on trial for my life for that very reason.

Sam addressed the court. "Your Honor, I have proved by this witness that after Miss Adair left the apartment the radiator was still burning and—"

THE judge halted him. "The attorney for the defense will please reserve his deductions for his summing up before the jury."

Sam grinned. He had gotten in all he wanted to say. He turned urbanely to the prosecution.

"I have finished. Your witness!"

Sam grinned at the prosecuting attorney. His opponent smiled right back at him.

He was looking off in the direction of the door where a man was having difficulty getting through the crowd, even with the assistance of a policeman.

It was the young member of the District Attorney's staff who had left the courtroom during Sam's direct examination of Lanny. He had in his hand a rolled-up piece of paper. I was looking at him myself as he approached the railed off portion of the room near the judge's bench and I saw him nod toward the trial lawyer as he took his seat at the counsel's table.

"Mr. Barnes," said the prosecuting attorney, "suppose you tell the court exactly what your relations with Miss Adair were."

Lanny looked appealingly at Sam. Sam entered an objection but the judge overruled him.

Lanny stalled. "I don't quite understand the question."

"I'll put it another way. Are you in love with Miss Adair yourself?"

"Why—I—"

"Answer yes or no."

Lanny gave me a swift glance of apology.

"Yes," he answered, and then added defensively, "so is every man who ever knew her."

"Never mind the others. You love her well enough to commit a crime for her sake don't you?"

"If you mean I killed Mr. Deering, you're mistaken."



"Perhaps," the prosecutor pursued relentlessly. "Nevertheless, you realize that by admitting you were in Mr. Deering's apartment after the prisoner left, you may logically be suspected of his death?"

"I suppose so."

"Then do you wish to retract your statement that you were hiding in a closet in Mr. Deering's apartment when he entered with the defendant?"

"No."

"Very well. Tell the court the approximate location of this closet in which you hid."

Lanny hesitated. "I'm not exactly sure."

"Of course not." The prosecutor was very pleasant about it. "A woman would notice the exact size and location of every closet in a house or apartment but most men never think of such things. Still, since you hid in this particular closet, you doubtless know about where it was. You said, I think, that you could hear scraps of conversation. That rules out the bedroom closet. Therefore it must have been the small coat closet off the living room."

"Yes, that was it."

"Now, Mr. Barnes, please try to recall where that closet is, with reference to the door to the hallway."

"I don't remember."

"Just locate it approximately. Is it in the wall alongside the entrance door or in one of the side walls toward the bedroom or the kitchen?"

"In the side wall."

"Which one?"

"Toward the kitchen."

"Thank you."

The attorney turned to the counsel's table.

"Mr. Nichols," he called, "have you that blue-print of the floor arrangement of the Grassmere?"

"Yes, sir." Mr. Nichols hurried to the side of his chief, the roll of paper in his hand.

The prosecuting attorney spread it out in front of Lanny.

"This is the architect's final floor plan from which the Grassmere was built." He pointed to one section of it. "This represents the apartment in which Mr. Deering lived. Will

you please point out to the court the closet in which you say you hid?"

Lanny studied the plan carefully.

There was a long, painful silence. Everyone was looking at Lanny as if to see through his eyes.

Finally Lanny glanced up—not at the attorney but at me.

"I can't find the closet on the plan," he admitted.

"Correct. The reason you can't find it is because there is no closet off from the living room in that apartment or in any other apartment in the entire building."

Lanny was still looking at me, pleading forgiveness.

I smiled at him. It didn't make any difference now. Besides I appreciated deeply the thing that he had tried to accomplish. There was nothing I could do for him in return, then or ever, so I thought, to repay him for laying his faith and honor so completely at my feet.

"May it please this court," the attorney was saying, "the prosecution moves that the testimony of this witness be stricken from the record."

"Motion allowed."

"The district attorney's office will later indict the witness for perjury."

It was a complete collapse of the defense which Sam Werks had so confidently advertised as conclusive.

I looked at him to see how he was taking it. Sam was laughing!

## CHAPTER XXVIII

The trial lasted only two more days.

I went on the stand myself the next day and told my story as simply as I could. The prosecution did not even try to trip me. I gathered the impression that no one thought that anything which I might say would make any difference.

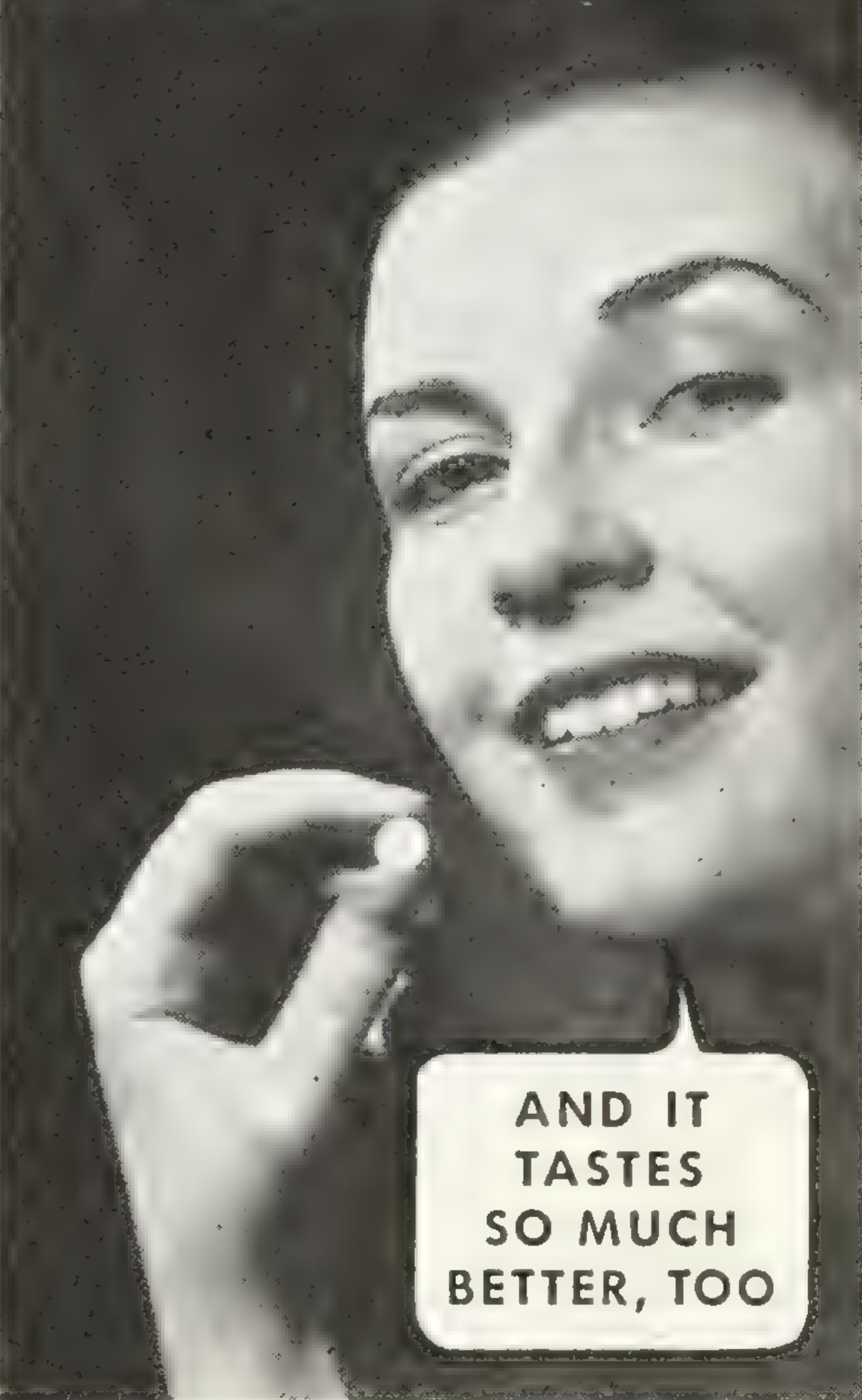
Then the deputy District Attorney summed up. He pointed out that my only alibi witnesses had lied and that my own admissions, plus the circumstantial evidence, made it an



Little Fay Chaldecott was chosen for "Dark Angel," because of her success in "David Copperfield." When Sam Goldwyn saw Fay's brother, Denis, and her mother, Sylvia Chaldecott, he had them given rôles

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open and shut case. He demanded a conviction.

It was all so routine and cold-blooded that I scarcely realized it was I, Rochelle Adair, about whom he was talking.

No one expected much from Sam, least of all myself.

He had sat, during the prosecutor's address, drawing meaningless designs once more on pieces of paper.

He seemed far away, thinking of something else. The judge had to attract his attention when the prosecution had finished.

"Yes, your Honor!"

SAM rose slowly to his feet. I thought he looked terribly tired and ill as he limped over to the jury box.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury," he began, "a charming gentleman has been killed and a lovely lady has been accused of his murder. There is an instinct in all of us that demands an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. We no longer take personal vengeance but we appoint men from our midst to represent us, to hunt down, to prosecute and finally to mete out punishment to those who have violated the laws of God and man. Therefore, no one can blame the elected and appointed policemen, district attorneys and executioners for carrying out our collective will. It is their business to do our bidding. I blame no one for zeal. But, though justice is supposed to be blind, her servants must not be. Even blindness in one eye is scarcely permissible to those who are dealing with matters where lives are at stake. We all, every one of us, are prone to believe that the obvious is true. Further, we convince ourselves and try to convince others that our own interpretation of a certain event or series of events is the only correct one. But such partisanship is not, or should not be, the privilege of those who concern themselves with the administration of the law.

"I propose to show that the interpretation which the prosecution has placed upon the facts in this case is not the only possible interpretation and to prove, in fact, that it is not the correct one."

SAM walked away from the jury box to the counsel's table where he took a drink of water. With it he swallowed two pills which he dumped in the palm of his hand from a small brown glass bottle.

Once more before the jury he continued.

"I placed on the stand two witnesses whose testimony was torn to shreds by the cleverness of the prosecution. I knew that something like that might happen. But I let them tell their stories because I wanted you to understand, to see and hear with your own eyes and ears, how far devotion to my client would lead those who really love her. It has led one of my witnesses, Mr. Barnes, willingly and gallantly to risk his own life in a desperate attempt to shield Miss Adair from death.

"Fortunately for Mr. Barnes, his attempt failed.

"But love for my client is not peculiarly and exclusively the attribute of Mr. Barnes. Many others have laid their devotion at her feet and some of them have died. She is, I think, one of the most glamorous women in the world—perhaps *the* most glamorous. Not to want her for his own almost stamps a man as lacking in some of the distinguishing qualities of his sex.

"Accept, then, as a reasonable supposition, that many men were, and perhaps still are, in love with Miss Adair—some of them willing

to risk their lives for her with no thought of reward; and others, not so unselfish, but also willing to face death in order to have her for their own.

"Let us imagine, then, that at least one such man exists, a selfish man, a supreme egoist. He loves her, perhaps hopelessly, but nevertheless he loves her so passionately that it is the moving purpose of his life. Place yourselves in the situation of this imaginary man. He learns one day, along with all the world, that the object of his adoration is about to marry someone else. Remember that he really cares for nothing else in life—it is a consuming obsession with him. Terrific emotions flame up in him. The fact that some other man is to possess the only thing on earth that he wants blinds him to all other considerations. He feels that he must stop it some way—any way. Without much thought of the consequences and with no definite plan of action, he flies to where she is. Perhaps he thinks that if he gets there in time he can do something about it—that it will be possible to present proofs of his prior claim to his successful rival which will cause him to withdraw. He is like a crazy man with a single purpose, hopeless but determined.



**During the filming of "Anna Karenina," this bike was delivered for Freddie Bartholomew's birthday from an admirer**

"He goes to his rival's apartment to argue with him. No one answers his knock but the door is unlocked and he goes in. The man he has come so far to see is there but he is asleep—drunk. This man about whom we are talking—our hero, let us say, although he is far from a hero even in his own estimation—this man finds himself in a peculiar position. Frustrated in his attempt to argue his case, he is convinced by the situation that he was right in his impulsive determination to do something about it. Apparently the woman he loves is about to marry someone who is unworthy of her—a drunkard!

"He sits down to think it over, hoping, perhaps, that the sleeping man will regain consciousness. Finally, with an almost blinding light, a solution of the entire problem flashes on him. If the sleeping man should never regain consciousness, that would clear up the entire difficulty. He, our pseudo-hero, may have sat there toying with the idea. Why

not? No one knew that he was there. No one even suspected that he was in Los Angeles.

"If it could be made to look like suicide—

"It could be made to look that way!

"The gas radiator was turned on. The presumption was that the sleeping man had turned it on himself. The only problem was to put out the flames so that the gas would escape into the room. Our hero tried the simplest method first—he tried to blow out the gas. It couldn't be done, because as soon as he blew out the flames at one end of the radiator they would ignite again before he could do the same thing at the other end.

"He stood up and walked around the apartment while he thought. He could not turn off the gas and then turn it on again because it seemed important that the sleeping man's fingerprints on the valve-wrench should not be smudged. For the same reason he could not wipe off the wrench—not if it was to look like suicide.

"In the kitchen of the apartment his eye lit on the solution. A fire extinguisher hung over the kitchen stove in a bracket. It seemed as if fate had again pointed the way. He took the extinguisher to the living room and sprayed a little of the gas-forming liquid on the radiator. It went out almost instantly.

"That was all. Our hero replaced the fire-extinguisher in its bracket, went back to the living room, wiped off the few places where he might have left incriminating fingerprints, including the knob of the door as he went out, and walked downstairs unobserved.

"Out in the street he was conscious of only one thing—that he had done a service to the woman he loved, by preventing her marriage to a man who would make her unhappy!

"That feeling persisted—a glow of righteous satisfaction—all during the night and until the next day when he discovered that the woman he loved had been arrested for the murder he had committed—that her fingerprints were on the wrench he had been so careful not to touch!"

THERE was a commotion among the representatives of the District Attorney's office. But Sam forestalled an interruption.

"I know, Your Honor, that my distinguished opponents are about to ask that my outline of the way this crime was committed be stricken from the record on the ground that it is merely another fanciful and synthetic tale, introduced for the purpose of confusing the issue. But I must ask you to bear with me for a moment longer. I know that, properly, it is too late to produce additional evidence after the testimony of witnesses has been taken. But to save the State the cost of an appeal, which I shall surely make, I am going to request that this court set aside the regular rules of procedure long enough to verify the statements I have just made, to accept evidence that what I have said is true."

The judge raised his hand to still the eagerness of the prosecution.

"Mr. Werks, I appreciate the justness of your desire to save the expense of a new trial. I am inclined to allow you to introduce this additional evidence of which you speak for that reason, and also because I doubt if either the jury or myself will be able to stand the strain of waiting much longer to know what the conclusion of your story is."

The judge was being facetious. He, too, thought it was merely a cleverly constructed fairy story, conceived to throw dust in the eyes of the jury. I knew he was wrong.

"So you may proceed, Mr. Werks," the



judge instructed. "What is the additional evidence of which you speak?"

"The fire extinguisher from Mr. Deering's apartment, Your Honor. The damn' fool forgot to wipe his fingerprints off that! And no one thought to look there! I'm asking this court to order that it be brought here carefully and turned over to a police department expert in your presence so that he may develop the fingerprints which I claim are upon it."

The judge leaned back in his chair. He shook his head doubtfully.

"What if there *are* fingerprints upon this fire extinguisher as you claim, Mr. Werks? Does that prove anything except that someone at some time or other handled it when it was put there in the first place?"

Sam smiled. "Your Honor is quite right—or would be, except for one thing. I think I can produce the man whose fingerprints will match those on the fire extinguisher! All I ask is that you do not declare a recess but hold the jury and everyone else in the courtroom until my experiment has been tried."

## CHAPTER XXIX

THE judge decided to grant Sam's request and sent an officer to telephone the necessary instructions to the police department.

A buzz of mystified conjecture went up among the relaxed spectators. No one knew what Sam was driving at except Sam and myself.

I knew only too well what he meant. Whether he spoke the truth or not I could not tell. Even if the fingerprints were there I couldn't be sure. Perhaps they had been placed on the fire extinguisher after the trial began—merely to substantiate the story. Sam was a capable liar. I tried to catch his eye to see if I could read the truth there.

He only looked at me once. That was when, after he had returned to the counselors' table, he poured himself another drink of water. He took two more pills from his brown bottle and put them in his mouth. Then he picked up the glass. It was then that he looked at me. Before he touched the glass to his lips he raised it slightly as if he were proposing a toast.

After that he sat down and began again to draw those innumerable meaningless designs upon the pad of paper.

It seemed an interminable time but it was actually less than an hour before the police brought in the fire extinguisher and an expert with his apparatus to develop the fingerprints.

There was absolute silence in the courtroom while he went to work. Even I, who knew what he would find, watched him almost breathlessly.

Finally he raised his head from a close scrutiny of the surface over which he had been bent.

"They're here, Your Honor—four fingers and a thumb, just the way a man would hold this thing to use it."

A sigh of relief went up from the crowded room. It is not often that an audience can see the solution of a murder mystery worked out before its eyes.

The judge leaned forward.

"Mr. Werks, so far you are right. Now if you can produce—Mr. Werks, I'm talking to you."

Sam was not paying attention. The pencil in his hand was moving aimlessly but now, while everyone was looking at him, it slipped from his fingers and rolled noisily to the floor. Sam's head drooped lower and pillowed itself on his arm.

The judge spoke. "He's gone to sleep. Wake him up."

One of the attorneys shook Sam by the shoulder. "Wake up—the judge is speaking to you."

Sam lifted his head. "Yes, Your Honor?"

"We have the fingerprints on the fire extinguisher. You said we would find a man in this courtroom whose fingerprints would match."

Sam laughed, very drowsily. "Right, Your Honor—try mine!"

He dropped his head again.

He was asleep.

SAM died that afternoon at the receiving hospital.

The immediate cause was an over-dose of sleeping potion, as I could have told the autopsy surgeon even without looking at the little brown bottle he carried in his pocket. He was in bad shape otherwise, and would not have lived more than a few months longer. I also could have guessed that.

Among his papers was a letter addressed to me.

It was read in court at the final hearing the next day.

"Dear Rachel:" (it began) "You see I am using the name by which I knew you—not the one which all the world calls you. I thought I could get you off without pulling the last trick out of my sleeve. I couldn't. But after my boast I couldn't fail, could I? It doesn't matter much anyway.

"I know you are worried about the document in my vault back home. Rachel, darling, there isn't anything there and never has been. I'm a tricky shyster and that was one of my tricks. You didn't give Gregory Cooper an overdose of sleeping potion. I did. I saved up the capsules that he spit out after the nurse had left the room and gave them to him later after you had administered the ordinary dose and he was only half awake. He even thought I was you and didn't object.

"I think that is all. Remember me as the only man who ever died for you intentionally. Adios!—which I think means, 'I give you to God's keeping.' Perhaps you can trust Him. I don't know.

"Sam"

When I was released from custody, Lanny, who was out on bail from the perjury charge, was waiting for me outside the Hall of Justice with his ancient car. Louella was with him. I kissed her.

THE news cameramen took a snap-shot of that. Also many others. The reporters insisted on a statement!

"Are you going to marry Mr. Barnes, who stuck out his neck for the rope on your account?"

I had no answer. "I haven't any plans, boys. Please let me go somewhere and think about things. Take me home, Lanny."

On the way I said, "Thanks, Lanny, for—everything."

"I hoped I'd be able to do something for you but I guess I still owe you one."

"One what?"

"One life—you saved mine."

I was thinking. "Nearly every man who has ever cared for me has died a violent death."

He didn't answer for a minute—there was a tough bit of traffic that he had to navigate. Finally he said, "I'd take a chance."

I had to laugh. "Lanny, dear, some day I may tell you to say that again."

That's the way things are today, Sunday, July 7, 1935. Maybe next year—

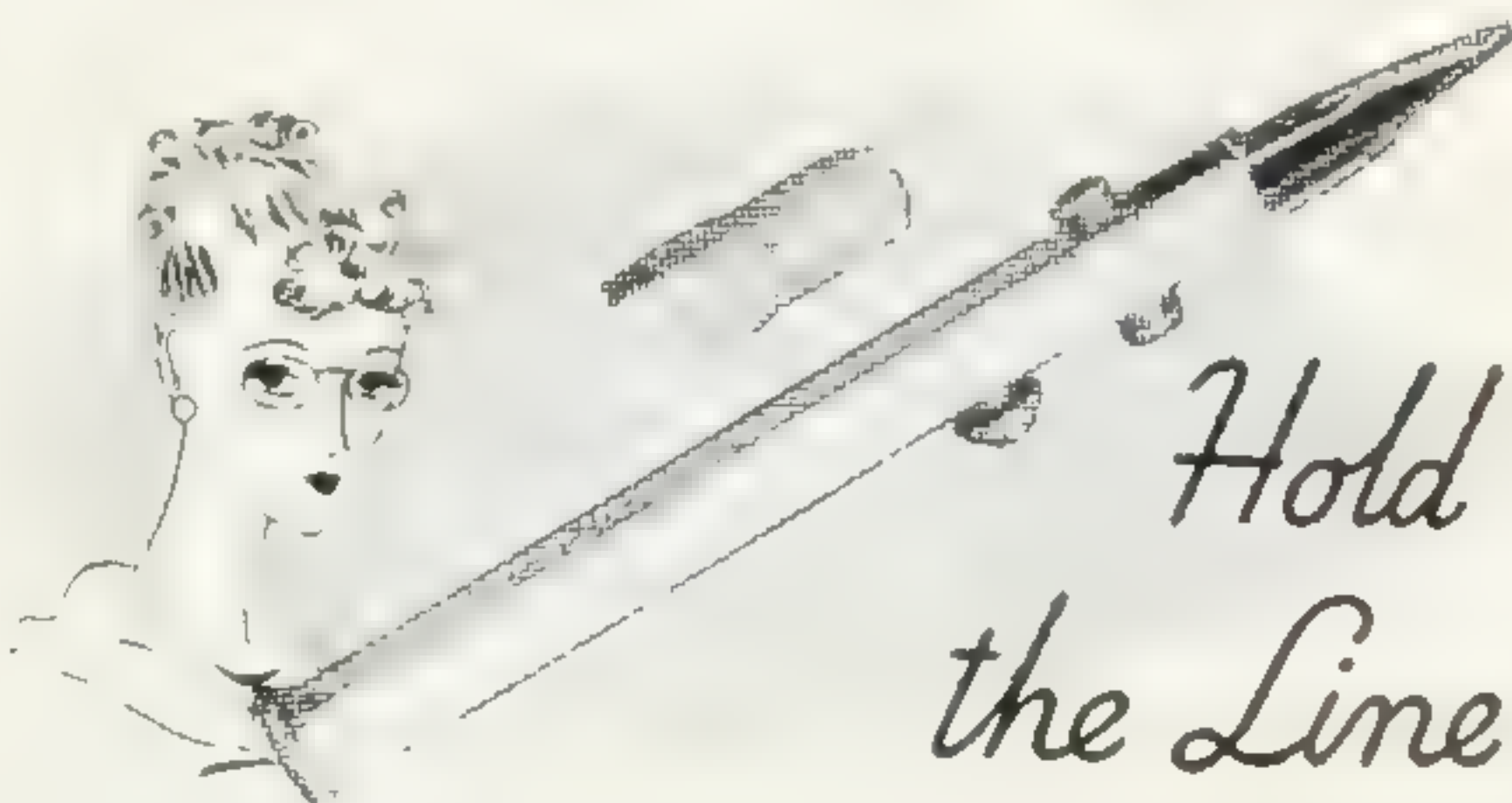
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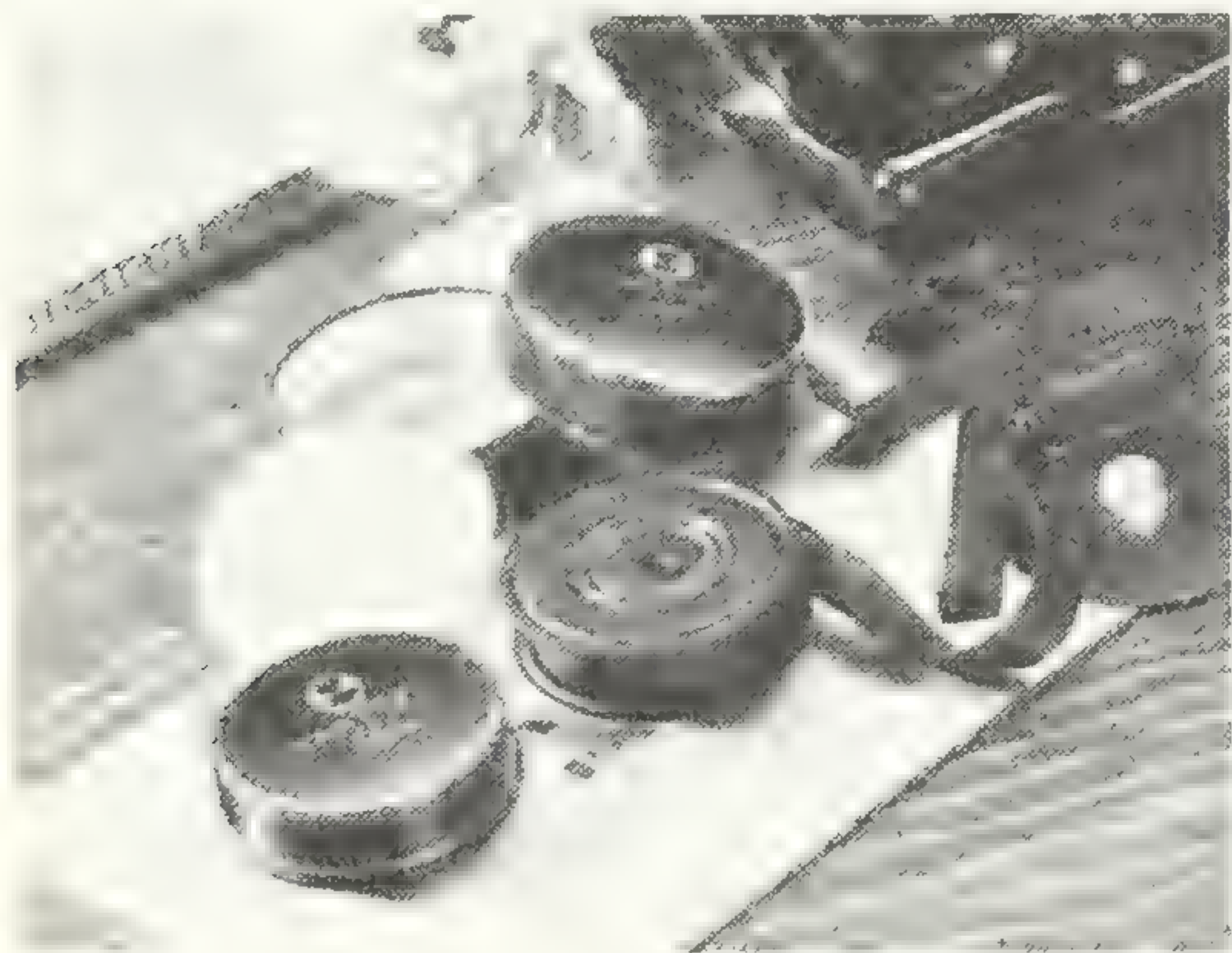
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## The Beauty Who Cannot Stay in Love

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27 ]

Loretta, not so much for the qualities they lack as the qualities she imagined they possessed. She prefers to believe the best of everyone she likes but she is not easily fooled for long. Moreover she has the strength of character to admit her mistaken judgment. "It is usually my own fault," she says.

Yet even with her keen insight into human frailties, Loretta is easily imposed upon. She lends a ready ear to any tale of woe. Her sympathies aroused, she tries to assume the sorrows of all humanity with whom she comes in contact.

Literally, she leaves the house each morning with an empty purse. She would give away more than her salary each week if allowed.

I could fill many pages with accounts of Loretta's unpublicized charities. Begging fan mail is kept from her but she finds enough poverty and need among fellow workers to keep her busy. She never forgets a kindness and only recently came to the aid of a woman who had befriended her as a child.

Loretta's love of children is almost a ruling passion. She should have a backyard over-running with children of her own. Love to her is nearly entirely maternal.

The man she will eventually marry will awaken first her sympathy. His need of her will gradually cause her to love, a rich maternal love in which his problems will become hers. Loretta has the stuff of which pioneer women were made. She would welcome hardships even suffering, if, in these experiences, she would be her husband's helpmate.

That, if you want the real reason, was the cause of her first marriage break-up. Attracted by the clean youth of Grant Withers and intrigued by the idea of falling in love, plus the romance of an elopement, Loretta married. She gave up her beloved family and would have given more had she been asked. Graciously she takes the blame of the failure of that marriage upon her shoulders, but I know that the realization Withers did not actually need her brought about the separation. What had begun spiritually became materialistic.

LORETTA'S second love has no name for publication. He too needed her and his need for a time was great. That this love ended tragically with death is the only time fate entered the story of Loretta's loves.

When she and Spencer Tracy met, Spence was separated from his wife. He was unhappy and Loretta endeavored to cheer him. That their companionship ripened into love is the fault of no one. But when they found how far it might go, they had the courage to yank their love up by the roots. Rather than condemn either, they should be praised for their courage. It is unfortunate that the affair achieved the wide publicity it did, demanding a statement from both.

The loves of Loretta Young need not be held in the light of malignant tricks of fate. She is an extraordinary girl for her brief twenty-two years. Were Loretta to believe herself tragic and forsaken, there would be cause for consternation. But she is filled with the joy of living and laughter. I know of no better statement to prove how clearly Loretta Young thinks than this:

"In the movies, we play so much with emotions that we might easily lose our emotional susceptibility. Oddly enough, it

doesn't work out that way. Instead, we become even more susceptible. Our battle is to achieve and maintain equilibrium. Heir as we are to empty flattery, we must retain our balance.

"I believe I know enough of love to recognize the spurious from the real thing. I have indulged, of course, in minor flirtations with experts. A luncheon, for instance, with an actor who makes conversation by reading lines from the love scenes of his latest picture and I answer with lines from one of my films. No one attaches any importance to such flirtations. They are merely pastime. In Hollywood, these affairs are called 'Luncheon Loves' and end with the after-meal coffee. Only the columnists attempt to make them significant.

"I want love and marriage and children. Those are the vital things of life. But they must be vital, worth making the sacrifices necessary to sustain them."

No, Loretta Young is not emotionally over-balanced. She brings to her dream of life and love the intense sincerity that characterizes her in everything she does.

HOLLYWOOD asks why Loretta cannot stay in love. She is not a dilettante who is playing love as a game. She is not making herself absurd by openly seeking love. She is one of the most sought-after, most dated girls in the film colony but she is not to be won by an insincere suit. The man she marries must primarily need her. He must awaken her maternal instinct. Such a man she would follow to the ends of the earth. She simply has yet to find him.

I once accused Loretta of being too idealistic of love. I warned her of disillusionment.

Her reply sums up the whole case: "My mother is an idealist and she is not disillusioned. If I can be the woman my mother is, I'll be happy."



Not bad, Jackie, not bad! This is Jackie's friend, from the old home town, Jacqueline Eckert, and Mr. Cooper is showing her the sights



## THE FAN CLUB CORNER

THE Fan Club Bulletins have been arriving in my office in great numbers this month. Congratulations on the fine work.

By the time you read this article the Fan Club Convention at Chicago will be over and there is no doubt in my mind it was a great success. I expect to have many interesting items to tell you in my next issue. I would appreciate all the clubs that sent delegates to send me in their opinion of the convention before the 20th of August.

To the Nelson Eddy Fans, there is a newly organized club named "The Musical Nelson Eddy Fan Club," 1508 East 94th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. They are members of the Fan Club Federation and are open for new memberships. They want to make this club a big success, so you Nelson Eddy fans get together and help them.

"Footnotes," the Fred Astaire Fan Club Paper, is a wow this month. The editorial is worth reading and I am only sorry that I haven't the space to print same for you. This club has some very outstanding people as members. The paper consists of prose and poetry written by its members and they are doing great work. Any Fred Astaire fans wishing to join the club might write to Bonita Meyers, Pres., 85 Van Reypen Street, Jersey City, N. J.

Virginia R. Bingham, Pres. of the Hedda Hopper Fan Club, located at 558 North Coulter Street, Coquille, Oregon, is interested in getting some information from any other fan club that would write to her as to how she would go about enlarging her club. Up to the present time it has been just a very informal group, but now that she has invited other members to join she would like all the information necessary to make it a regular fan club.

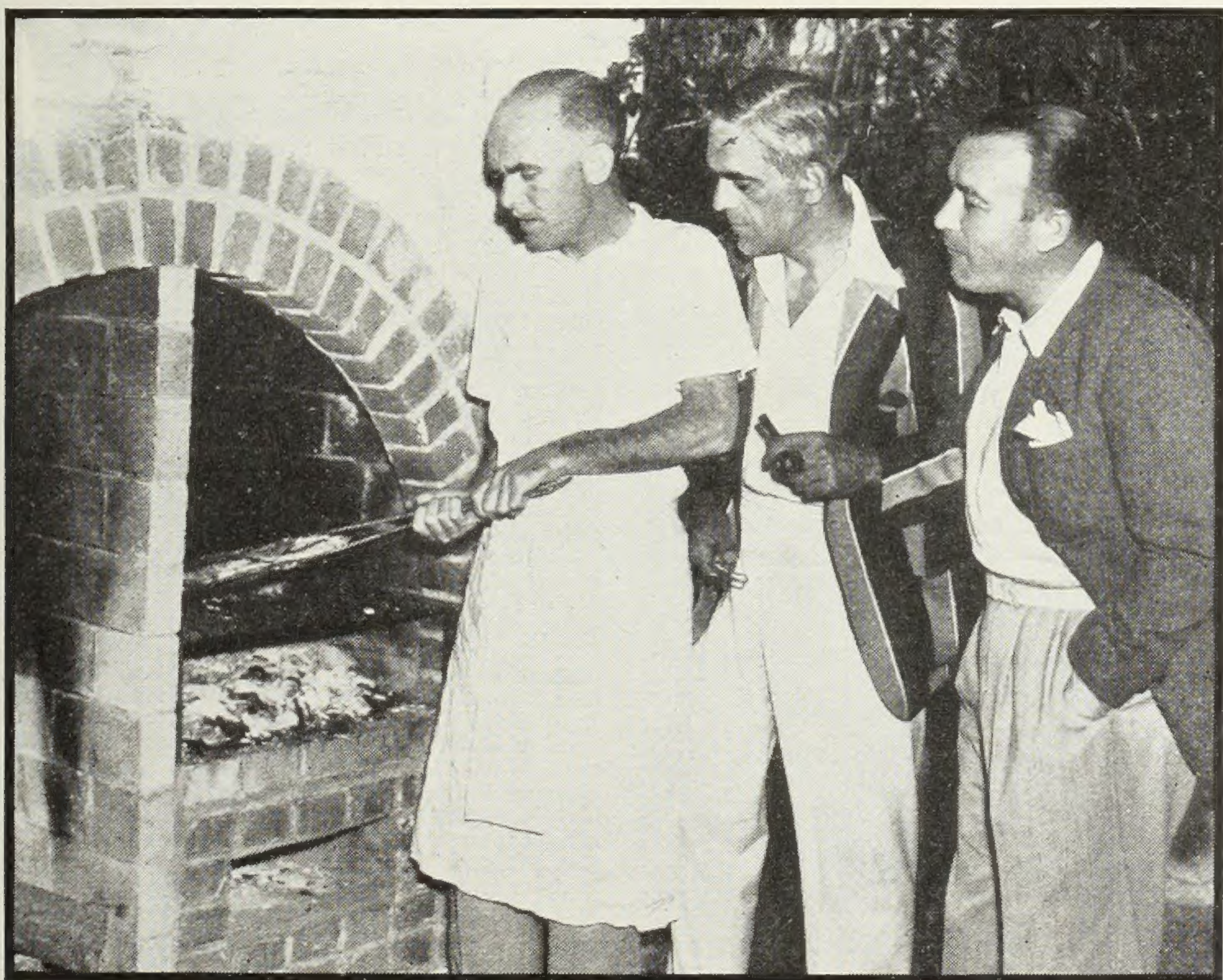
The latest issue of the "Fan Club Fare," official publication of the Fan Club Federation has reached my desk and I find it very entertaining. It carries many interesting articles, particularly an interview with Irene Dunne. I

like the way it lists the other club members of the Federation in the front of the bulletin.

"The Telescope," the Lew Ayres' Fan Club paper gives a bit of information that I am sure a lot of fans will be interested to learn. Luna Homan, his secretary, is reorganizing Jimmie Fiddler's Regulars Club, per the usual fan club way, charging dues and promising pictures of Jimmie and the issuance of a paper to its members.

How many of you movie fans have seen that marvelous picture, "Becky Sharp"? If you haven't already I can think of no nicer way of spending an evening. Why not get a theater party together and go and see it as soon as you can. After seeing the picture I am sure that some one of you will start a Miriam Hopkins' club. I see that there isn't one belonging to the Federation. There'll be plenty of discussions also on color photography, pro and con.

For fans who haven't already signed up with some club and are anxious to I have listed below a number of clubs that are members of the Federation. Lew Ayres' Club, Helen Raether, Pres., 311 S. Mingo Street, Albion, Michigan; Bing Crosby Club, Fay E. Zinn, Pres., 95 North Walnut Street, East Orange, New Jersey; Irene Dunne Fan Club, Meta Waltman, Pres., 269 Meade Ave., Hanover, Pennsylvania; Francis Lederer Fan Club, Beatrice Kramer, Pres., 4341 North Albany Ave., Chicago, Illinois; Jean Muir Fan Club, Anita Weber, Pres., 9025 Keith Ave., West Hollywood, California; Dick Powell, Chaw Mank, Pres., 226 East Mills Street, Staunton, Illinois; Norma Shearer Club, Hans Faxdahl, Pres., 1947 Broadway, New York City; Official Robert Taylor Club, Dorothy M. Hulse, Pres., 3322 Wilson Ave., Boston Road, New York; Franchot Tone Fan Club, Phyllis Caryle, Pres., 45 Smith Street, Portland, Maine; and Evelyn Venable Club, Margaret Connell, Pres., 811 Prospect Road, Des Moines, Iowa.



Look at their mouths water! Jimmy Gleason, Boris Karloff and Robert Armstrong are broiling a nice thick steak out-of-doors at the Karloff home, over a charcoal fire. Wonder if they could use another helper?



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# Finale

WHEN the drummer has crashed the last crescendo and the bass viol has been put under wraps — then it's time to eat. And whether it's on the kitchen table or over a lunch counter — about the best you can get is a big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes in milk or cream. Because they digest easily, they'll let you sleep so soundly that you'll enjoy that morning dash for the 8:18.

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# Addresses of the Stars

## HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

### Paramount Studios

Benny Baker  
George Barbier  
Wendy Barrie  
Douglas Blackley  
Mary Boland  
Grace Bradley  
Carl Brisson  
Kathleen Burke  
Burns and Allen  
Kitty Carlisle  
Dolores Casey  
Claudette Colbert  
Gary Cooper  
Jack Cox  
Larry "Buster" Crabbe  
Bing Crosby  
Katherine DeMille  
Marlene Dietrich  
Johnny Downs  
Frances Drake  
Mary Ellis  
W. C. Fields  
William Frawley  
Trixie Friganza  
Cary Grant  
Julie Haydon  
Samuel Hinds  
David Holt  
Dean Jagger  
Helen Jepson  
Roscoe Karns  
Walter C. Kelly  
Lois Kent  
Jan Kiepura

Elissa Landi  
Billy Lee  
Baby LeRoy  
Carole Lombard  
Pauline Lord  
Ida Lupino  
Fred MacMurray  
Marian Mansfield  
Herbert Marshall  
Gertrude Michael  
Raymond Milland  
Joe Morrison  
Jack Oakie  
Lynne Overman  
Gail Patrick  
Joe Penner  
George Raft  
Maxine Reiner  
Lyda Roberti  
Charlie Ruggles  
Marina Schubert  
Randolph Scott  
Sylvia Sydney  
Alison Skipworth  
Fred Stone  
Sir Guy Standing  
Gladys Swarthout  
Akim Tamiroff  
Colin Tapley  
Kent Taylor  
Lee Tracy  
Virginia Weidler  
Mae West  
Henry Wilcoxon

### Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Astrid Allwyn  
Rosemary Ames  
Lew Ayres  
Mona Barrie  
Warner Baxter  
Thomas Beck  
William Benedict  
Barbara Blone  
John Boles  
Rita Cansino  
Jane Darwell  
Rosita Diaz  
Alan Dinehart  
James Dunn  
Jack Durant  
Alice Faye  
Stepin Fetchit  
Ketti Gallian  
Janet Gaynor  
Frances Grant  
Harry Green  
Tito Guizar  
Sterling Holloway  
Rochelle Hudson  
Roger Imhof  
Walter Johnson  
Arline Judge  
Paul Kelly  
Walter King  
Rosina Lawrence  
Charles Locher  
Edmund Lowe  
Victor McLaglen  
Frank Melton  
Frank Mitchell  
Conchita Montenegro  
Rosita Moreno  
Herbert Mundin  
Warner Oland  
Pat Paterson  
Ruth Peterson  
John Qualen  
Regina Rambeau  
Bill Robinson  
Will Rogers  
Gilbert Roland  
Raul Roulien  
Siegfried Rumann  
Jackie Searl  
Slim Summerville  
Shirley Temple  
Claire Trevor  
Helen Twelvetrees  
Blanca Vischer  
Henry B. Walthall

### RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Glenn Anders  
Fred Astaire  
John Beal  
Willie Best  
Eric Blore  
Alice Brady  
Helen Broderick  
Chic Chandler  
Richard Dix  
Steffi Duna  
Irene Dunne  
Hazel Forbes  
Preston Foster  
Wynne Gibson  
Alan Hale  
Margaret Hamilton  
Ann Harding  
Katharine Hepburn  
Pert Kelton  
Francis Lederer  
Gene Lockhart  
Raymond Middleton  
Polly Moran  
June Preston  
Gregory Ratoff  
Virginia Reid  
Erik Rhodes  
Barbara Robbins  
Buddy Rogers  
Ginger Rogers  
Anne Shirley  
Frank Thomas, Jr.  
Helen Westley  
Bert Wheeler  
Robert Woolsey

### United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor  
Charles Chaplin  
Douglas Fairbanks  
Miriam Hopkins  
Joel McCrea  
Mary Pickford  
George Arliss  
Ronald Colman  
Fredric March  
Loretta Young

### Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen  
Jean Arthur  
Tala Birell  
James Blakeley  
Nana Bryant  
Jack Buckler  
Tullio Carminati  
Nancy Carroll  
Ruth Chatterton  
Walter Connolly  
Donald Cook  
Inez Courtney  
Richard Cromwell  
Douglas Dumbrille  
Lilian Harvey  
Arthur Hohl  
Jack Holt  
Victor Jory  
Fred Keating  
Arthur Killian  
Peter Lorre  
Marian Marsh  
Ken Maynard  
Tim McCoy  
Robert Middlemass  
Geneva Mitchell  
Grace Moore  
George Murphy  
Florence Rice  
Ann Sothern  
Raymond Walburn

## CULVER CITY, CALIF.

### Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay  
Billy Bletcher  
Charley Chase  
Billy Gilbert  
Oliver Hardy  
Patsy Kelly  
Stan Laurel  
Billy Nelson  
Our Gang  
Douglas Wakefield

### Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne  
Katharine Alexander  
Elizabeth Allan  
Lionel Barrymore  
Granville Bates  
Wallace Beery  
Constance Bennett  
Virginia Bruce  
Ralph Bushman  
Charles Butterworth  
Bruce Cabot  
Mary Carlisle  
Ruth Channing  
Maurice Chevalier  
Mady Christians  
Constance Collier  
Joan Crawford  
Dudley Digges  
Jimmy Durante  
Nelson Eddy  
Stuart Erwin  
Madge Evans  
Muriel Evans  
Louise Fazenda  
Preston Foster  
Betty Furness  
Clark Gable  
Greta Garbo  
Gladys George  
C. Henry Gordon  
Ruth Gordon  
Igor Gorin  
Russell Hardie  
Jean Harlow  
Frank Hayes  
Helen Hayes  
Louise Henry  
William Henry  
Jean Hersholt  
Irene Hervey  
Isabel Jewell  
Barbara Kent  
June Knight  
Evelyn Laye  
Myrna Loy  
Jeanette MacDonald  
Una Merkel  
Robert Montgomery  
Frank Morgan  
Karen Morley  
Edna May Oliver  
Maureen O'Sullivan  
Cecilia Parker  
Jean Parker  
Nat Pendleton  
Rosamond Pinchot  
William Powell  
Carl Randall  
May Robson  
Mickey Rooney  
Shirley Ross  
Rosalind Russell  
Norma Shearer  
Frank Shields  
Sid Silvers  
Harvey Stephen  
Lewis Stone  
Gloria Swanson  
William Tannen  
Robert Taylor  
Franchot Tone  
Spencer Tracy  
Henry Wadsworth  
Lucille Watson  
Johnny Weissmuller  
Diana Wynyard  
Robert Young

## UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

### Universal Studios

Heather Angel  
Henry Armetta  
Baby Jane  
Binnie Barnes  
Noah Beery, Jr.  
Phyllis Brooks  
Andy Devine  
Jean Dixon  
Marta Eggerth  
Sally Eilers  
Douglas Fowley  
Valerie Hobson  
Henry Hull  
Buck Jones  
Boris Karloff  
John King  
Frank Lawton  
Bela Lugosi  
Paul Lukas  
Joel McCrea  
Lester Matthews  
Henry Mollinson  
Douglass Montgomery  
Victor Moore  
Chester Morris  
Hugh O'Connell  
Cesar Romero  
Gloria Stuart  
Margaret Sullavan  
Mary Wallace  
Irene Ware  
Clark Williams  
Jane Wyatt

## BURBANK, CALIF.

### Warners-First National Studios

Ross Alexander  
Johnnie Allen  
Mary Astor  
Robert Barrat  
Joan Blondell  
Glen Boles  
George Brent  
Joe E. Brown  
James Cagney  
Hobart Cavanaugh  
Colin Clive  
Ricardo Cortez  
Joseph Crehan  
Dorothy Dare  
Marion Davies  
Bette Davis  
Olivia de Havilland  
Dolores Del Rio  
Claire Dodd  
Robert Donat  
Ruth Donnelly  
Maxine Doyle  
Ann Dvorak  
John Eldredge  
Gordon Elliott  
Patricia Ellis  
Florence Fair  
Glenda Farrell  
Errol Flynn  
Kay Francis  
William Gargan  
Nan Gray  
Hugh Herbert  
Leslie Howard  
Ian Hunter  
Josephine Hutchinson  
Allen Jenkins  
Al Jolson  
Ruby Keeler  
Guy Kibbee  
Joseph King  
Robert Light  
Margaret Lindsay  
Anita Louise  
Helen Lowell  
Barton MacLane  
Everett Marshall  
June Martell  
Frank McHugh  
James Melton  
Jean Muir  
Paul Muni  
Jack Norton  
Pat O'Brien  
Henry O'Neill  
Dick Powell  
Phillip Reed  
Philip Regan  
Edward G. Robinson  
Mary Russell  
Winifred Shaw  
Lyle Talbot  
Verree Teasdale  
Genevieve Tobin  
Mary Treen  
Rudy Vallee  
Gordon Westcott  
Warren William  
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.  
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.  
Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.  
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood.



# Casts of Current Photoplays

COMPLETE FOR EVERY PICTURE REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

**"ACCENT ON YOUTH"**—PARAMOUNT.—From a play by Samson Raphaelson. Screen play by Herbert Fields and Claude Binyon. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: *Linda Brown*, Sylvia Sidney; *Steven Gaye*, Herbert Marshall; *Dickie Reynolds*, Phillip Reed; *Genevieve Lang*, Astrid Allwyn; *Frank Galloway*, Holmes Herbert; *Miss Darling*, Catherine Doucet; *Flogdell*, Ernest Cossart; *Orville*, Donald Meek; *Benham*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Mrs. Benham*, Florence Roberts; *Mrs. Galloway*, Laura Treadwell; *Chuck*, Lon Chaney, Jr.; *Butch*, Nick Foran; *Fiancee*, Janet Elsie Cook; *Cashier*, Albert Taylor.

**"ANNA KARENINA"**—M-G-M.—From the story by Count Leo Tolstoy. Screen play by Clarence Dane and Salka Viertel. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Anna Karenina*, Greta Garbo; *Vronsky*, Frederic March; *Sergei*, Freddie Bartholomew; *Kitty*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Countess Vronsky*, May Robson; *Karenin*, Basil Rathbone; *Stiva*, Reginald Owen; *Yashvin*, Reginald Denny; *Dolly*, Phoebe Foster; *Levin*, Gyles Isham; *Grisha*, Buster Phelps; *Anna's Maid*, Ella Ethridge; *Lili*, Joan Marsh; *Vronsky's Valet*, Sidney Bracey; *Tania*, Cora Sue Collins; *Buller*, Joe E. Tozer; *Tutor*, Guy D'Ennery; *Cord*, Harry Allen; *Princess Sorokino*, Mary Forbes; *Mme. Karlasoff*, Ethel Griffies; *Matve*, Harry Beresford; *Governess*, Sarah Padden.

**"BECKY SHARP"**—PIONEER-RKO RELEASE.—From the play "Becky Sharp" by Langdon Mitchell. Screen play by Francis Edward Faragoh. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. The cast: *Becky Sharp*, Miriam Hopkins; *Amelia Sedley*, Frances Dee; *Marquis de Steyne*, Cedric Hardwicke; *Lady Barchin*, Billie Burke; *Miss Crawley*, Alison Skipworth; *Joseph Sedley*, Nigel Bruce; *Rawdon Crawley*, Alan Mowbray; *George Osborne*, G. P. Huntley, Jr.; *Pitt Crawley*, William Stack; *Sir Pitt Crawley*, George Hassell; *Duke of Wellington*, William Faversham; *General Tufto*, Charles Richman; *Duchess of Richmond*, Doris Lloyd; *William Dobbin*, Colin Tapley; *Lord Tarquin*, Leonard Mudie; *Briggs*, May Beatty; *Bowles*, Charles Coleman; *Lady Blanche*, Bunny Beatty; *Miss Flowerly*, Finis Barton; *The Prince Regent*, Olaf Hytten; *Fifine*, Pauline Garon; *Sedley's Page*, James "Hambone" Robinson; *Miss Pinkerton*, Elspeth Dudgeon; *The Charwoman*, Tempe Pigott; *Lady Jane Crawley*, Ottola Nesmith.

**"BROADWAY GONDOLIER"**—WARNERS.—From the story by Sig Herzig, E. Y. Harburg and Hans Kraly. Screen play by Warren B. Duff and Sig Herzig. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Dick Purcell*, Dick Powell; *Alice Hughes*, Joan Blondell; *Professor de Vinci*, Adolphe Menjou; *Mrs. Flagenheim*, Louise Fazenda; *Cliff Stanley*, William Gargan; *Hayward*, George Barbier; *Richards*, Grant Mitchell; *Gilmore*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Red*, Joseph Sauters; *Ramon*, Rafael Storm; *Singing Cop*, Bob Murphy; *Uncle Andy*, James Burke; also Ted Fio Rito and his Band, Four Mills Bros. and the Canova Family.

**"CALM YOURSELF"**—M-G-M.—From the story by Edward Hope. Screen play by Arthur Kober. Directed by George Seitz. The cast: *Pat*, Robert Young; *Rosalind*, Madge Evans; *Mary Elizabeth*, Betty Furness; *Knuckles Benedict*, Nat Pendleton; *Bobby Kent*, Hardie Albright; *Mr. Rockwell*, Ralph Morgan; *Allenby*, Claude Gillingwater; *Roscoe*, Paul Hurst; *Mrs. Rockwell*, Shirley Ross; *Joan Vincent*, Shirley Chambers; *Mr. Kent*, Hale Hamilton; *Mrs. Lanselle*, Claudelle Kaye; *Joe*, Clyde Cook; *Bromberg*, Herman Bing; *Police Inspector*, Richard Tucker; *Lieut. of Police*, Ivan "Dusty" Miller; *Lanselle*, Charles Trowbridge; *Anne*, Tempe Pigott; *Mike*, Raymond Hatton.

**"CHARLIE CHAN IN EGYPT"**—FOX.—Based on the character "Charlie Chan" created by Earl Derr Biggers. Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Directed by Louis King. The cast: *Charlie Chan*, Warner Oland; *Carol Arnold*, Pat Paterson; *Tom Evans*, Thomas Beck; *Nayda*, Rita Cansino; *Dr. Anton Racine*, Jameson Thomas; *Professor Thurston*, Frank Conroy; *Edfu Ahmad*, Nigel de Brulier; *Barry Arnold*, James Eagles; *Fouad Soueida*, Paul Porcasi; *Drageman*, Arthur Stone; *Snowshoes*, Stepin Fetchit.

**"CLAIRVOYANT, THE"**—GB PROD.—From the story by Ernst Lothar. Directed by Maurice Elvey. The cast: *Maximus*, Mind Reader, Claude Rains; *Rene*, His Wife, Fay Wray; *Christine*, Jane Baxter; *Simon*, Ben Field; *Madame*, Mary Clare; *Customs Officer*, Jack Rains; *Lodging Housekeeper*, Margaret Davidge; *Bimeter*, Denier Warren; *Derelict*, Donald Calthrop.

**"ESCAPADE"**—M-G-M.—Based on the German script "Maskerade" by Walter Reisch. Screen play by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Fritz*, William Powell; *Leopoldine*, Luise Rainer; *Karl*, Frank Morgan; *Gerla*, Virginia Bruce; *Paul*, Reginald Owen; *Anita*, Mady Christians; *Countess*, Laura Hope Crews; *Concierge*, Henry Travers; *Carmen*, Mathilda Comont.

**"FRONT PAGE WOMAN"**—WARNERS.—Based on the magazine story by Richard Maccaulay. Screen play by Laird Doyle. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Ellen Garfield*, Bette Davis; *Curt Devin*,

George Brent; *Inez Cordoza*, Winifred Shaw; *Toots O'Grady*, Roscoe Karns; *Spike Kiley*, Joseph Crehan; *Lester Hartnett*, Joseph King; *Mae*, chorus girl; *Dorothy Dare*, Olive, chorus girl; *June Martel*, Irma Barnett; *Grace Hale*, Robert, J. Carrol Naish; *Mail-land Coulter*, Gordon Westcott; *Hallohan*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Joe Davis*, Selmar Jackson; *District Attorney*, Addison Richards; *Chinard*, Georges Renavent; *Fuji*, Mike Morita.

**"HARD ROCK HARRIGAN"**—FOX.—From the story by Charles Furthman. Screen play by Raymond L. Schrock and Dan Jarrett. Directed by David Howard. The cast: *"Hard Rock" Harrigan*, George O'Brien; *"Anderson"*, Irene Hervey; *Black Jack Riley*, Fred Kohler; *Michael McGinnis*, Dean Benton; *McClintock*, Frank Rice; *Oscar*, Victor Potel; *Clancy*, Olin Francis; *Clark*, William Gould; *Columbo*, George Humbert; *McNally*, David Clyde; *Dr. Wagner*, Ed Keene; *Casey*, Lee Shumway.

**"HONEYMOON LIMITED"**—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Vida Hurst. Screen play by Dorothy Reid and Betty Burbridge. Directed by Arthur Lubin. The cast: *Dick*, Neil Hamilton; *Judy*, Irene Hervey; *Henry*, Lloyd Hughes; *Slug*, Russell Hicks; *Babe*, Lorin Raker; *Jack*, Joy Filmer; *Jill*, June Filmer; *Pinkham*, George Hayes; *Randall*, Henry Kolker.

**"IN OLD KENTUCKY"**—FOX.—From the play by Charles T. Dazey. Screen play by Sam Hellman and Gladys Lehman. Directed by George Marshall. The cast: *Steve Tapley*, Will Rogers; *Nancy Martingale*, Dorothy Wilson; *Lee Andrews*, Russell Hardie; *Ezra Martingale*, Charles Sellon; *Arlene Shattuck*, Louise Henry; *Dolly Breckenridge*, Esther Dale; *Slick Doherty*, Alan Dinehart; *Pole Shattuck*, Charles Richman; *Pluvius J. Aspinwall*, Etienne Girardot; *Sheriff*, John Ince; *Wash Jackson*, Bill Robinson.

**"KEEPER OF THE BEES, THE"**—MONOGRAM.—From the novel by Gene Stratton-Porter. Screen play by Adele Buffington. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Jamie*, Neil Hamilton; *Molly*, Betty Furness; *Margaret*, Emma Dunn; *Scout*, Edith Fellowes; *Bee Master*, Hobart Bosworth; *Shorly*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Louise*, Marion Shilling; *Red*, James Burtis; *Nurse*, Barbara Bedford; *Dr. Grayson*, Lafe McKee; *Judge*, George Cleveland; *Colonel*, William Worthington.

**"LADIES CRAVE EXCITEMENT"**—MASCOT.—From the story by John Rathmell. Screen play by Wellyn Totman. Directed by Nick Grinde. The cast: *Don Phelan*, Norman Foster; *Wilma "Billie" Howell*, Evalyn Knapp; *Miss Winkler*, Esther Ralston; *Bob Starke*, Eric Linden; *Amos Starke*, Purnell Pratt; *J. Fenton Howell*, Gilbert Emery; *Flynn*, Syd Saylor; *Johnson*, Matt McHugh; *Bert L. Taylor*, Russell Hicks; *Mary Phelan*, Emma Dunn; *Vi*, Irene Franklin; *Dan McCloskey*, George Hayes; *Nick*, Jason Robards; *Joe*, Stanley Blystone; *Terry*, Francis McDonald; *Pat*, Max Wagner; *Mike*, Lynton Brent; *Warden*, Edward Peil; *Globe Sales Mgr.*, Robert Frazer; *Constable*, Herbert Heywood; *Swenson*, Christian Rub; *Harry*, Herb Vigran; *Maid*, Mary McLaren; *Guard*, Eddie Hearn.

**"LADY TUBBS"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Homer Croy. Screen play by Barry Trivers. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *Henrietta (Mom) Tubbs*, Alice Brady; *Phil Ash-Orcutt*, Douglas Montgomery; *Wynne Howard*, Anita Louise; *Elyot Wembsleigh*, Alan Mowbray; *Fishbaker*, Minor Watson; *Mr. Ash-Orcutt*, Russell Hicks; *Mrs. Ash-Orcutt*, Hedda Hopper; *Jean LaGendre*, June Clayworth; *Lord Abernathy*, Lumsden Hare; *Elmer*, Harry Tyler; *Joseph*, Walter Brennan; *Rinaldo*, Rafael Storm; also Mildred Harris, Mary Carewe, Phyllis Brooks, Mary Wallace, Virginia Hammond, Walter Lang, Pat O'Malley, Victor Potel, Perry Ivins and Sam McDaniels.

**"LOVE ME FOREVER"**—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Victor Schertzinger. Screen play by Jo Swerling and Sidney Buchman. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Margaret Howard*, Grace Moore; *Steve Corelli*, Leo Carrillo; *Philip Cameron*, Robert Allen; *Fields*, Spring Byington; *Maurizio*, Thurston Hall; *Miller*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Luigi*, Luis Alberni; *Michael Bartlett*, Michael Bartlett.

**"MAD LOVE"**—M-G-M.—From the novel "Les Mains D'Orlac" by Maurice Renard. Screen play by P. J. Wolfson and John L. Balderston. Directed by Karl Freund. The cast: *Doctor Gogol*, Peter Lorre; *Yvonne Orlac*, Frances Drake; *Stephen Orlac*, Colin Clive; *Reagan*, Ted Healy; *Marie*, Sarah Haden; *Rollo*, Edward Brophy; *Prefect Rosset*, Henry Kolker; *Marianne*, Isabel Jewel; *Dr. Wong*, Keye Luke; *Thief*, Harold Huber; *Henry Orlac*, Ian Wolfe; *Dr. Marbeau*, Charles Trowbridge; *Charles*, Murray Kinnell; *Francoise*, May Beatty; *Endore*, Rollo Lloyd.

**"MAKE A MILLION"**—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Emmett Anthony. Screen play by Charles Logue. Directed by Lewis D. Collins. Cast: *Jones*, Charles Starrett; *Irene*, Pauline Brooks; *Larkey*, George E. Stone; *Pete*, James Burke; *Corning*, Guy Usher; *Moxey*, Norman Houston; *Benny*, Monte Carter; *Soapy*, Jimmy Aubrey; *Blindman*, George Cleveland; *Dean*, John Elliot.

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"MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Charles Bogle. Screen play by Jack Cunningham, Ray Harris and Bobby Vernon. Directed by Clyde Bruckman. The cast: Ambrose Woolfinger, W. C. Fields; Loena Woolfinger, Kathleen Howard; Hope Woolfinger, Mary Brian; Mrs. Neselroad, Vera Lewis; Claude Neselroad, Grady Sutton; Malloy, Oscar Apfel; T. P. Wallaby, David Clyde; Willie, the Weasel, Tammany Young; Legs Garnett, Walter Brennan; Adolph Berg, Lew Kelly; Peabody, Lucien Littlefield; Night Court Judge, Arthur Aylesworth.

"MEN WITHOUT NAMES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Dale VanEvery. Screen play by Marguerite Roberts, Howard J. Green and Kubec Glasmon. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: Richard Hood, Fred MacMurray; Richard "Dick" Grant, Fred MacMurray; Helen Sherwood, Madge Evans; Gabby Lambert, Lynne Overman; David Sherwood, David Holt; Aunt Ella, Elizabeth Patterson; Andrew Webster, Grant Mitchell; Jones, Dean Jagger; Sam "Red" Hammond, John Wray; Major Newcomb, J. C. Nugent; Monk, Leslie Fenton; Crawford, Herbert Rawlinson.

"OLD CURIOSITY SHOP"—B.I.P.-ALLIANCE.—Adapted by Margaret Kennedy and Ralph Neale. Directed by Thomas Bentley. The cast: The Grandfather, Ben Webster; Nell, Elaine Benson; Quilp, Hay Petrie; His wife, Beatrix Thomson; Sampson Brass, Gibb McLaughlin; Sally Brass, Lily Long; Dick Swiveller, Reginald Purdell; The Marchioness Polly Ward; The Single Gentleman, James Harcourt; The Schoolmaster, J. Fisher-White; Codlin, Dick Tubb; Short, Roddy Hughes; Mrs. Jarley, Amy Veness; Kil, Peter Penrose; Tom Scott, Vic Filmer.

"PAGE MISS GLORY"—WARNERS.—From the play by Joseph Schrank and Philip Dunning. Screen play by Delmer Daves and Robert Lord. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: Lorella, Marion Davies; Click Wiley, Pat O'Brien; Bingo Nelson, Dick Powell; Gladys, Mary Astor; Ed Olson, Frank McHugh; Slattery, Lyle Talbot; Betty, Patsy Kelly; Peety, Allen Jenkins; Blackie, Barton MacLane; Joe Bonner, Hobart Cavanaugh; Mr. Freischutz, Joseph Cawthorn; Mr. Hamburger, Al Shean; Yates, Berton Churchill; Lorella's Mother, Helen Lowell; Beauty Operator, Mary Treen; Kimball, Harry Beresford; Metz, Gavin Gordon; Nick, Lionel Stander; Detective Chief, Joseph Crehan.

"RAVEN, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story suggested by Edgar Allan Poe's classic "The Raven." Screen play by David Boehm and Jim Tully. Directed by Louis Friedlander. The cast: Baleman, Karloff; Dr. Vollin, Bela Lugosi; Jean Thatcher, Irene Ware; Jerry Halden, Lester Matthews; Judge Thatcher, Samuel Hinds; Mary, Inez Courtney; Geoffrey, Ian Wolfe; Col. Grant, Spencer Charters; Harriet, Maidel Turner; Chapman, Arthur Hoyt.

"SANDERS OF THE RIVER"—LONDON FILMS UNITED ARTISTS.—Scenario and continuity by Lajos Biro and Jeffrey Dell. Directed by Zoltan Korda. The cast: Bosambo, Paul Robeson; Sanders, Leslie Banks; Lilongo, Nina Mae McKinney; Tibbets, Robert Cochrane; Ferguson, Martin Walker; Hamilton, Richard Grey; Mofolaba, Tony Wane; Farini, Marquis de Portago; Smith, Eric Maturin; Father O'Leary, Allan Jeayes; Governor of the Territory, Charles Carson; also Luao and Klongalonga, Chiefs of the Wagenia (Congo) Tribe; Oboja, Chief of the Acholi; Members of the Acholi, Sesi, Tefik, Juruba, Mendi and Kroo Tribes.

"SHE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by H. Rider Haggard. Screen play by Ruth Rose. Directed by Irving Pichel and Lansing C. Holden. The cast: She, Helen Gahagan; Leo Vincey, Randolph Scott; Tanya, Helen Mack; Holly, Nigel Bruce; Billali, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; Dugmore, Lumsden Hare; John Vincey, Samuel Hinds; Native Leader, Noble Johnson; Capt. of the Guards, Jim Thorpe.

"STRANDED"—WARNERS.—Based on the story by Frank Wead and Ferdinand Reyher. Screen play by Delmer Daves. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: Lynn Palmer, Kay Francis; Mack Hale, George Brent; Velma Tullihill, Patricia Ellis; John Wesley, Donald Woods; Stanislaus Janauschek, Robert Barrat; Sharkey, Barton MacLane; Grace Dean, Mary Forbes; Mike Gibbons, John Wray; Miss Walsh, Florence Fair; Jimmy Rivers, Frankie Darro; Mrs. Tullihill, Ann Shoemaker; Jack, Gavin Gordon; Updyke, William Harrigan; Jennie Holden, June Travis; Tim Power, Edward McWade; Lizzie, Mae Busch; Marvel Young, Shirley Grey; Tullihill, Henry O'Neill; Johnny Quinn, Joseph Crehan; Diane Nichols, Joan Gay; Detective, Joseph King; Worker, Pat Moriarity.

"STRUGGLE FOR LIFE"—FOX PROD.—The cast: All native tribesmen.

"39 STEPS, THE"—GB PROD.—From the novel by John Buchan. Adapted by Charles Bennett. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. The cast: Hannay, Robert Donat; Pamela, Madeleine Carroll; Professor Jordan, Godfrey Tearle; Mrs. Jordan, Helen Haye; Miss Smith, Lucie Mannheim; Crofter's Wife, Peggy Ashcroft; Crofter, John Laurie; The Sheriff, Frank Cellier; Mr. Memory, Wylie Watson; Maid, Peggy Simpson.

"WELCOME HOME"—FOX.—From the original story by Arthur T. Horman. Screen play by Marion Orth and Arthur T. Horman. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: Richard Foster, James Dunn; Gorgeous, Arline Judge; Giltedge, Raymond Walburn; Susan Adams, Rosina Lawrence; Painless, William Frawley; Anstruther, Charles Sellon; Andrew Carr, Charles Ray; Willis Parker, Frank Melton; Edward Adams, George Meeker; Shaunessy, James Burke; Titwillow, Arthur Hoyt; Stanley Phillips, Dave O'Brien; Constable Mulhausen, Spencer Charters; Flink, Harry Holman; Mrs. Frisbee, Sarah Edwards.



Joan Crawford and Brian Aherne showed Captain Knox Little of the Royal Navy, the studio sights when he visited them on the set of "Elegance" at M-G-M. The chap in back of Joan is Director Van Dyke